The Landlubber's Guide to City Island

Adventures in Reading: Freak-Out at the Strand

August Day-by-Day Calendar of Events

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Why the Cops Didn't Shoot

Behind the Scenes With C[illegible]s Luce

Experts Evaluate the City's Triumphs and Errors

How to Prepare for the Next Blackout

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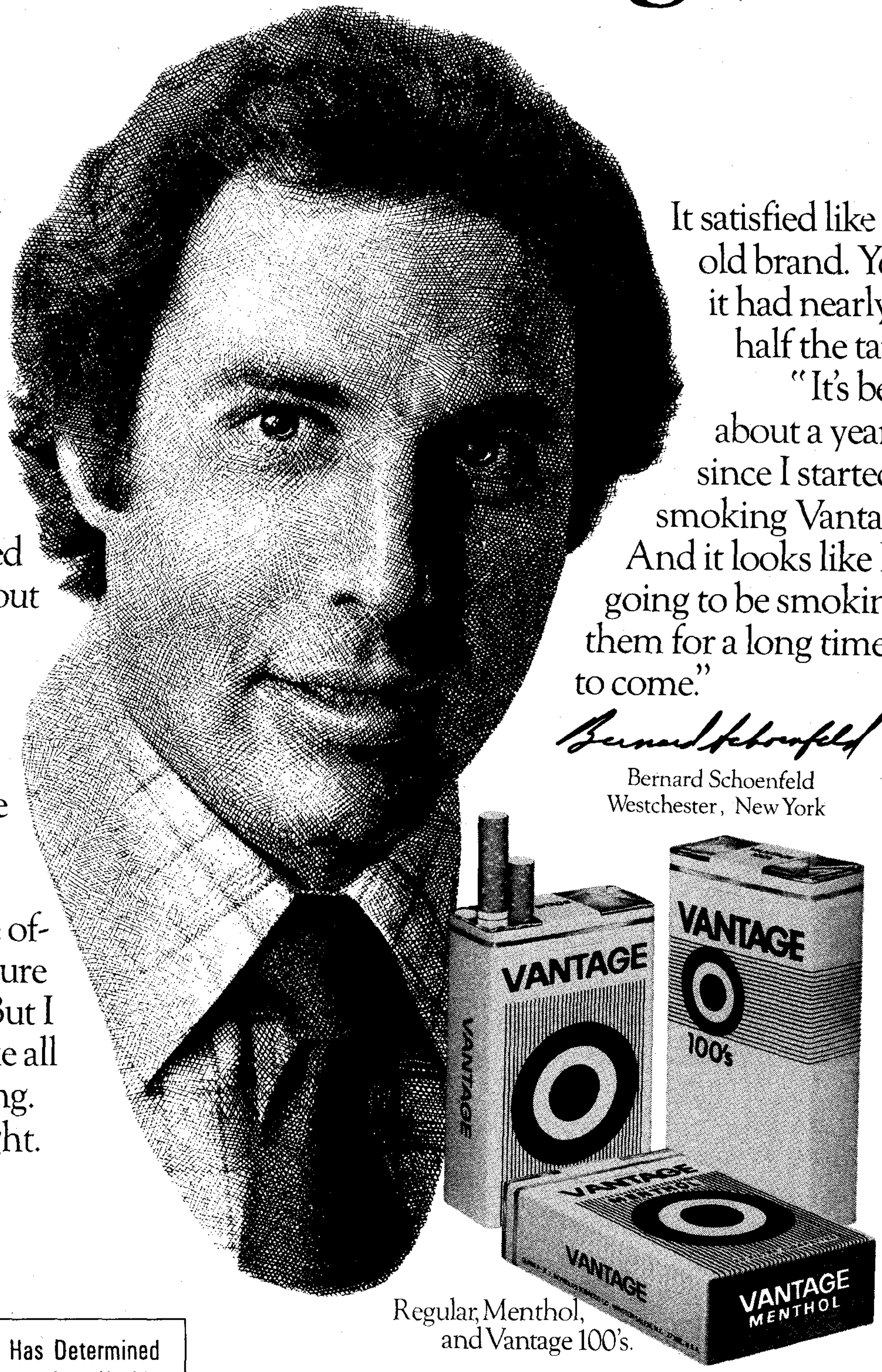

"You see, I really enjoy smoking. To me, it's a pleasure. But it was no pleasure hearing all the things being said against high-tar cigarettes.

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Bernard Schoenfeld

Bernard Schoenfeld
Westchester, New York

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23	Van Cortlandt Park, Bronx

SARAH CALDWELL, Conductor
Rodney Friend, Violin Soloist

AUGUST	
9	Sheep Meadow, Manhattan
10	Van Cortlandt Park, Bronx
13	Crocheron Park, Queens

ERICH LEINSDORF, Conductor,
Gerard Schwarz, Trumpet Soloist

AUGUST	
16	Sheep Meadow, Manhattan
17	Botanical Garden, Bronx
20	Cunningham Park, Queens
22	Marine Park, Brooklyn

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EXXON

VOL. 10 NO. 31

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Con Ed's chairman was feeling pretty good about his utility before Black Wednesday, but when he got the call that the entire city was out, he knew that a lot of years of effort would be forgotten.

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It was dog-day disaster. Everyone was rushing in to kick the city while it was down. Some blamed Mayor Beame, some power boss Charles Luce, while others were reviling Police Commissioner Codd for his strangely gentle handling of the widespread looting. But there was a touch of majesty in the way most of the city suffered through our toughest crisis ever. We asked everybody from Ronald Reagan to the mayor of Paris to tell us what they thought of how the city handled its darkest hours.

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From your very own generator to fire extinguishers and five-year-guaranteed flashlights, Ms. Schoen suggests what the prudent New Yorker might want to have on hand from now on.

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Herewith, a myriad of activities to divert your mind and soothe your spirit during the long, hot days of August.

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By Ruth Gilbert
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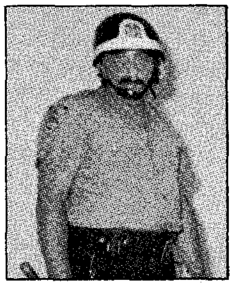
Page 45
The Beast in the Strand Book Store
By Donald Newlove
Downtown, on 12th and Broadway, is one of the great world empires of secondhand books. For addicts, like Donald Newlove, a single visit to the Strand can derange the brain, can effect a transformation from mild-mannered reader into—*beast!* Greed prevails through three floors, eight and a half miles of books. Can this affliction be conquered?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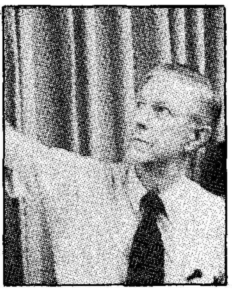
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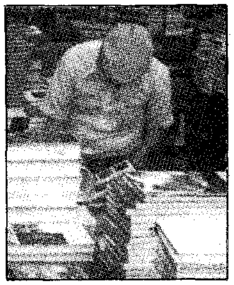
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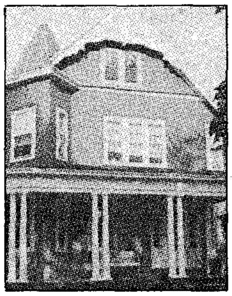
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Page 48
The Landlubber's Guide to City Island
By Barney Cohen
Twenty minutes by car from Manhattan (if the traffic's light), there's a salty isle full of shipyards and yacht clubs and bait shops and sailmakers, a sort of Nantucket-on-Eastchester Bay. For a stroll or a sail that refreshes, journey out to City Island.

DEPARTMENTS

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The City Politic: The Politics of Darkness
By Doug Ireland
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Mary Ann Madden is on vacation. Competition Number 293, with the results of Competition Number 290, will appear in the August 15 issue.

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LETTERS

The "Times," It Is A-Changin'

I have forgotten the number of articles and books I've read on the New York *Times* over the years, but the current piece by Stephanie Harrington in *New York* Magazine ["The Good, Gray *Times*—It Ain't What It Used to Be," July 18] takes the cake for inanity and dullness. It would have been more apropos and honest of you to do a comparison analysis of the *Times, News,* and *Post* in the past number of months and let us see where we stand. What you have given us in this week's issue is shabby journalism, coated in a smock of inconsequential statistics.

Noel Doherty
Elmhurst, N.Y.

The *Times* may actually be better as well as thicker. Last year we conducted a study of the ways in which senior executives of a variety of organizations in the New York area get their news. One of the more entertaining findings of this study was that almost all of the executives interviewed read the *Times*, and almost none of them read the news pages other than the news summary. Op-ed, food, business (usually stock prices only), and advertising were the areas most often read—at least by senior executives.

Malcolm W. Pennington
President, The Marketing and
Planning Group, Inc.
Manhattan

I was Arthur Gelb's secretary for five years while he was metropolitan editor for the *Times*. No one did more to get stories of political or social significance to women onto hard-news pages. For Ms. Harrington to imply that he would rather see these issues only on the "Family/Style" page or in the "Living" section is truly ludicrous.

Kay Raftery
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

No Contest

The "New York Intelligencer," in your July 18 issue, is confused on the facts. The only time Herbert Lehman ran against Thomas Dewey was in 1938, in which election Lehman won his fourth term as governor of New York. Dewey tried again in 1942 with more success, defeating State Attorney General John J. Bennett, after Lehman had voluntarily withdrawn from state politics to pursue international relief operations as head of the Office of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation Operations (OFRRO) and, later, the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration (UNRRA).

William B. Liebmann
Curator, Herbert H. Lehman Papers
Manhattan

Engineering a Solution to Arson

Let this be one story that doesn't die with the issue ["The Blaze in Bushwick: Will the Burning Ever Stop?" by Thomas Plate, July 18]. The facts were so accurate, the truths so abhorrent, that something must be done. My suggestion is, and has been for the last three years, to treat the area as a disaster, send in an Army Corps of Engineers, and start anew. We have watched this burning around us (our business has been on Central Avenue for the past 40 years) and felt so helpless because of our inadequacies. Surely there are those knowledgeable people who can solve this problem. Something must be done or we who depend on New York City will have lost everything.

Florence Warren
Brooklyn

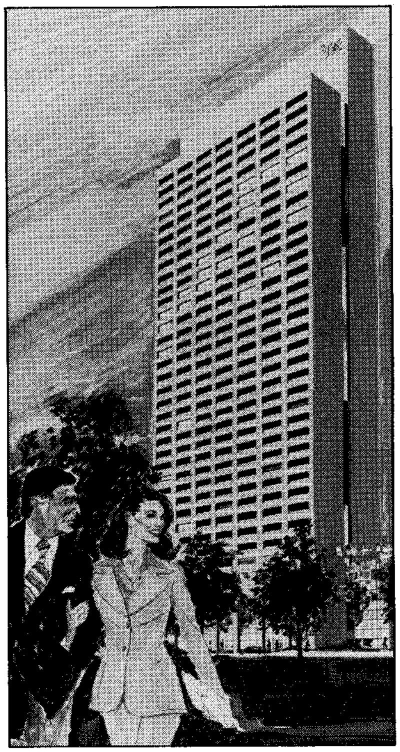
Puzzled Puzzlers

One of the features of your magazine I like best is the "World's Most Challenging Crossword" from the Sunday *Times* of London. I pride myself on being a good "puzzler," but the puzzle in the July 11, 1977, issue presented some problems, and the answers in the July 18, 1977, issue compounded them. The definition for 14 Across in the July 11 issue states, "Notes which take a moment to be changed between calls." My answer was "commentaries." The answer of "commendables" in the July 18 issue does not fully make sense. Also, the definition for 7 Down states, "Dressing is all wrong without a party." The answer appears as "salad-all." In fact, "salad-oil" makes more sense. I hope that you can enlighten me. Keep those puzzles coming!

Jay Kasofsky
Woodbridge, N.Y.

Editor's note: The answer that the London *Times* forwarded to us for 14 Across was indeed "commendables." Their answer to 7 Down was "salad-oil," but the two answers did not work together, so "oil" was changed to "all." You're right. The *correct* answers (verified by the *Times*) are actually "commentaries" and "salad-oil."

Mexico City's sparkling new hotel!



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NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

No Dress Deviation at IBM

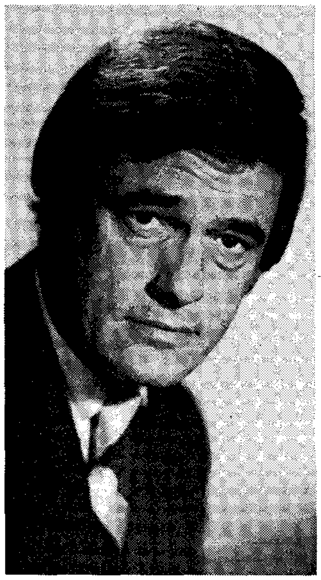
In the "Speak Up!" column of a recent issue of IBM's in-house organ, *This Week*, an employee, we take it, asked the following question:

> I am proposing that IBM review its dress code for men to eliminate jackets and ties for the months of June, July and August. The reasons are:
>
> Comfort:—with outside temperatures in the 90's and inside temperatures averaging 78, one runs the gamut from clammy to profuse perspiring. An open neck would be helpful.
>
> Equality:—why have we been stuck with jackets and ties while women wear casual and cool clothes?
>
> Health:—I can only believe that over dressing in hot humid weather is not conducive to good health.
>
> In certain areas of the country, Phoenix, Arizona, for instance, they now do exactly as I am suggesting.
>
> IBM is a leader in so many fields, why not be a leader in sane dress for men.

And we quote verbatim the corporate position on dress:

> We cannot disagree that there are times when men would be more comfortable without jackets and ties. For the most part, however, we expect to be able to maintain a comfortable environment in our facilities, consistent with conservation measures, in the 68 to 78 degree range. Many IBMers, as you know, take off their jackets in their offices and this is certainly acceptable.
>
> To deviate significantly from normal business attire in IBM, especially at a Corporate Headquarters location, does not seem appropriate. We continue to feel that a businesslike appearance, including jackets and ties, is consistent with our surroundings and the business we conduct at a headquarters location.
>
> We discussed your point about the health factor with our IBM physician and he stated that he does not consider the wearing of jackets and ties as hazardous to health. As you mentioned, women throughout history have had more choice and variety in dress. It would seem that this is a sociological factor which we don't believe is related to equality.
>
> In summary, our position is that in the broad business community, business attire continues to include jackets and ties. However, we do appreciate receiving your thoughts through the Speak Up! Program.

Foot-in-Mouth Disease at WNBC

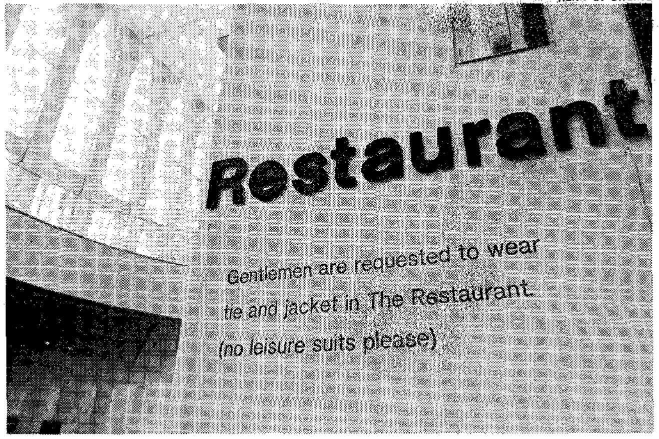


Cafferty: Still on the air.

The new weekend anchorman for *NewsCenter 4* has committed his first and, it is hoped, last faux pas on the air. During the repartee, Jack Cafferty, recruited from a Des Moines, Iowa, station, commented, "It sucks." The station has received about twenty calls complaining about the language. Apparently Cafferty was startled by the reaction to the phrase because the newsman claims he used those words frequently over the air back in Iowa: "It's nothing in Des Moines." We wonder if it means something else out in the farm belt. Anyway, in spite of the gaffe, we're assured that Cafferty will remain on the air.

Windows on the World: Lofty Attire

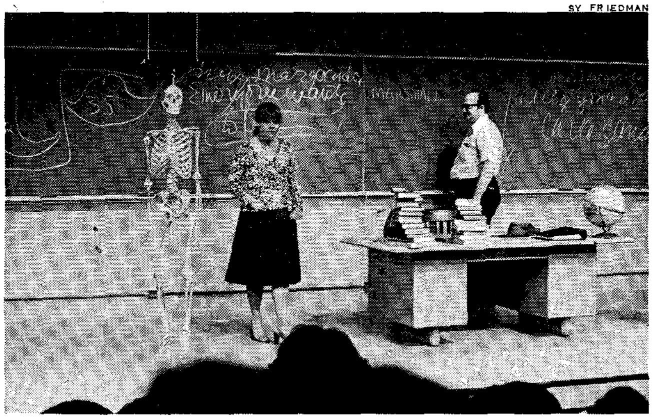
ALAN S. ORLING


Restaurant
Gentlemen are requested to wear
tie and jacket in The Restaurant.
(no leisure suits please)

Sign in WTC lobby: A restaurant spokesman explains, "If we let men wear leisure suits, women would wear the equivalent. . . hair curlers and platform shoes."

'Miss Margarida's Way' Spurs Real Audience Participation

SY FRIEDMAN



Parsons: Interacts with a member of the audience.

Actress Estelle Parsons, who is portraying a tyrannical teacher in the play *Miss Margarida's Way* at the Public Theater, is holding classes. And her pupils—the audience—have turned out to be spontaneous and rowdy. They have thrown spitballs and paper airplanes at Parsons.

The first act ends with Miss M suffering through a stink bomb. She announces a break (intermission), and requests that the person responsible be at her desk in fifteen minutes. At a recent performance, when Parsons returned to the stage, a man in the audience said he was the culprit. Straying from the script, she made him come onstage. The man, still known only as Marshall, then announced he did it as a protest. Miss M asked the "class" if they wanted to learn why, and when they yelled "yes," the would-be actor explained it was because Miss M was not teaching sex education.

One Not-So-Special Summer

WOMAN'S WEAR DAILY
FRED W. MC DARRAH

Jackie and Lee: Their book bombs.

Trudging through a Woolworth's recently, it seemed incongruous to see stacks of the book *One Special Summer,* a reminiscence of a European trip by Jackie O and sis Lee Radziwill, amid the usual Woolworth's specials. But the book is no bargain—it's being sold for the list price of $7.95.

We wondered how this 1974 book by the two society queens had ended up in the dime store. As it turns out, the book was a dud. Of the 75,000 copies printed, Delacorte, the publisher, still had over 40,000 left, which, a Delacorte spokesman noted, is "an overly huge amount." So the company declared the book out of print and unloaded the lot in a special deal.

Political Club: On the Skids

The political club that launched John V. Lindsay has fallen on such slow times that the state was ready to seize the club's long-forgotten account as abandoned property. Albany takes over bank accounts that lie dormant for five years, as was the case with the New York Young Republican Club.

Not long ago, a newspaper advertisement warned that the YRC was among Citibank's unclaimed accounts, and club president Ellen Gribben Tencza raced to the bank. She rescued the club's $116, less $17.20 for advertisement charges, and she's found other forgotten accounts. "After Watergate, we thought we had a dead club on our hands," she said. Though $900 richer, the YRC rolls have dwindled to 250 from the 3,000 members it had in 1954, when Lindsay was club president.

SEC Report: Out Before Primary

Our sources close to SEC boss Harold Williams tell us the investigatory report on the sales of New York City securities is expected to be out in late August. The SEC has been probing whether major banks and city officials knew of the financial crisis prior to the sale of several billion dollars' worth of city securities in 1974 and early 1975.

FRED W. MC DARRAH

Beame: More troubles ahead?

We hear several top New York banks will be criticized in the report, and perhaps some city officials too.

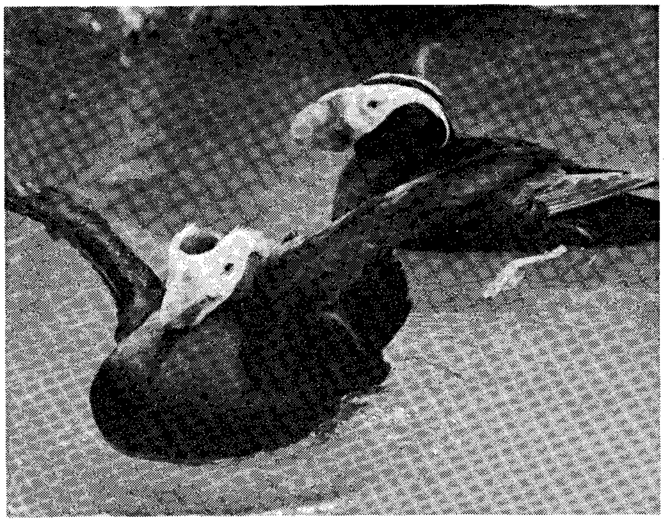
This could mean bad news for Mayor Beame just before the September 8 primary.

A Blackout Postscript: More Tales of the Twilight Zone

By now, everybody and his uncle has told you his blackout story. We add a few more from the city's darkest night.

A thirteen-year-old girl named Nina was making toast in the kitchen of her father's Central Park West penthouse. She watched as a piece of raisin bread, stuck in the toaster, began to burn. Using a fork, she tried to extricate the toast but received an electric shock a few seconds before the lights went out in the apartment. She ran to the living-room window and saw the darkened apartment buildings across Central Park. For a brief moment, Nina believed that her toaster had short-circuited all of Manhattan.

We wonder if Batch Reeves, manager of film and videotape for WCBS-TV, has the gift of prophecy. Several months before the blackout, Reeves was selecting the *Late Late Show* movie schedule for July. For the 3:30 A.M. slot on July 14, he picked an obscure 1954 film starring Dane Clark and Belinda Lee, which never aired. The movie's title: *Blackout.*


N.Y. ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY

Tufted puffins: Darkness interrupts mating cycle.

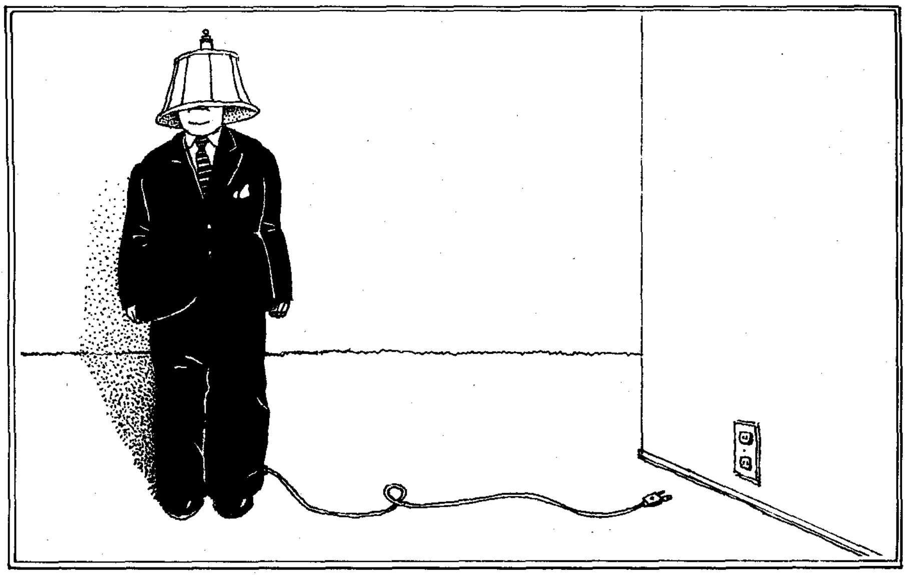
Rockaways' Playland Amusement Park in Queens continued to operate under normal power from the Long Island Light Company. Playland president Richard Geist, who took a ride on the roller coaster during the evening, said: "It was eerie being on the coaster in our little oasis of light, looking across at the biggest, darkest city in the world. It reminded me of seeing Death Valley as a child."

And when the lights went out, twenty tufted puffins at the Bronx Zoo began to wonder why mating season was over so soon. Being an Arctic bird, the tufted puffin has a breeding cycle regulated by a 63 degree water temperature and by the length of the midsummer day. The Bronx Zoo ordinarily keeps the puffins in a simulated environment of light until well past midnight. It was not until later, when emergency generators began to operate, that the puffins returned to their original business of the evening.

A young horse-and-buggy driver named Karen was waiting outside the Plaza with her horse Silver when the east side of Fifth Avenue went black. Moments later, the west side was out, and before too long, Karen's business had picked up. Not exactly your ordinary after-theater buggy ride: A bare-shouldered couple was sprawled in Karen's carriage. A giggle was heard and the man leaned out to say: "We had nothing else to do, so we started making love in the buggy when the lights went out."—**David Michaelis**

The City Politic/Doug Ireland

THE POLITICS OF DARKNESS



Anger Became Fear

In the end, the stark reality of New York City's desperate condition finally surfaced. The myths about ourselves that arose from our good-natured survival in that Winter of Our Disconnect twelve years ago have died a sickening death. As Robert Wagner Jr., who remains one of our more thoughtful public servants, said in a sad, quiet voice five days after: "The whole upbeat mood of hope that has filled the city since Op Sail is gone. This has been a shaking experience for our city. Not simply because of the blackout. Not simply because of the looting. But for what it has seemed to reveal about ourselves. We are beyond anger; our people are afraid. I had so many calls from friends that night, and even on the West Side of Manhattan that note of fear was in their voices."

The essence of that fear, of course, is the fear white New Yorkers have of those whose skins are darker than their own. As one young middle-class black, a community worker in Brooklyn, said with tears in his voice, "Even the Puerto Ricans shown looting on television are dark-skinned. It will take years to make people forget this night." If they ever do.

In the first 24 hours after the crisis, it seemed as if the blackout might turn into Abe Beame's *Mayaguez* incident. For the night of darkness and disorder did give Beame an opportunity to remind people that we do, after all, have a mayor. With the ears of most New Yorkers glued to their Sonys and Panasonics, radio became the instrument for the resurrection of a mayoral image for Beame. His high, nasal voice, colored with the broad accents of the Lower East Side, filled the air in the streets and parks where people searched for the impossible—escape from the heat.

All the next day one heard Beame denouncing Con Ed, whose chairman, Mr. Charles Luce, was said by Beame to have lied about how soon the lights would return. As upper-class Wasps are wont to do when caught in a transgression of the truth, Mr. Luce had his minions blame his corporate failure on the Divine. Now, in a town where the biggest single electoral bloc has been waiting 5,000 years for a sight of Him, this is a particular admission of guilt. But then, what understanding of our town can one expect from a man like Mr. Luce, who, in his post-blackout press conference, referred to areas of the city and the suburbs as "different parts of the company"?

Still, he did give Beame a target. Since our governmental scene became peopled by Felix Rohatyn, John Zuccotti, Steve Berger, Big MAC, and the EFCB, the largest question in many people's minds has been whether, in fact, we have a mayor at all. Yet there was Abe, bustling purposefully around his so-called "command center," acting mayoral. He even managed to stay awake twenty hours!

Initially, then, there was a surge of sympathy for Beame. But as the power came back on, and people saw on their television sets endless coverage of looting (some of it live), the mood began to turn, and turn ugly. Annoyances became anger, anger became fear. Beame's performance seemed, somehow, artificial. After all, no one ever lost votes by attacking Con Ed. The panel appointed by Beame to find out what had happened and why appeared contrived, almost Lyndonesque, and it raised the question of why the city administration had done nothing to prevent such a disaster until now.

The public comments by Beame and Police Commissioner Codd gave the feeling that these two worthies were unaware of the scope and seriousness of the looting until hours after it had begun. A former Lindsay deputy mayor said that "their intelligence was poor. All those leaders in the minority communities we used to be in touch with are gone now, up and out of their communities into poverty-program bureaucracies or foundation grants. When we had the crisis center under Barry Gottehrer, we knew what was happening on the streets before the police did. Beame just doesn't have those links." There was a surprising lack of communication that night with black and Puerto Rican leaders. That delay in understanding the depth of the problem meant that by the time it was understood, it was too late to call out the National Guard or take other steps to prevent looting and burning. Then there was no sense that the city and state were in close touch, either; Beame seemed skittish about involving Carey, their political enmity taking precedence over the need for close cooperation in a crisis.

The $1-million "emergency aid fund" announced by Beame was understood as laughably small by even the least sophisticated (even when augmented by another $2.5 million from union and business contributions). Most of the destroyed businesses were marginal operations, and it is unlikely that many of them will ever open again, at least not without massive Marshall Plan–type aid. But that aid was denied us by the one place from which we had some right to expect it. The Carter administration's initial refusal to help, even to the extent of declaring New

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Doug Ireland writes about politics and public affairs.

Illustrated by Steven Guarnaccia

York a disaster area, shattered the image of friendship between the city and federal administrations carefully sculpted by the Beame team in these last seven months through regular picture-taking sessions with the two executives. One angry congressman, Brooklyn's Fred Richmond, whose district includes chunks of some areas hardest hit by the disorders, told reporters, "New York City's been told to drop dead again!" With even black Councilman Sam Wright's clubhouse in flames, as one City Hall observer noted, "it was not Abe Beame at Howard Rubenstein's best."

As the weeks wear on throughout this long, hot summer, the blackout and its aftereffects will loom ever larger in the public consciousness. The failure to tool up our cumbersome criminal-justice system for possible problems during this unemployment summer has led to its near collapse under the burdens of blackout disorders. Many of those 3,841 persons arrested for looting will undoubtedly have their cases dismissed. The delay in bringing those detained to trial has already raised serious constitutional issues. This will inevitably produce the feeling among whites that, somehow, justice was not done. It doesn't matter what the facts are or will be. That feeling will be there.

Beame has been the custodian of this city in its hour of distress. While his incumbency gave him an initial opportunity to give the appearance of leadership, in the end that incumbency will be to his detriment. For no matter what Beame did or did not do, he must (as John Lindsay did in the 1968 riots) lose ground.

How do the other mayoral candidates emerge from the night of darkness? The two biggest losers are, of course, those candidates who come from the minority communities: Herman Badillo and Percy Sutton. Activists in both campaigns agree on this point. "This is the end of Percy's last chance to get into the runoff," said a Sutton adviser, "and it kills Herman too." Sutton's campaign has been sagging badly these last weeks, causing a shake-up in its management and driving the normally amiable Manhattan borough president to take out his frustration on working reporters. (Tongues in the press corps are still clicking over Sutton's ferocious assault on the New York *Post*'s Joyce Purnick during a Channel 9 interview show last week; Sutton feels he suffers a "blackout" in the press and seemed to blame her for it.) Badillo, who worked hard to prevent disorders in the South Bronx, is moneyless and still suffers the aftereffects of his too strident 1973 campaign. And neither, of course, can change his ethnic roots.

As to Ed Koch, no matter what the poor man says, he's still perceived in the boroughs as a crazy liberal from Manhattan. Though Koch tries to change his spots every four years, his is not the image New Yorkers will turn to now.

That leaves Bella Abzug and Mario Cuomo. Bella's base will be largely unchanged by the crisis; she has roughly a third of the vote in all polls and probably will keep most of it. "What's hers is hers," says a strategist from a rival campaign. "Whatever people thought about her before, pro or con, they'll think it more so now. She may be the most ideological of the candidates, but her personality overwhelms that, and she isn't perceived as an ideologue, but as a fighter. She doesn't lose ground, not yet anyway." In fact, the blackout helped to drive from the front pages the debate over whether Bella did, or did not, say that cops and firemen have the right to strike. This controversy, if continued (or revived), could hurt her. (One can almost predict one of her opponents airing a commercial that opens with the words "Imagine if there was a blackout and New York had a mayor who believed policemen actually had the right to strike. . . .")

Mario Cuomo gains most from the blackout. With most polls showing him even with Beame or slightly ahead, the impact of the disorders will be to give Cuomo that part of the Mario Biaggi constituency that Beame hitherto retained. What constituency? "Elderly Jews over 50,"says a sophisticated Brooklyn politician. "Beame is a lox, and he's used to salty water. But he's got to lose ground, and just where he needs it. Look, the looting destroyed intersections like Flatbush and Church, and Utica and Eastern Parkway. The shops were the traditional symbols of the old Jewish neighborhoods—Flatbush, Brownsville, Crown Heights. The old Jews may have moved away, but they remember these corners. These were symbols, but now it's all rubble and flames. Conservative, older Jews still think of Italians as tough guys. So they go to Cuomo."

The end result, however, is that politics in this town is being reduced to its lowest common denominator. Because what the blackout and its social aftereffects have brought back up front is the hidden issue in every mayoral election: race. That is why, ultimately, no matter who wins September 8, we will have to say with Pogo, "We have met the enemy and he is us."

Morgado Moves Up

Robert Morgado, currently state operations director, will be named this month to succeed David Burke as the governor's secretary. A skilled technician who has served Anthony Travia, Nelson Rockefeller, and Perry Duryea, Morgado seems to be following La Rouchefoucauld's advice that "to establish oneself in the world, one must do all one can to seem established there already." He's been scooping up all those tasks Burke drops as he prepares to return to the private sector, and Burke is letting him do it. But much of the state Democratic political leadership feels uneasy about Morgado. In the first couple of years with Carey, Morgado had an oddly impolitic habit of not returning phone calls from political people. "He's a good mechanic," said an elder party statesman close to Carey, "but he hasn't been at the other end of it." Yet with no real alternative available (Judah Gribetz, the governor's counsel, declined to fight for the job), Morgado has a clear field. "A secretary to the governor is not only the governor's man, he's the governor's boy," says a party operative. "If he gets the political responsibilities Burke had, he'll be the most powerful man in state government."

Anker's Angst

Board of Education Chancellor Irving Anker, already smarting under a recent barrage of criticism from both within and outside the city's educational system, is sulking now for another reason. The board gave him only a one-year contract instead of the two-year agreement he wanted to complete his stewardship at 110 Livingston Street. The chance that a disgruntled Anker might take his accumulated paid-leave time is causing no little concern among some top-level Board of Ed personnel. How long might Anker be away? "Months and months," says a high official—if Irving takes all the time due him before he is due to retire.

With Deputy Chancellor Bernard Gifford having left to join the Russell Sage Foundation, the official continues, "it could make for an even greater leadership vacuum, since no one has even been named to succeed Gifford, let alone Anker."

In the running for chancellor when Anker retires: Irene Impellizzeri, dean of the Brooklyn College School of Education; Dan Griffiths who heads the School of Education at New York University; and Anker's senior assistant, Chuck Schonhaut. ▬

The Bottom Line/Dan Dorfman

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FBI

WIDE WORLD

Shapiro: *"Sporkin's judgment is clouded."*

UPI

Sporkin: *"I have compassion for people."*

Shapiro-Sporkin Fracas

"I ask you: Is Stanley Sporkin the kind of man you would want running the FBI? Not me. He has a clouded judgment about people . . . and everyone [in his mind] is under investigation."

These are strong, biting words about the tough, controversial enforcement chief of the Securities and Exchange Commission, but they come from no less an esteemed figure than Du Pont boss Irving S. Shapiro. The head of the world's largest chemical company was appointed by Jimmy Carter to head up a nine-man committee to make recommendations for a new FBI director, and there's been much speculation as to why Shapiro vehemently opposed Sporkin for the job. It's an intriguing question. Sporkin, one of many candidates, is widely regarded as one of the best cops in Washington.

Well, last week I was in Du Pont's home territory, Wilmington, Delaware, and I raised the question with Shapiro during a dinner interview at the Hotel du Pont (owned by you know who).

Shapiro was at first reluctant to discuss the situation. "Remember, I have to live with Sporkin," he said warily. This was in reference to the fact that all publicly owned companies fall under the SEC's regulatory jurisdiction. Later, though, Shapiro disclosed that in the course of a committee interview, Sporkin had astonished him by advocating that the FBI be given the right to issue its own subpoenas.

"Is it America," asked Shapiro, "if police can issue their own orders? It's abhorrent to everything we stand for, a violation of civil liberties . . . and that's what knocked him out of the box in my mind."

Shapiro seemed clearly irritated by some unfavorable stories—plus internal talk inside the SEC—that questioned whether he could give Sporkin a fair hearing. "Conceivably," he said, "Sporkin or some of his friends initiated those stories." Then, immediately after saying that, a suspicious Shapiro asked me if I knew Sporkin. I told him I did.

Shapiro went on to explain that "you need a quality of wisdom and a quality of judgment for the FBI job, not simply someone who is imbued with an enforcement mentality. As far as I know, Sporkin's a great SEC man, but he's not right for the FBI." Sporkin, Shapiro said critically, "comes as close to a young J. Edgar Hoover as one could think of. But while Hoover had considerable ability, he also had considerable defects." Shapiro added that the opposition to Sporkin wasn't simply a Shapiro decision, but a nine-man decision. Sporkin, he declared, "wasn't even a close contender."

Several SEC sources suggest that Shapiro's opposition to Sporkin stemmed chiefly from efforts of the enforcement staff to force Du Pont to disclose all of the foreign payments it had made between 1973 and 1975. Shapiro responded that this in no way influenced his decision. In fact, he told me he opposed neither the investigation nor the disclosure of such payments. He then chided Sporkin's staff for overblowing a minor $18,000 payment abroad.

I did some checking and found that Du Pont had indeed strongly opposed the enforcement staff's efforts to disclose the 1973–1975 payments, which, it so happens, were considerably greater than $18,000—$599,000, to be precise. The commission went along with Du Pont's nondisclosure pitch and overruled its enforcement staff, but the disclosure of the payments later came out in a congressional hearing.

I rang up Sporkin and told him of Shapiro's comments. He blew up. Sporkin, who emphasized the idea of the interview was the committee's, not his, retorted that Shapiro had taken his comments about issuing subpoena power to the FBI "completely out of context." Said Sporkin: "We all know that in certain instances, the FBI obtains bank records illegally. What I recommended is that this be done under clearly prescribed rules . . . something that protects the rights of people, not deprives them of their rights. The only way the FBI can deal effectively with economic crimes is to have access to bank records, and that's what I talked about."

Sporkin, never one to hide his views, roasted the way Shapiro's committee has been conducting its search. "They seem more interested in getting a guy to protect the FBI from the people than someone who wants to rope in or constrain political corruption and organized crime," Sporkin declared. "Unfortunately, I think they're looking for the wrong kind of person." (It's worth noting that several top law-enforcement people regard as mediocre the caliber of some of the five candidates whose names were submitted to the president by the Shapiro committee.)

I asked Sporkin about Shapiro's allegations that he may be using the press to criticize the committee's failure to pick him for the FBI job. "That's an outrageous statement," responded Sporkin, nearly shouting. "I never initiated any such stories. I've never seen any and I defy Shapiro to

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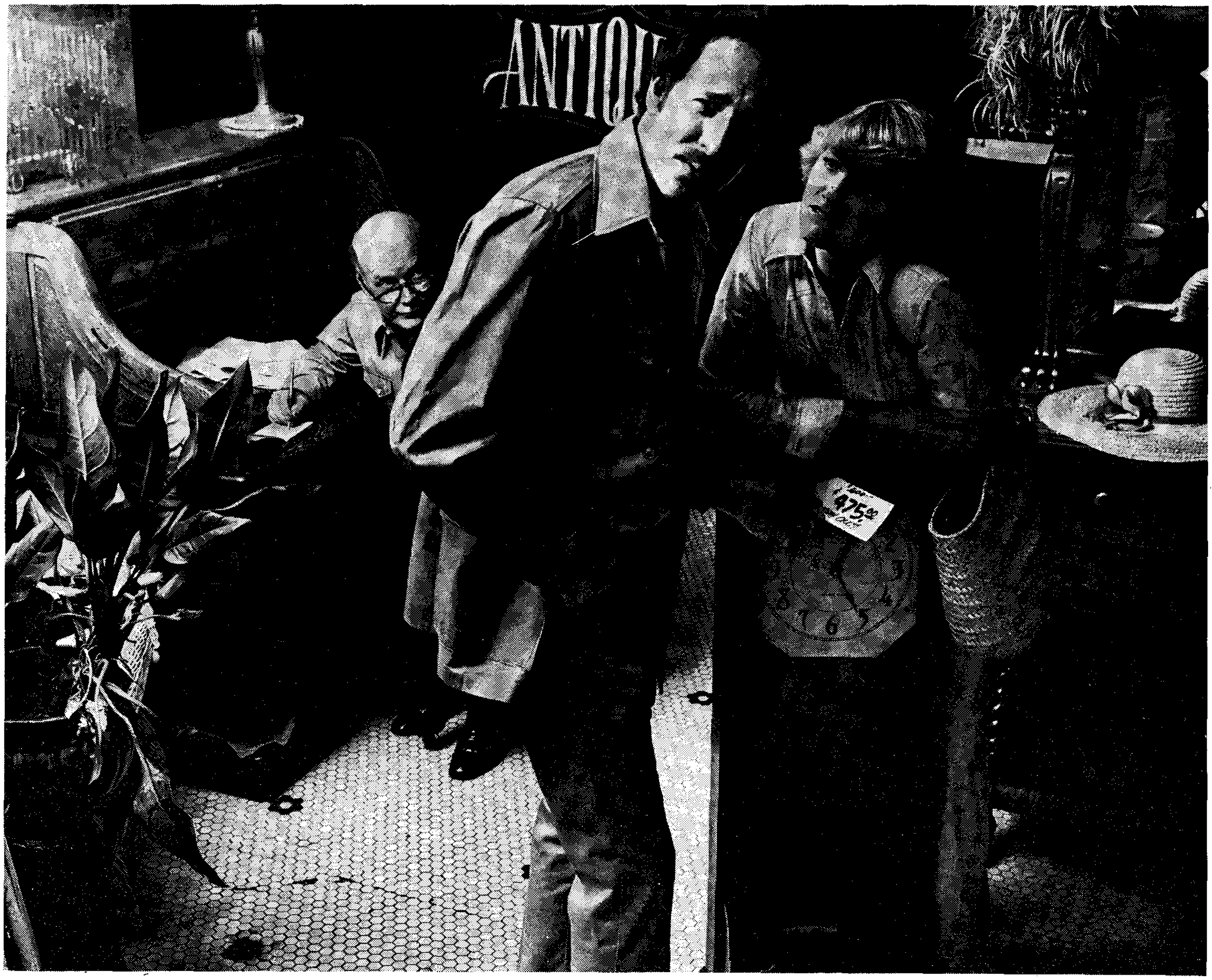

With a Manufacturers Hanover Personal Credit Line, you can write yourself a loan just by writing a check.

At Manufacturers Hanover, we don't think you should miss out on the chance to buy something just because you don't have enough money in your checking account.

That's why we offer you Personal Credit Line.

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So it makes sense to use your Personal Credit Line for just about anything from paying for your kid's braces to buying yourself a little antique, or even taking a spur-of-the-moment weekend vacation. Don't let the money you don't have in your checking account stop you from doing what you want.

Just come into any of our over 200 conveniently located branches and apply for a Personal Credit Line so that the next time you need extra money—you've got it.

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prove it. It's absolutely ridiculous."

Sporkin also reacted furiously to Shapiro's comment that he (Sporkin) "has a clouded judgment about people . . . and everyone is under investigation." Howled Sporkin: "That's sheer, absolute nonsense. Let Mr. Shapiro go across the street [in Wilmington] to the federal courthouse where I clerked for three years and he'll find . . . I have great compassion for people."

Sporkin concluded with a salvo at Shapiro. "Law enforcement is my business—not his business."

Short Chase

The SEC apparently is digging deeply into the activities of the short sellers. The latest SEC action: a private investigation into the short-selling practices covering eight securities: International Systems & Controls, Olympia Brewing, Centronics Data Computer, National Semiconductor, RTE, McDonald's, Marriott, and Technicare. Included in the SEC probe are two of the country's top short sellers—Marc Howard (Howard Associates) and Robert Wilson (Robert Wilson Associates).

A good part of the SEC investigation, I hear, centers on whether there's been any stock manipulation by the short sellers; also, whether Alan Abelson's "Up and Down Wall Street" column in *Barron's* is being used to promote the positions of the short sellers. SEC subpoenas have already gone out to leading short sellers, requesting, among other things, copies of all their transactions in the eight stocks dating back to January 1, 1976.

In SEC testimony thus far, staff attorneys have raised questions involving the activities and relationships of such hedge-fund managers and brokers (in addition to Wilson and Howard) as Walter Mintz, Cumberland Associates; Lawrence Bleiberg, Boxwood Associates (the brother of *Barron's* editor Bob Bleiberg); Alan Dresher; A. W. Jones, one of the granddaddies of the hedge-fund fraternity; Meyer Berman and Leo Goldner, Merkin & Company; and Larry Rader, Loeb, Rhoades & Company. Interestingly, many people in the SEC probe are also included in a class-action suit filed by a dentist against Abelson, Bleiberg, and a number of leading short sellers, charging that the two *Barron's* editors have been leaking stories to the short sellers.

I learned that Abelson testified voluntarily before the SEC last week and another *Barron's* news editor, Steve Anreder, will also be testifying.

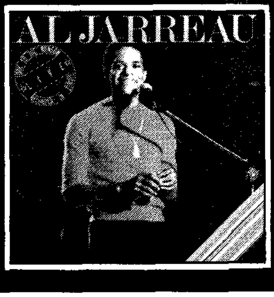
The seriousness of the SEC investigation could not immediately be determined, but one unhappy short seller described the probe as "a fishing expedition by a bunch of bureaucrats who think short selling is un-American."

New Plums Popping Up

New York's Maxwell's Plum, one of the nation's most successful restaurants (annual volume: $5.8 million), is going national—international, in fact. Charles Stein, chairman of Hardwicke Companies (which owns half of the restaurant), told me plans are in the works to open (in conjunction with outside investors) additional Maxwell's Plums in Los Angeles, Chicago, London, Tokyo, and Paris. The first one, said Stein, should open in Los Angeles within a year and a half. Maxwell's Plum, a swinging, trendy restaurant, is currently throwing off a pretax profit of close to $600,000. Its sales prospects should be enhanced in the first half of 1978—maybe by another $1.5-million in volume, Stein says—when Maxwell's adds another restaurant, with dancing, in its basement. ▬

AL JARREAU

It's something in the way he doesn't just sing. It's a voice not even remotely like any other. The influential German magazine *Der Spiegel* watched him work his improvising magic and concluded that "this man has a whole orchestra in his throat." Jarreau's performances in Germany so jolted the public that the national TV network devoted a whole 90 minute special to his in-concert work. Grammy equivalents in Germany and Italy both voted Al the Best Foreign Singer of 1977. The best opportunity yet to find out what the Euro-talk is all about can be had with Al's new live album, LOOK TO THE RAINBOW, recorded on a recent continental tour. The sounds this man is able to make have got to be heard to be believed.



It's all on LOOK TO THE RAINBOW.
Produced by Tommy LiPuma and Al Schmitt.
On Warner Bros. Records and Tapes.

MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

OPENINGS AND CURRENT ATTRACTIONS ON THE NEW YORK SCREEN

July 26 thru August 2

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

Monday, July 27

Joyride–Desi Arnaz, Jr. and Robert Carradine go to Alaska in search of adventure and paychecks in a film directed by Joseph Ruben. RKO Cinerama I; RKO 86th St II.

The Spy Who Loved Me–Roger Moore is the James Bond in this version of Ian Fleming's novel; directed by Lewis Gilbert. Loews State I; Loews Cine; Columbia I.

THE MOVIES

Annie Hall–Woody Allen's latest is painful in three ways: as unfunny comedy, poor moviemaking, and embarrassing self-revelation. The jokes are tired and can often be seen dragging their feet toward us a mile off. Diane Keaton's scandalous performance consists of a dithering, blithering, neurotic coming apart at the seams, in this on-again, off-again love affair of a schlemiel and a meshugenah. Fine Arts; thru 7/26, Greenwich; Trans-Lux 85th.

The Big Bus–A parody of a disaster movie, directed by James Frawley, could have been mildly amusing if it had been written, directed, and acted with the straightest of faces. The cast is denied a single witty line and is merely pushed into outrageous exaggeration, as if grade-school notions of jadedness or hysteria were the soul of wit. It is a small wonder that Lynn Redgrave, Richard Mulligan, and Sally Kellerman are made to look ridiculous, as is virtually everyone associated with this venture. Thru 7/26, Olympia.

Black Sunday–John Frankenheimer's latest is a sound commercial film, the basic stuff of cinema, and an oasis in the current American movie output. The lately often irresponsible Robert Shaw gives a genuinely affecting performance, and there is very solid work from other actors as well, notably the craggily dependable Fritz Weaver, the pervasively slimy Michael V. Gazzo, and the ominously controlled Walter Gotell. 7/27-8/2, St Marks Cinema.

Black and White in Color–This first feature film by Jean-Jacques Annaud is a witty, strong, ingeniously constructed and remarkably mature piece of work. It is set in the French and German colonies during World War I, and traces the development of one brave, intelligent, and honorable person into the most efficient, deadly military martinet. Black or white, French or German, courageous or cowardly, human beings are to blame for war; this funny and fast-moving satire—in the best tradition of that genre—dispassionately exposes the ravages—not of war, but of human nature. Superb camera work, performances, music—even decent subtitles. Paris.

Bound for Glory–David Carradine portrays Woody Guthrie in an autobiographical film about the legendary folksinger. It deals mostly with the Depression, the Dust Bowl, and the desperate people traveling to California where new horrors await them. Seeing this film, directed by Hal Ashby, is the nearest thing to leafing through the album of a great photographer (Haskell Wexler). Thru 7/26, Thalia.

A Bridge Too Far–Richard Attenborough's film about an attack on the Dutch Rhine bridges in W W II never makes the subject clear. We don't get to fathom and follow who is doing what to whom, or exactly where and when. And however good it may be for your box office to stud your cast with 24-karat stars, it militates heavily against basic believability. This is an all-star martial disaster, and almost an insult to the dead, the survivors, and the truth. Columbia I & II; Eastside; Rivoli; U.A. East.

Chinatown–After much floundering, Roman Polanski comes up with a good one again, helped by Robert Towne's able script. This concerns a pleasantly offhanded private eye specializing in divorce investigation who gets involved in a murder case that further leads him to discover large-scale corruption in Los Angeles local government circa 1930. There is everything here from sadism to incest, a lot of convincing period atmosphere, also some wit, literacy, and psychological urgency. Though still falling short of art, it is sturdy entertainment except for an unconvincing ending; very well acted by Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and various others; rather less well by John Huston. Excellent cinematography by John A. Alonzo. Gramercy.

Cousin, Cousine–A charming and droll film by Jean-Charles Tacchella that goes a long way toward restoring the good name of the wayward French cinema. It is about family relations, children growing up, and, mostly, two adults finding themselves in a truly fulfilling relationship, adultery be damned. Very unassumingly it says a good deal, and is beautifully written, directed, and acted, with fine photography and catchy music. Waverly; New Yorker; D.W. Griffith.

Cria–The best of Carlos Saura's latest three films, in all of which he is concerned with apprehending the continuity between the past and the present, and if possible, finding a resolution for the civil war. Geraldine Chaplin plays the mother of the child (Ana Torrent) from whose viewpoint the story is told, and both have, along with sensitive faces and suggestions of ample inwardness, a limited acting style that borders on monotony. Cinema III.

The Deep–Based on Peter Benchley's follow-up to Jaws, this film advances the cause of underwater cinematography almost as prodigiously as it retards the cause of filmmaking. None of the plot holds water half as well as the brain of the scenarists. There is indeed an eerie beauty about the world of the deep, but for this sort of thing one still prefers Captain Cousteau at the helm. Loews State II; Loews Tower East; Loews Triplex; 34th St E.

Dr. Strangelove–This is probably Stanley Kubrick's best film to date, a satirical comic strip about what will happen when idiocy high and low starts atomic warfare between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. The plotting and characterization (Terry Southern co-scripted) are outrageous, but also funny and not nearly so preposterous as anyone hoping for our survival might wish. There is riotous acting by a distinguished cast: Sterling Hayden, George C. Scott, Keenan Wynn, and Peter Sellers in several roles are specially amusing. There is also splendid black-and-white photography. 7/27, 28, Cinema Village.

Even Dwarfs Started Small–Werner Herzog is one of the more arid and rebarbative directors of our time, with a mind preoccupied not just with violence, but violence fused with ugliness. In this film, whose plot (if it exists at all) is incomprehensible, a number of bestial dwarfs and some full-size plug-uglies brutalize one another, torturing also a few assorted animals. All this pretends to have to do with art, but it is only sound and fury. 7/27-8/2, Thalia.

AN ESKIMO KISS

Catherine Deneuve and **Giancarlo Giannini** star in **La Grande Bourgeoise;** story of a professor and his family whose wealth, politics, and liberated lifestyle is seen as a threat to the Church and government. Directed by Mauro Bolognini. At the Beekman, and at the Paramount.

The First Nudie Musical–Cindy Williams and Harry Schecter co-star in a story about a young producer who has decided to make a quickie porno flicker in order to save his ailing studio. 68th St Playhouse.

For the Love of Benji–The dog Benji stars in a story of kidnapping, secret agents and international suspense and intrigue. Guild.

High Street (Rue Haute)–A Belgian film starring Annie Cordy and Mort Shuman in a film describing events during the Nazi holocaust. Quad.

Homage to Chagall: The Colors of Love–A film inspired by the life and works of one of the world's greatest living painters, written, produced and directed by Harry Rasky, narrated by James Mason, with Joseph Wiseman as the voice of Chagall. Little Carnegie.

I Never Promised You a Rose Garden–A sincere and, at times, affecting film version of the popular novel about a 16-year-old girl, suicidal and schizoid, who spends three anguished years in a psychiatric hospital and is finally apparently cured through the ministrations of a wise and humane woman psychiatrist. There is the flawless performance of Kathleen Quinlan as the girl, and a very solid one from Bibi Andersson. Directed by Anthony Page. Cinema I.

In the Realm of the Senses–Oshima's "art film" about sexual obsession suffers from the facts that Oshima is not very strong on art, less than secure with film, and wholly unconvincing about sex. The film does not even work as pornography, only as something weird and unwholesome, on the border between the repellent and the ridiculous. Plaza.

The Island of Dr. Moreau–H.G. Wells's story of a deranged scientist on a remote island who converts animals into men and vice versa. Burt Lancaster is the medical meddler, and Michael York, as the castaway engineer whose righteous indignation becomes Moreau's nemesis, is remarkably authentic. The humanoids, led by a transmogrified Richard Basehart, are rather likably innocuous. Quad; RKO Cinerama; thru 7/26, RKO 86th St.

Jabberwocky–A film by and with some of the Monty Python crew. If you can laugh at this, you can laugh at anything and might as well stay home working up great guffaws over the spots in your kitchen sink. From 7/27, Art; Embassy 72nd.

Jaws–For pure adventure, thrills, technical effects, genuinely scary moments (and never mind the logic), this is all you could ask for. Some juicy performances, and slickly resourceful direction from young Steven Spielberg. He is not good on land, where things tend to go soft or stagy; but on or in the water things work swimmingly. RKO Cinerama II.

King Kong–This new version, directed by John Guillermin, tried hard to come up with things the original lacked—Freud, feminism, ecology, social satire, spoofing of astrology, and above all, sympathy for the ape. The romance now is much more between beast and girl than between boy and girl. But nothing substantial has been added and something considerable has been forfeited. Thru 7/26, St Marks Cinema; Olympia; Playboy.

The Last Remake of Beau Geste–Marty Feldman stars in and directs a spoof of Hollywood's three screen versions of the P. S. Wren book. Also in the cast are Ann-Margret, Michael York, and James Earl Jones. Sutton.

MacArthur–Gregory Peck plays the controversial figure in Joseph Sargent's film, with Marj Dusay as his wife, Ward Costello as General Marshall, Ed Flanders as President Truman, and Dan O'Herlihy as President Roosevelt. Radio City Music Hall.

Marathon Man–John Schlesinger's tale of espionage and double agents, where the C.I.A. is as villainous as the big-time ex-Nazi (Laurence Olivier) now based in South America, has as its hero a little Jewish schlemiel (Dustin Hoffman) who, after he has been kicked and tormented too much, asserts himself and destroys all his torturers. Gramercy.

Missouri Breaks–The dialogue here, by Thomas McGuane, is all studied quirkiness, self-congratulatory cuteness, and insipid pseudo-pregnancy. Film starts out as a mere revisionist western, and the role played by Marlon Brando, as preposterous and odious a character ever encountered in movies or fiction, brings the moral sleaziness of the film into ghastly focus. His performance is utterly lamentable, and even more slatternly and self-indulgent than his bloated physique. Authur Penn seems to be obsessed with trying to heighten a genre film into art. 7/26, Cinema Village.

The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser–Werner Herzog's choppy, capricious, ponderous, and attitudinizing film is an utter betrayal of its magnificent historical subject—a 15-year-old boy who shows up out of nowhere in the main square of Nuremberg in 1828, inarticulate and clutching a letter that obscures rather than clarifies his provenance. Thru 7/26, Art.

Nasty Habits–A nasty little piece of goods over which it would be kindest to pass in silence, if only it deserved kindness. What we have here is a "satire" on Watergate told in terms of a nunnery with monastic equivalents for most of the principals in that fiasco. The language is rowdy throughout, the goings-on licentious or sacrilegious, and convent life is turned into an ugly, unfunny travesty. Thru 7/26, 8th St Cinema.

New York, New York–A thoroughgoing disaster for all the people involved with it, from which they will have to be dug out like the remnants of Pompeii and Herculaneum. It is hard to say whether the acting of DeNiro and Minnelli or the direction by Martin Scorsese or the script by writers whose names do not deserve mention should take top dishonors. The original songs by Kander, and Ebb are also strong contenders. Ziegfeld; Trans-Lux E.

Orca–Charlotte Rampling and Richard Harris star in a film about a killer whale which relentlessly tracks down the slayer of his mate on sea and, believe it or not, on land. For nasty snickers, this movie is as good a dog as any in these dog days. There is some fine underwater work under second-unit directors Folco Quilici and Ron Taylor, and good photography by Ted Moore and J. Barry Heron. Criterion; Cinema II; 86th St E; Loews Triplex.

The Other Side of Midnight–What the producer Frank Yablans is selling here is luxury and voluptuousness, fancy sex in sumptuous settings. The story is of unleashed passions—of a French girl turned model-movie star with a little whoring in between, and the dashing and debonair American flying ace who knocks her up and leaves her. All this against a turbulent background of the German occupation and postwar prosperity. Coronet; National.

Pardon Mon Affaire–An endearing little French comedy with serious overtones. It's about friendship and marriage, trust and its abuses, intrigues and their tragicomic consequences. The movie manages to be both madcap and firmly rooted in human experience. Baronet.

Performance–A prime example of the "loathsome film", this collaboration by Nicolas Roeg and Donald Cammell tries to appeal to every taste provided it is perverted enough. It has something to do with an old-fashioned criminal type meeting his alter ego in the psychedelic world, and their two identities fusing. There are liftings here from Bergman and Borjes, but under the borrowed plumage, it is all shoddy sensationalism, including a revolting nonperformance by Mick Jagger. 7/30, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Rollercoaster–A relatively unassuming movie about a technologically expert extortionist who blows up rollercoasters, and a valiant safety inspector who gets locked into a curious relationship with him. It remains a cat-and-mouse game, made more interesting by the uncertainty about which is the cat, which the mouse. The film has something both for lovers and haters of rollercoasters. Forum; 7/27-8/2, Olympia.

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution–Nicol Williamson is a self-indulgent sensualist and social upstart rather than the ascetic, upper-class Sherlock Holmes in this film, wherein Freud (Alan Arkin) tries to analyze and cure the cocaine-besotted dick, and the two men collaborate in a bit of crime detection. 7/27-8/2, Olympia.

Smokey and the Bandit–Hal Needham's new film about a trucker-hero who sets out for Texas to pick up 400 cases of beer and return within 28 hours to Atlanta. With Burt Reynolds, Jackie Gleason, Sally Field, and Jerry Reed. Embassy 46th.

Sorcerer–It requires enormous arrogance to remake a classic like Clouzot's *The Wages of Fear* (1953), and then dedicate it to his memory, which is precisely what William Friedkin has done. The original was an impassioned indictment of strangulating poverty in a Latin American country fostered by the collusion of U.S. oil interests and domestic dictatorship. The banana-republic atmosphere in Friedkin's film is conventionalized and depoliticized to the utmost. Even the acting is rendered uninteresting by the dimensionless roles. Thru 7/26, Loews State I; thru 7/26, Loews Cine.

Star Wars–George Lucas's impeccable technical achievement: a quantum—or maybe quasar—leap beyond *2001*. But strip the film of its often striking images and its highfalutin scientific jargon, and you get a story, characters, and dialogue of overwhelming banality without even a "future" cast to them. Still, *Star Wars* will do very nicely for those lucky enough to be children or unlucky enough never to have grown up. Loews Astor Plaza; Loews Orpheum; Murray Hill.

Sunday Bloody Sunday–Jazzily elegant, basically superficial film about two middle-aged Londoners, a man and a woman, both in love with the same youth, an easy-going, amiably irresponsible pseudo-artist. Several London ambiances are caught well enough, but the subject is not pursued very deeply as this John Schlesinger film moves from set piece to set piece, redeemed by only a quietly touching performance by Peter Finch, one of the best film actors of our day. 7/26, Bleecker St Cinema.

Excerpted from John Simon's reviews

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). Thru 7/26, *The Merchant of Four Seasons; The Mystery of Kasper Hauser.* From 7/27, *Jabberwocky.*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). *Pardon Mon Affaire.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *La Grande Bourgeoise.*

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 7/26, *Sunday Bloody Sunday; Midnight Cowboy.* 7/27,28, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes; The Gang's All Here.* 7/29,30, *The Way we Were; For Pete's Sake.* 7/31, 8/1, *City Lights; Modern Times.* 8/2, *Ludwig; Dionysius.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 7/26, *Sunset Boulevard; The Big Carnival.* 7/27, *The Bad Sleep Well; The Scandal.* 7/28, *The General; The Strongman.* 7/29, *The Hound of the Baskervilles; The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.* 7/30, *Performance; Gimme Shelter.* 7/31, *An Evening with the Royal Ballet; World's Young Ballet.* 8/1, *The Music Room; Distant Thunder.* 8/2, *Stalag 17; Sabrina.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Orca.*

Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza Hotel (752-5959). *Cria.*

Cinema Studio, Bdway & 66th (877-4040). *Stroszek.*

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 7/26, *The Missouri Breaks; Fat City.* 7/27, 28, *Dr. Strangelove; Millhouse.* 7/29,30, *Let It Be; Magical Mystery Tour; Beatles Jamboree.* 7/31, 8/1, *Mildred Pierce; Humoresque.* 8/2, *A Woman Under The Influence, Minnie & Moskowitz.*

Columbia I, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). Thru 7/26, *A Bridge Too Far.* From 7/27, *The Spy Who Loved Me.*

Columbia II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *A Bridge Too Far.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *The Other Side of Midnight.*

Criterion, Bdway at 45th (JU2-1796). *Orca.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th St E of 2nd Ave (759-4630). *Cousin, Cousine.*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). *A Bridge Too Far.*

8th St Cinema, 52 W 8th (674-6515). Thru 7/26, *Nasty Habits.* From 7/27, to be announced.

86th St E, 3rd Ave at 86th (249-1144). *Orca.*

Embassy 46th, 46th at Bdway (757-2490). *Smokey and the Bandit.*

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). Thru 7/26, *Romeo and Juliet.* From 7/27, *Jabberwocky.*

E 59th St, betw 2nd & 3rd (688-1717). *The Savage Is Loose.*

Fine Arts, 58th nr Lexington (PL 5-6030). *Annie Hall.*

Forum, Bdway & 47th (757-8320). *Rollercoaster.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). *Marathon Man; Chinatown.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). Thru 7/26, *Annie Hall.* From 7/27, to be announced.

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). *For the Love of Benji.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *Homage to Chagall—The Colors of Love.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *Star Wars.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd nr 86th (427-1332). Thru 7/26, *Sorcerer.* From 7/27, *The Spy Who Loved Me.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th, 3rd (AT 9-4607). *Star Wars.*

Loews State I & II, Bdway at 45th (582-5070). I. Thru 7/26, *Sorcerer.* From 7/27, *The Spy Who Loved Me.* II. *The Deep.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *The Deep.*

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). I. Thru 7/26, *Darby O'Gill and the Little People; The Many Adventures of Winnie the Pooh.* From 7/27, *In Search of the Castaways; Robin Hood.* II. *Orca.* III. *The Deep.*

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). *Star Wars.*

National, Bdway at 43rd (869-0950). *The Other Side of Midnight.*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). *Cousin, Cousine.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 7/26, *King Kong; The Big Bus.* 7/27-8/2, *Rollercoaster; The Seven-Per-Cent Solution.*

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). *La Grande Bourgeoise.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *Black and White in Color.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 7/26, *King Kong; Bug.* From 7/27, to be announced.

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *In the Realm of the Senses.*

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). *(Last-minute switches especially frequent here; phone ahead.)* I. *Three Women.* II. Thru 7/26, *Darby O'Gill and the Little People; The Many Adventures of Winnie the Pooh.* 7/27-8/2, *In Search of the Castaways; Robin Hood.* III. Thru 8/2, *The Island of Dr. Moreau.* IV. Thru 8/2, *High Street.*

Radio City Music Hall, 50th St & 6th Ave (246-4600). *MacArthur.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). 7/26-27, *The Postman Always Rings Twice; Point Blank.* 7/28-30, *An American In Paris; Invitation to the Dance.* 7/31-8/2, *Ziegfield Follies; Cabin in the Sky.*

Renoir, 100 Seventh Ave So (873-8702). Thru 8/3, *Strongman Ferdinand.*

Rivoli, Bdway at 49th (247-1633). *A Bridge Too Far.*

RKO Cinerama I & II, Bdway at 47th (757-5450). I. Thru 7/26, *The Island of Dr. Moreau.* From 7/27, *Joyride.* II. *Jaws*

RKO 86th St I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. Thru 7/26, *Darby O'Gill and the Little People; The Many Adventures of Winnie the Pooh* From 7/27, *In Search of the Castaways; Robin Hood.* II. Thru 7/26, *The Island of Dr. Moreau.* From 7/27, *Joyride.*

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292). Thru 7/26, *Fantastic Planet; King Kong.* 7/27-8/2, *Black Sunday; Play It Again Sam.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). Thru 7/26, *Three Women.* From 7/27, to be announced.

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *The First Nudie Musical.*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *The Last Remake of Beau Geste.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). Thru 7/26, *Bound For Glory; Thieves Like Us.* 7/27-8/2, *Fata Morgan; Even Dwarfs Started Small.*

Theatre St. Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 7/26, *Let's Go Native; Monte Carlo.* 7/27, 28, *Four Feathers; Beau Geste.* 7/29, 30, *Bulldog Brummond's Peril; Kennel Murder Case.* 7/31-8/1, *Glenn Miller Story, Benny Goodman Story.* 8/2, *Cobra Woman; Tangier.*

34th St East, nr 2nd Ave (683-0255). *The Deep.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). *New York, New York.*

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *Annie Hall.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *A Bridge Too Far.*

Victoria, Bdway & 46th (354-5636). *Outlaw Blues.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). *Cousin, Cousine.*

Ziegfeld, 141 W 54 (765-7600). *New York, New York.*

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

CURRENT

Anna Christie–Eugene O'Neill's seedy whore of a play, redeemed by the skill of a director (Jose Quintero) and a star (Liv Ullmann) who never make the mistake of taking it seriously. Ullmann's Anna is a stupendous creation, in which passion flows through every pore of a body that is, of itself, one of God's masterpieces. Thru 7/30. Imperial, 249 W 45th (CO 5-2412).

Annie–*Oliver Twist* in drag, but with so much going for it (a chorus line of moppets, a Christmas tree, Andrea McArdle's gleam in the title role, and a seven-year-old bundle of radiance named Danielle Brisebois) that only a Fagin reborn would note the drab book (Thomas Meehan) and lyrics (Martin Charnin) or Charles Strouse's recycled score. Against what could have been, however, the show must be reckoned a slick, sloppy cheat. Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel–The first in David Rabe's "trilogy" about GIs in Vietnam, this 1971 play lacks the tautness of the later *Sticks and Bones* and *Streamers*, but the power at its core remains intact. That power is harrowingly realized in Al Pacino's searing portrayal of the name role, and in David Wheeler's excellent direction. Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

Bubbling Brown Sugar–About half the show is an authentic and lively tribute to old-time Harlem theater, with some great numbers lined out by the stars. The other half, alas, is a silly, patronizing, meandering book and some new songs by Danny Holgate that merely waste time, beyond rescue even by all that classy staging and dances. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat mat at 2; Sun at 2:30. ANTA, 245 W 52nd (246-6270).

The Cherry Orchard–Formerly a play by Chekhov, now the victim of a rampaging, self-indulgent reshaping (wherein winsomeness becomes slapstick, etc.) by Andrei Serban. Even at this monstrous disadvantage, however, the haunting Ranevskaya of Irene Worth, as well as the pure visual beauty of the production, are probably worth the trip (if you happen to live close by, at any rate). Thru Labor Day. Vivian Beaumont, 150 W 65th (787-8080).

Chicago–Lust and chicanery in the Windy City, circa 1925, with book (Bob Fosse and Fred Ebb) from the same play (Maurine Watkins's *Chicago*) that inspired the fabulous movie *Roxie Hart*. John Kander's best songs are little more than neat ripoffs from twenties' razzmatazz, but Bob Fosse's virtuoso staging makes them look better than they sound. The show has been around for a while, however, and some of Fosse's stage gadgetry has begun to creak, but Jerry Orbach's work as a slick lawyer is wondrous to behold. Mon thru Sat at 8; mat. Wed & Sat at 2. 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (246-4271).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St* (et al). Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mat. Wed & Sat at 2. Shubert, 225 W44 (246-5990).

Equus–Peter Shaffer's play which is structured around a valid premise, an exploration into the tortured mind of a boy who suddenly goes berserk and blinds a stableful of horses. But the play is ruined by Shaffer's concept of the psychiatrist, who is forced constantly into tedious (and, to an intelligent auditor, insulting) sermons on what it all means to him. With Leonard Nimoy and Ralph Seymour. Mon thru Sat at 8 p.m. Mat Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Helen Hayes, 210 W 46th (246-6380).

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/ When the Rainbow is Enuf–Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of Ntozake Shange, lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an enthralling experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Wed & Sat at 2, Sun at 3. Booth, 45th St (246-5969).

Gemini–Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed. Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues. Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid, and so is the cast. Mon-Sat at 8; Mat Wed & Sat at 2. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

Godspell–Although it may have been overpraised when new (thanks to *J.C. Superstar's* also having been around), the artless joy of this retelling of the Passion through the eyes of flower-children, the romping inventiveness of its appealing cast, and the vitality of most (if not all) of Stephen Schwartz's music still make this one of the loveliest things in town. The move to Broadway has been well managed, and you're still invited onstage for wine at intermission. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed, Sat & Sun mat at 2 p.m. Ambassador, 215 W 49th (265-1855).

Grease–Broadway's senior musical, about highschool shenanigans in the fifties, now seems as much a period piece as any Romberg operetta, but the energy of the original has been remarkably well preserved. Without a single memorable song or solo turn, the show holds onto an amusing, attractive ridiculousness, mostly due to Patricia Birch's lively choreography and Tom Moore's no-nonsense direction. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed. & Sat at 2 p.m., Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

I Love My Wife–Wife-swapping in Trenton, with words (Michael Stewart) from old sit-com discards, music (Cy Coleman) that is mostly plasticized ricky-tick, and acting (Lenny Baker, et al) that would make Bugs Bunny cringe. A show, in other words, that achieves the impossible: to make life in New Jersey even worse than it is. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

The Importance of Being Earnest–There have been better productions of this flawless jewel of a play: a more resonant Bracknell than Elizabeth Wilson, a less twitchy Cecily than Kathleen Widdoes, more stylish sets than Zack Brown's (which are festooned with *white plastic* flower pots!). But Stephen Porter has given Wilde's comedy an intelligent staging, and there is the Gwendolen of Patricia Conolly, deserving inclusion among the authentic Wonders of the World. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3, through 8/28. Circle in the Square, 50th St W of Bdway (581-0720).

The King and I–Fuzzy, slovenly revival of a show that isn't as good as it used to be, and probably never was. Yul Brynner is the star, but he has aged since 1951 and it shows; surrounding him is a cast of nobody in particular, including Constance Towers as a dull Anna and some children who merely make faces. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Next week, Tues thru Sat at 7:30; mat Wed, Sat & Sun at 2. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Mat Wed at 2 p.m. Wed at 2 & 8. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

Otherwise Engaged–With words wise and winged, Simon Gray shows us how easy it is to retreat into electronic armor and cut all communication with humanity. The play is, at once, both wittier and more profound than Gray's excellent *Butley* and, as directed by Harold Pinter, it becomes one of Broadway's few genuinely rewarding experiences. As the hero, a man on his way to becoming a robot, Tom Courtenay may be a little too charming, but his way with the language is indeed elegant. On July 21, Dick Cavett takes over the lead. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (246-9156).

Same Time, Next Year–Bernard Slade's comedy, of a genre that used to be called "saucy," neatly mingles two sure-fire elements, fornication and nostalgia. Now that it is being performed (by Hope Lange and Don Murray) more for jokes than for wit, the play has become ritualized, about as titillating as, say, an exhibition of bloomers at the Smithsonian. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

The Shadow Box–Michael Cristofer's haunting play, which won a 1977 Pulitzer prize and a best-play Tony Award, is set among terminal patients in a California hospital, and poses some daring questions about hopelessness and self-delusion. An altogether moving work, it even manages to be funny when circumstances permit. Gordon Davidson's direction of a superb nine-member cast approaches perfection; a superior evening all told. Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230).

Shenandoah–A musical by James Lee Barrett, P. Rose, P. Udell, and Gary Geld; directed by Philip Rose; stars John Cullum. It takes no Civil War expert to know that this foolish hyperanachronism has about as much to do with history as with wit, tunefulness, or basic intelligence. The book goes from nowhere to nowhere, unless commuting between jolly homespun philosophy and arrant tearjerking constitutes an itinerary. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m.; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. *(J.S.)* Mark Hellinger, 237 W 51st (757-7064).

A YANKEE RINGER

Larry Kert stars in **Side by Side by Sondheim,** beginning August 1. He takes over for Britisher David Kernan, joining Millicent Martin and Bonnie Schon. Our critic loved this show. Music Box Theater, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Sly Fox–Larry Gelbart has misread a certain famous tombstone as "O Rape Ben Jonson," and has done just that in this gross, gaggy rewrite of *Volpone*. Arthur Penn's direction is a luckless try at creating a Jacobean *Hellzapoppin'*. Robert Preston is the Fox himself, without benefit of trombones. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat, Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (CI 6-6699).

The Wiz–Oz in blackface, and a poor substitute for either the original L. Frank Baum books or the Judy Garland movie. The problem here is lack of tone: exuberant jive one minute, patchy bathos the next. Bargain-hunter note: the cheaper the seats, the less depressing the tacky, gimcrack sets and sloppy routines are likely to look. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadway, 1681 Broadway (CI7-7992).

Your Arms Too Short To Box With God–The Book of Matthew's greatest hits, turned into a generally lively gospel musical by Vinnette Carroll, Micki Grant, and Alex Bradford. Sometimes the wooing of audience by cast becomes a little blatant, but there is some spellbinding singing (notably by Salome Bey and Delores Hall) to set matters right. Wed thru Sat at 8; mat Wed, Sat & Sun at 2, Sun at 5. Lyceum, 149 W 45th (JU 2-3897).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

CURRENT

Agamemnon–Fragments of the Aeschylus classic intrude from time to time to interrupt Andrei Serban's dazzling display of self-indulgent theatrical trickery. If you care about the play, the show is a horror. If you like circuses, go to the circus. 8/2 thru 8/28. Tickets free, distributed nightly at 6:15. Delacorte Theater in Central Park (677-1750).

The Ballad of the Seven Sleeping Brothers in China–Tadeusz Micinski's play. 7/28-31, at 10 p.m. Theater for the New City, 113 Jane St (691-2220).

The Club–It is Eve Merriam's conceit—and a rather good one, as it works out—that male villainy toward women is best definable in its own words. To that end, she has peopled her little revue with a goggle of sexist males singing sexist songs and telling sexist jokes in a club at around 1910; the material is all authentic of the period. As a final kicker, all the roles are played by women, and a perfectly splendid septet of transvestites they are. You probably have to see this for yourselves to understand why this show is as delightful as it is. Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St (AL 4-6330).

Counsellor-At-Law–A revival of the Elmer Rice play, directed by Will Lieberson. 7/26-30; 8/2-6, at 7:30. Quaigh Theatre, 108 West 43 St (787-0862).

Double Bill–Agatha Christie's *The Patient* and *The Rats.* 7/29, 30, at 9:30 p.m. $3.50. Academy Arts, 330 E 56th (486-1431).

Drama Committee Repertory–G.B. Shaw's *Getting Married,* Thurs thru Sat at 7:30, thru 8/27. Shaw's *One Acts,* Thurs thru Sat at 10:30, thru 8/27. Shaw's *Don Juan in Hell,* Sun at 2:30 & 5, thru 8/28, *Three by Gorky,* Sun, Tues, Wed, 8:30, Thru 8/28. $3. 17 W 20th (929-8377).

Gaylunacy–Vaudeville with a lavender twist, conceived and directed by Edmund W. Trust. Fri & Sat, at 10:30; Sun at 7:30, thru 7/31. $3. 18th St Playhouse, 145 W 18th (924-8400).

Ghosts–Henrik Ibsen's drama, directed by Ray Whitten. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. Thru 7/31. $3. NYTE, 62 E 4th St (477-4120).

The Great Nebula In Orion–A play by Lanford Wilson, directed by Kim Rosen. Thurs thru Sat Thru 7/30 at 5:30. Stage 73, 321 E 73 St (JU2-4240).

Gulp!–Gay musical farce directed by John Glines. Thurs thru Sun at 9 p.m. plus Sat at midnight. $5. The Glines, 260 W. Bdway (925-2619).

Lunchtime Theater–Thru 8/5, *Steinberg,* by David Feldman, directed by Albert Brower, Mon thru Fri at 1:15 p.m. Quaigh Theater, Hotel Diplomat mezzanine, 108 W 43rd (221-9088).

LunchTime Theater–*East Lynne,* the famous Victorian melodrama, Tues thru Fri, thru 7/29, 12:30 to 1:30. Free. It's in four parts, the first on Tuesdays, second on Wednesdays, third on Thursdays and fourth on Fridays; the entire play being performed for four weeks. South Street Theater, Pier 15, East River (766-9020).

Miss Margarida's Way–Estelle Parsons stars in a play written and directed by Robert Athayde. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3; thru 8/14, Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

No Honey or **One More Life Saved**–A new play, written and directed by Nicholas B. Daddazio, concerning health food and exorcisms. Wed, Thurs, Fri, thru 8/12 at 7:30 p.m. Clinton Experimental Theatre, 314 W 54 St (582-2691).

?–A new play written and directed by Michael Kushner. 7/26 at 8:00. Theatre for the New City, 113 Jane St (691-2220).

The Real Inspector Hound–Tom Stoppard's comedy thriller. Wed thru Sat at 8 p.m. Thru 7/30. $2.50. Walden Theater, CPW & 88th (874-7995).

Der Ring Gott Farblonjet–Charles Ludlam's Ridiculous Theatrical Company boils Wagner's *Ring* down to 3½ hours. There are clever touches here and there, but more that's merely raucous, lurid, and self-indulgent; both Wagner's 20-hour original, and Anna Russell's 20-minute condensation, are more on target — and, incidentally, funnier. Sundays at 8. *Stage Blood,* written, directed by, and starring Charles Ludlam. Fridays at 8 & Saturdays at 8 & 10:30 p.m. Tues thru Sat. Truck & Warehouse, 79 E 4th St (228-8558).

Shadows–A play by Gertrude Greenidge. Fri & Sat at 7:30; Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 7/31. Thomas Little Theater, 1 W 125th (281-1345).

Triple Bill–Ed Bullins's *A Son Come Home;* Clay Goss's *On Being Hit,* and Richard Wesley's *Getting It Together.* Thurs thru Sun, at 8 p.m. Thru 7/31. Directed by George Lee Miles. $3. Stage 73, third floor, 321 E 73rd (490-0077).

Twelfth Night–Shakespeare's comedy, directed by Tim Hughes, with music by Tamara Bliss. 7/28-8/14 at 7:30, $2.50. Downtown Theatre Project, 32 E 4th St (925-9016).

Under the Gaslight–A musical melodrama by Augustin Daly, directed by Micahel Bavar. Tues thru Sat at 8 thru 8/6. Stage 73, 321 E 73rd St (JU 2-4240).

Unsung Cole–A musical entertainment of songs by Cole Porter, some receiving their New York premieres, infrequently performed, conceived and directed by Norman L. Berman; with Gene Lindsey, Mary Louise, Maureen Moore, Anita Morris, John Sloman. Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 7:30. Thru 9/4. Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave So. on Sheridan Square (924-7100).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.),* but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Jane Galloway, Susan Merson) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (541-8394).

The Web And The Movie Man–Two plays by Eugene O'Neill, directed by Jack Kehler and Reva Cooper. Thurs-Sun thru 8/6. Theatre XII, 94 St. Mark's Pl (244-4270).

The West Street Gang–Doric Wilson's experiment in environmental theater as crime prevention. Sundays at 6; Mon, Tues, Wed at 8, thru August. $3. The Spike Bar, 11th Ave & W 20th (289-6740).

Excerpted from Alan Rich's reviews

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Mon to Fri, 10 to noon; 2 to 6. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

Restaurants

A sampling of restaurants *New York's* critics have favorably reviewed. The prices listed are dinner prices. The code: **AE,** American Express; **V,** Visa; **CB,** Carte Blanche; **DC,** Diners Club; **MC,** Master Charge.

The Greats

The Coach House–110 Waverly Place near Sixth. The town's most glorious celebrant of the American kitchen. Tues thru Fri noon to 2:30 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 10 p.m.; Sat 5:30 p.m. to 10 p.m.; Sun 4:30 p.m. to 10 p.m. Entrees approx $9.50 to $14. AE CB DC MC (777-0303).

The Four Seasons–99 E 52nd near Park. Exciting, coldly elegant, rich. In the Bar Room, haunt of the literary set, a new grill menu: impeccable food, served quickly, and it's less expensive than the fare in the Pool Room. Bar Room: Mon thru Sat noon to 2 p.m. Mon-Fri 5 to 9 p.m. Pool Room: Mon-Fri, noon to 2:30 p.m. Mon-Sat 5 to 11:30 p.m. Bar Room entrees $6 to $9. AE V CB DC MC (754-9494).

Hunam–845 Second Ave near 45th. This cacophonous, crowded roost of exquisitely assertive country cooking could become your favorite Chinese restaurant. The kitchen is often brilliant. Daily 11:30 a.m. to 11 p.m.; Fri and Sat to 1 a.m. Entrees $5.25 to $7.95. AE CB DC (MU 7-7471).

La Caravelle–33 West 55th. Snobbish and good; all the joys and barbs of French dining in the classic New York style. Mon thru Sat 12:15 p.m. to 2:30 p.m. & 6 p.m. to 10:15 p.m. Prix-fixe lunch $14.75, dinner $25.75. (586-4252).

Le Cirque–58 E 65th near Park. An unstuffily elegant restaurant that can dazzle if you challenge it. Mon thru Sat noon to 3 & 6 to 10:30. Entrees $7.95 to $12.95. AE DC (794-9292).

Le Cygne–53 East 54th. All around us, institutions crumble and good men compromise, but Le Cygne refines its glories. The chef's daily whims exalt the eye and the mouth. Mon thru Fri noon to 2:30 p.m. & 6 p.m. to 10:30 p.m.; Saturday 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. Prix-fixe lunch $15, dinner $23.75. AE DC (759-5941).

La Grenouille–3 East 52nd. The place to greet, graze cheeks, hug, recognize, be recognized. La Grenouille proves that the kiss of chic need not be fickle or fatal; the staff strives admirably to maintain the standards of the perfectionist who created it. Mon thru Sat noon to midnight. Prix-fixe lunch $14.75, dinner $27.75. AE (PL 2-1495).

Lutèce–249 E 50th near Second. The French restaurant for serious gastronomes, run by a masterful, inventive owner-chef. Mon thru Sat 6 to 10 p.m. Entrees $13.25 to $14.75. AE (PL 2-2225).

Nanni–146 E 46th near Lex. Homely little joint, but big-time gastronomes, Italian Division, will prize it. Mon thru Fri noon to 3 p.m.; Mon thru Sat 5:30 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. Entrees $6 to $12. AE V CB DC MC (697-4161).

Oyster Bar & Restaurant–downstairs, Grand Central Station, Vanderbilt & 42nd. The atmosphere is cold and noisy, but the fish is almost always impeccably cooked, and there's a dazzling gathering of shellfish you can buy by the piece. Mon thru Fri 11:30 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. (last seating). Entrees $4.35 to $9.25. AE V CB DC MC (532-3888).

The Palace–420 E 59th near First. French classics cooked to order. The closest experience to Michelin-three-star excess in America. In this, the most expensive restaurant in New York, the food is not merely good, it's dazzling. Mon thru Sat, seating 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. Fourteen-course prix-fixe $65. AE DC MC (355-5150).

The Palm–837 Second Ave near 44th. It's rough, noisy, crowded, smoky, and it doesn't matter. The steak is great, the lobster is legendary. Mon thru Fri noon to 10:45 p.m.; Sat 5 p.m. to 11 p.m. Entrees $7 to $24. AE V DC MC (687-2953).

Shun Lee Palace–155 E 55th near Third. The Hunanese dishes are peppery dynamite. Mandarin, Szechuan, and mild Cantonese cuisine too. Fancy service. If you're serious about Chinese food, say so and avoid the tourist treatment. Sun thru Thurs 11:30 a.m. to 11 p.m.; Fri & Sat 11:30 a.m. to midnight. Entrees $2.95 to $10.95. AE CB DC (371-8844).

Trattoria da Alfredo–90 Bank at Hudson. Pasta ten ways, and sublime vegetables, both properly al dente, with sauces of long, slow melding and fast last-minute subtlety. The food establishment hangs out in this charming store-front. Wed thru Mon noon to 2:30 p.m. & 6 p.m. to 11 p.m.; Sun 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. Entrees $3.75 to $6.75. No credit cards. No liquor license. (929-4400).

Uncle Tai's Hunan Yuan–1059 Third Ave near 62nd. Uncle Tai's menu is a glorious defiance of Chinese-restaurant cliché. The food can be transcendent. Sun thru Thurs noon to 11 p.m.; Fri & Sat noon to 11:30 p.m.; Entrees $5 to $11. AE DC (838-0850).

Windows on the World–1 World Trade Center. The most spectacular restaurant in the world, 107 stories above New York. The menu is imaginative; with intelligence and luck, you may dine well. Call for hours. Prix-fixe dinner, $16.50. AE, CB, DC, MC, V (938-1111).

Wonderful Settings

Elaine's–1703 Second Ave near 88th. This lovingly seedy little joint is the playpen of the quality media set. A writer's reputation soars or stubs on how long he has to stand at the bar here before getting a table. The food is strictly tangential. Daily noon to 4 a.m. Entrées $4.50 to $10.50. AE (831-9566).

The Grand Café–28 E 63rd near Mad. The food (French and American) isn't memorable, but the gorgeous, near-perfect Art Deco-1930's setting is. Mon thru Sat noon to 2:30 p.m.; Mon thru Thurs 6 p.m. to 11 p.m.; Fri and Sat 6 p.m. to 11:30 p.m.; Sun noon to 9 p.m. Entrées $9 to $14.50. AE CB DC MC (EL 5-2121).

Maxwell's Plum–1181 First Ave at 64th. Ambitious Continental menu in an Art Nouveau, Art Deco, Art Wacko setting. Uneven kitchen. Daily 5 p.m. to 2 a.m. Entrées $4.45 to $13. AE V CB DC MC (628-2100).

One Fifth–1 Fifth Ave near Wash Sq. The dining room is the S.S. *Caronia* reincarnate. The food is Continental. Mon thru Thurs noon to 1 a.m.; Fri & Sat to 2 a.m.; Sun 11 a.m. to 5 (brunch). Entrées $2.95 to $23.50 (for 2). AE V CB DC MC (260-3434).

Pronto Ristorante–30 E 60th. In this pasta palazzo one can sit long and late in the homey back room and see and be seen by a bustling urbane crowd all dressed up with somewhere to go. Mon thru Sat 11:30 a.m. to 11:30 p.m. Entrées from $3.75 to $11. AE DC (421-8151).

Tavern-on-the-Green–at Central Park West at 67th. The Crystal Room is a glittering glass gazebo beneath a pink and yellow and aqua ceiling. Here's where flowers are brought to learn to run riot, carloads at a time. A kitchen that has not yet found itself. Mon thru Fri noon to 2:30 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.; Sat noon to 4 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.; Sun 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m. Entrées $5 to $20. AE V CB DC MC (873-3200).

"21"–21 West 52nd. Still the obligatory club where people love to be accepted, even though the food is basically boring. Fall-winter-spring, Mon thru Sat noon to midnight; summer, Mon thru Fri noon to midnight. Entrées $9.50 to $14. AE CB DC MC (582-7200).

W.P.A.–152 Spring near W. Bdway. Stunning Depression-era fantasy. The menu is limited but appealing. Mon thru Sat noon to 2 a.m. Entrées $7.50 to $12. AE DC (226-3444).

Commendable

Chez Pascal–151 E 82nd. Elegant French cuisine in a tiny brick-walled, flower-decorated place filled with beautiful people in flight from formality. The bass baked en croûte is wonderful; the bouillabaisse must be the best in New York. (Mon thru Fri); sittings at 7 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. Entrees from $12.50 to $18. AE. (249-1334).

L'Olivier–248 E 49th. Exceptionally attractive restaurant on two floors of a gracious townhouse; there's an elegant upstairs dining room, a wood-beamed Provençal downstairs room, and an enclosed garden. The chef is a careful classical cook whose abilities encompass all of the regional specialties of France. The veal Vallee d'Auge and the pigeon with chestnuts are spectacular. Mon thru Thurs noon to 2:30 p.m. and 6 p.m. to 10:30 p.m.; Fri noon to 11 p.m.; Sat 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. Entrees $8.25 to $15. AE, DC (355-1810).

Sea Fare of the Aegean–25 W 56th near Fifth. Praiseworthy virtuoso repertoire of fish dishes in a restaurant painted a regal Knossos red, like the palace in Crete. Mon thru Sat noon to 11 p.m.; Sun 1 p.m. to 11 p.m. Entrées $6.95 to $18.95. AE V CB DC MC (581-0540).

Shezan–8 W 58th near Fifth. Beautiful, glittery place where the food—Indian and Pakistani—is of a commendable variety and authenticity. Mon thru Fri 11:45 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.; Mon thru Sat 6 a.m. to 11 p.m. Entrées $5.50 to $8.75. AE V CB DC MC (371-1414).

Soho Charcuterie and Restaurant–195 Spring at Sullivan. An elegant, idiosyncratic place for lovers of art and experimentation. The menu is Continental and imaginative; some dishes fail altogether, some are exquisite. Lunch daily approximately noon to 3 p.m. Dinner Tues thru Sun approximately 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. Entrées $9.75 to $24. V DC (226-3545).

Nice and Inexpensive

Excerpted from The Underground Gourmet

Castilian–303 E 56th near Second. A truly outstanding buy among the city's Spanish restaurants. Be sure to have the white-wine sangria. Daily noon to midnight. Entrées $3.95. AE V CA DC MC (688-6435).

Delphi Restaurant–109 W Bdwy at Reade. You'll be impressed with the freshness and authenticity of the Greek dishes (modestly priced) served in this airy white-walled room. And the portions are bountiful. Daily 10 a.m. to midnight. Entrées $2 to $5.25. No credit cards (227-6322).

Dosanko Larmen–423 Madison Ave near 48th. Japanese noodle cuisine; very attractive presentation. Mon thru Fri 11 a.m. to 10 p.m.; Sat noon to 8 p.m. Entrees $2.25 to $3.50. No credit cards (688-8575).

Gaylord–50 E 58th. The large rear dining room faces a glassed-in kitchen where Punjabi chefs perform at three clay ovens. Author's choice: the vegetarian lunch, a visual delight. Entrees $3.95 to $6.50. Mon thru Fri 11:30 a.m. to 3 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 11 p.m.; Sat & Sun, 5:30 p.m. to 11 p.m. AE V CB DC MC (759-1710).

Le Yogurt–224 Columbus Ave near 70th. Yogurt, soups, salads, beef stew, frozen-yogurt desserts. Sun thru Wed 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.; Thurs thru Sat 11 a.m. to midnight. Desserts 60¢ to $2. No credit cards (724-7816).

The Looking Glass–325 W 11th near Washington. Enchantingly pretty place serving homemade cannelloni and fettuccine and other Italian dishes with a Northern accent. Tues thru Sat 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. Entrees $5 to $6.75. MC. (924-9867).

Manorah Thai–1668 First Ave at 87th. Richly seasoned Thai cooking. The appetizers are spicy palate-stimulators, the entrées more bland, the desserts only slightly sweet. Tues thru Sun 5 p.m. to 10 p.m. Entrees $1.95 to $6.95. AE V (860-8210).

Siamese Gardens–220 E 53rd near Second. First-rate cooking of Vietnamese and Thai specialties. No liquor license. Mon thru Fri noon to 2:30 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 11:30 p.m.; Sat 5:30 to 11:30 p.m. Entrées $4.95 to $7.25. AE V DC MC (935-1920).

323 West Broadway south of Grand–A deep room above a grocery store, this not-quite-all-Gallic restaurant has a long wall of windows and hanging plants and a red-tiled front area. The brunch menu offers more than the usual standards. For lunch, try the Black Forest ham and Jarlsberg platter. Dinner is more expensive than the Underground Gourmet limit allows, but your palate and purse can be pleased if you avoid the costly dishes. Entrees $5.25 to $12.95. Mon thru Fri noon to 2 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to midnight; weekends noon to 3:30 p.m. (brunch) & 5:30 p.m. to midnight. AE V DC MC (966-6155).

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Backstage–318 W 45th, betw 8th & 9th. Theatrical restaurant, with singer-pianist Steve Ross appearing in the bar Tues thru Sat, from 10 p.m. to 3 a.m. (581-8447).

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (Cl 7-7000).

Cachaça–403 E 62nd. Mirrors, marble-topped tables, potted palms, gray velvet Chesterfield sofas, and singer Joyce Silveira with dancing to the Helcio Milito nine-piece band, who play popular Brazilian music, every night from 10 to 4 a.m. (688-8501).

Catch a Rising Star–1487 1st Ave. Continuous entertainment by comics and singers Tues thru Sun, with steadies Pat Benatar and David Sayh (794-1906).

Chateau Madrid–48th & Lexington. Thru July, Chateau Tropicale 77, with The Collection, twice a night except on Saturdays when there are three shows. Juan Salazar and his orchestra play for the show and dancing. Closed Mondays (PL 2-8080).

Chez Z–320 E. 79 St. Candlelight restaurant with Pat Hood singing blues, jazz and pops (734-4700).

Cleo's–Bdway & 63rd. Composer-pianist Albert Hague and his wife, singer Renee Orin, perform at 9:30 & 11:30 (724-6301).

Club Ibis–151 E 50th. Elegant Egyptian decor, international cuisine, and a revue with belly-dancers and whirling dervishes. Two orchestras for dancing. Showtimes 10 & 12. Closed Sunday (753-3471).

Comic Strip–1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment, Sun thru Fri, fun starts at 10; Sat at 9 & 12:15 (861-9386).

Dangerfields–1118 First Ave. Thru 8/6, David Frye entertains at 9:30 & 11:30. (593-1650). (593-1650).

Dionysos–304 E 48th. Stelios, a band for Greek dancing. Elena Voulgari entertains nightly. Interesting decor, and international cuisine (758-8240).

Hippopotamus II–405 E 62nd A pretty place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Plus disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

Improvisation–358 W 44. Comics and singing waitresses all night long, seven days a week; food; and total informality (765-8268).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. 7/25-9/3, singer-pianist Glen Covington and his trio, nightly except Sunday, at 10, midnight, & 2 a.m. The Tomy Furtado Trio plays, Tues thru Sat, and the Bernie Leighton Quartet, Sun and Mon (838-8384).

Koatails–1189 First Avenue. New discotheque, right out of Busby Berkeley; tuxedoed waitresses, demonstrations of period dances (535-6423).

Lorelei–233 E 86th. Viennese cuisine, a large dance floor, and the Hof Brau Revue every night at 8 p.m. (722-9897).

Mamma Leone's–239 W 48th. Lavish cuisine with continuous entertainment by singers and guitarists and accordionists (JU 6-5151).

Les Mareyeurs–998 Madison, betw 77th & 78th. Elegant French seafood spot, with singer Terry Hammond at the keyboard Tues thru Sat (628-3333).

Monsignore II–61 E 55th. Plush new place on the site of the old one, with a great chef, and strolling guitarist-singer Vittorio Impiglia entertaining Wed thru Sat until 1 a.m. (EL 5-2070).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Avenue. Restaurant-cum-antique shop. In the Valentine Room Mon thru Sat at 9 & 11, on Fridays & Saturdays, they feature a whole slew of comediennes (683-0044).

L'Oubliette–2 W 55th. Soul French discotheque with fine music and atmosphere (265-1595).

Playboy Club–5 E 59th. Cabaret Room: Crooner Joe Restivo here 7/29-31, Fri & Sat 9:30, 11:30 & 1:45 a.m. Sun at 8:45 & 11 p.m. (752-3100). For key-holders only.

Rainbow Grill–65th floor, Rockefeller Center. Singer Jackie Forrest and Comedian Bob Melvin thru 7/30, 11:30 p.m. nightly except Sunday. 8/1-6, Janice Harper and Mickey Marvin. In the Lounge, everything made out of avocados to eat and drink (PL 7-8970).

Rainbow Room–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world, almost. Henry Jerome and his orchestra play for dancing Tues thru Thurs, from 7 to 1 a.m.; Fri & Sat, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. Sun from 6 to midnight, thru 7/31. 8/2-21, Bobby Rosengarden and his orchestra (PL 7-9090).

Reflections–40 E 58th. Attractive bi-level discotheque, open Wed, Fri & Sat from 10 to 4 a.m. (MU 8-3365).

Regine's–502 Park Avenue—Only non-private private club in New York. Classy foreigners and natives dancing chic to chic. Not for welfare cases (826-0990).

Roma di Notte–137 E 55th Italian cabaret with hideaway caves for private dining. Dancing to the Roma 88 orchestra, plus strolling musicians from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. Closed Sundays (832-1128).

Roseland Dance City–239 W 52nd. Ballroom open Wednesday thru Sunday from 6:30 to midnight. From 2 p.m. Thursdays and weekend. American orchestras alternate with Latin bands (Cl 7-0200).

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Shepheard's–Park Ave at 56th St. Thru 7/30, the Wright Brothers, pop-rock singers, at 9:30, 11:30 & 1:15 a.m. nightly except Sunday (HA 1-0900).

Sirocco–29 E 29th. Greek-Israeli nightclub, with dining, dancing and a revue headlined by Aris San and Vicky Michail, one of Greece's leading singers (683-9409).

Soave–33 E 60th. Attractive restaurant, with singer-pianist Bobby Cole and his musical group entertaining, 10 p.m. until 4 a.m. thru 7/26 (838-0745).

Touches–190 Third, at 17th. Discotheque, all scintillation, and mirrors, downstairs from that estimable eatery known as Tuesdays (533-7902).

La Vie En Rose–227 E 56th. *Pouff,* a musical revue with a cast of twenty-five. Mon thru Sat at 9:30; and at 11:30. Disco dancing and dining before and after show (755-1820).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Biltmore, 43rd St & Madison (687-7000). **Under the Clock:** Thru August, pianist Teresa Kelly plays Mon thru Fri, from 7 to midnight—and sings, too.

Carlyle, Madison Ave & 77th (744-1600). **The Cafe:** George Shearing is here thru 8/26. Mon thru Fri at 9 & 11 p.m.

Hilton, 6th Ave & 53rd (JU 6-7000). **Kismet Lounge:** Karen Brown at the piano & organ from 5 to 11 p.m. **Mirage:** Roland Granier de Lafayette at the piano from 4 to 9 p.m.

Pierre, 5th Avenue at 61st Street (838-8000). **In the Cafe:** Tony Gorody featured at the piano from 8:30 p.m. - 12:30 p.m. Tues thru Fri; 9:00 p.m. - 1 a.m. Sat. Steve Weltner at the piano Sun and Mon.

Sherry Netherlands, 5th Ave at 59th St (759-9020). **Le Petit Restaurant:** Pianist Cyril Haynes plays Mon & Tues and pianist Earl Rose plays pop, classical tunes, Wed thru Fri, 8 to 1 a.m.

St. Regis-Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **Maisonette:** Ray Hartley at the piano, from 5 to 9. Dining and dancing 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. nightly except Sunday.

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Angry Squire–216 Seventh Ave at 23rd. Restaurant-club with jazz Fri thru Sun, 9 to 3 a.m. Bassist Bob Cunningham, guitarist Dave Barron, and Billy Higgins on drums (242-9066).

Arthur's Tavern–57 Grove St. Dixieland on Monday evenings with the Grove Street Stompers at home base from 9:15 until 1 a.m. Mabel Godwin at the piano Tues thru Sat, 9 to 3 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

Assembly–16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatle songs, requests (581-3580).

The Ballroom–458 West Bdway Singer-composer Liz Corrigan here thru 8/6. 8:30 & 10:30, Tuesday thru Thurs, and Sun; at 9:30 & 11:30 on Fri & Sat (473-9367).

Axis in Soho–463 W. Bdway. Ryo Kowasaki continues to be one of the most promising guitarists around, through by now he should have fullfilled some of that promise. He'll be here on 7/29; on 7/30, altoist Julius Hemphill, who is well worth hearing, will duet with the accomplised cellist, Abdul Wadud (228-0882).

Bar None–167 E 33rd. Dardenelle, a feather-fingered pianist and engaging singer, seems to have established a permanent residency in this restaurant (684-3223).

Le Beau Pere–13 Eighth Ave, at 12th St. Rumanian-French restaurant, with entertainment by autoharpist-singer Kendall McKee, appearing Tues thru Sun from 7 p.m. to midnight (242-9241).

Benihana Palace–15 W 44th. Teppanyaki-hibachi cooking, and Kuniko Kishiki plays 12th century Japanese love songs on the koto, Mon thru Sat, from 5 p.m. (682-7120).

Brothers and Sisters–355 W 46th. A musical divertissement called *Words*, with music by Martin Silvestri and lyrics by Tony Tanner. Tues thru Thurs at 10:30; Fri & Sat at 10:30 & 12:30 (756-7848).

Christy's Skylite Gardens–64 W 11th. Charming restaurant filled with plants, and, until 7/30, singer Tanya Harris, and pianist Michael Devon (673-5720).

The Cookery–University Pl & 8th St. Helen Humes, the queen of blues and ballads, is here, and is always worth hearing. On Sundays, 8 to 1 a.m. boogie woogie specialist Sammy Price performs (OR 4-4450).

Crawdaddy–45th St & Vanderbilt. Trumpet star Buck Clayton entertains at this New Orleans restaurant, with Hugh Lawson on piano, and Jackie Williams on drums (889-8331).

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. Red Balaban, the owner of the joint, leads the nightly house band, which includes Vic Dickenson and Ed Polcer. 7/31, the talented young saxophonist Scott Hamilton will guest, reviving the classic style of swing tenor (265-8277).

Gaslight Club–124 E 56th. Based in three converted townhouses, there's dining; there's pianist-singer Karen Springer; there's pianist-singer George Mahoney; there's Sam Ulano's Speakeasy Four, with Dixieland jazz—all on different floors (752-2500).

Grand Finale–210 W 70th. Large room with dining. Thru 7/30, singer/actress Janie Sell. 8/1-6, Claudio. Shows at 9 & midnight, Monday thru Saturday (595-4206).

Great Aunt Fanny's–340 W 46th. A cozy, reasonable theater-district restaurant, with singer-pianist Gladys Easter entertaining Wed thru Sat, from 9:30 Tuesdays, Fay Reed entertains (765-7374).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Wed thru Sun, 10 p.m. to 3 a.m., Hod O'Brien Trio. Mon & Tues, 10 to 3, Al Haig Trio. Mon thru Sat, 5 to 10, Gene Roland Trio. Sun, 5 to 10, the Dardanelle Duo (371-2220).

Hopper's–452 Sixth Ave, at 11th. Thru 7/30, Chico Hamilton holds the fort nightly, except Sundays (260-0250).

Jacques'–210 E 58th. Hungarian cuisine here, and composer-pianist Peter Vamos plays nightly from 5 to 9 p.m. followed by pianists Lynn Richards and Marc Marique for the late night crowd (PL 3-5513).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. The electrifying Roy Eldridge is here, with the excellent rhythm section of Eddie Locke and Ted Sturgis, and the music is everything but complacent. On Mondays, another crackling veteran, Max Kaminsky holds forth (CO 5-9505).

Michael's Pub–211 E 55th. Thru 8/13, "A Tribute to Johnny Mercer," by singers Bob Carroll and Marlene Ver Planck (as well as a host of musicians). Music from approximately 9:15. Woody Allen continues to hold forth with jam sessions on Monday evenings (PL 8-2272).

Oliver's–141 E 57th. English-type restaurant, with piano music from 2 p.m. thru closing. Natalie Gilbert Mon thru Fri thru 11 p.m. Singer-pianist Danny Deaver, Mon, Wed, Fri & Sat; singer-pianist Pat Holley on Tues & Thurs (753-9180).

O'Lunney's–915 Second Ave. betw 48th & 49th. Reasonably-priced eatery where you can dance and listen to country and western music. Mon thru Sat from 9:00; Sun from 7 is for bluegrass. (751-5470).

Onde's–160 E 48th St. A new split-level dining room with a dance floor and lounge. New Dawn, a vocal-instrumental quartet in the main room. The illustrious pianist-singer Bill Russell in the lounge (752-0200).

The Other End–149 Bleecker St. Folk-rock club. Thru 7/27, Darryl Rhodes and the Ha Havishnu Orchestra; 7/28-30, Henny Youngman; Charlie Chen (673-7030).

Ramayana–123 W 52nd. New York's only authentic Indonesian restaurant, with plenty of rijsttafel, and a show with dancers, musicians, and singers. Fri & Sat, and music for dancing (581-1170).

Sacred Cow–228 W 72nd. Lovely dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

Storyville–From 7/26, the Art Ensemble of Chicago, a stream of consciousness troupe of guerrilla musi-

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And that's **Betty Comora** who is vocalist with John Bucher on Fridays (Mondays offer Sizzling Syncopators; Tuesdays, Ed Quinn Quintette; Thursday: Sol Yaged Quartet). At **The Red Blazer Too,** 1576 Third Avenue, near 88th Street (876-0440).

cians, makes a rare club appearance in New York —not to be missed 41 E 58 St. (755-1640).

Stryker's–103 W 86th. The joint is jumping just about every night. On Mondays, it's Dave Matthews' big band; on Tuesdays, Teddi King & Joe Puma Duo; Fridays & Saturdays, Jimmy Maxwell, the giant trumpeter veteran of big bands and studios, leads a boldly swinging sextet (874-8754).

Sweet Basil–88 7th Ave So. Jazz room. Jimmy Guiffre, the reedman, composer, and arranger who made the transition from cool to avant garde, leads his trio from 7/26. 8/2-6, Randy Brecker Quartet. On Sundays and Mondays, guitarist Joe Puma leads a bop-oriented band, highlighted by his own fleet improvisations (242-1785).

Third Phase–2876 Broadway, at 111th. Trumpeter Franc Williams leads a quartet on 7/29,30, at 9:30 & midnight (749-0200).

Tramps–125 E 15th. The Star Spangled Washboard entertains Tues thru Sat at 9 & 11 p.m. thru 8/6 (260-0370).

Village Gate–Bleecker at Thompson. 7/26-8/7, Stanley Turrentine. Mondays—Latin jazz. Tues from 9:30, Daphne Hellman jazz & baroque Trio; Sundays, 3 to 7, Bob January & the original Swing Era Big Band. (475-5120).

Village Vanguard–178 7th Ave So. 7/26-31, the alto saxophonist Art Pepper returns following his triumphant gig during Newport. He plays hard and lyrical and doesn't coast. 8/1, the Frank Foster Big Band (AL 5-4037).

Children

Calliope Clown Company, Battery Park (269-0320), 8/2 at 12:30.

Children's Improvisational Company, New Media Studio, 350 E 81st St. (249-9872). *Alfred the Dragon,* Sat at 3:30; *Spinning Top,* Sun at 2.

Children's Musical Theater, Westbury Music Fair (516-333-0533). *East of the Sun and West of the Moon,* 7/29 at 11 & 2.

Cottage Marionette Theater, CPW at 81st St. (988-9093). *The Reluctant Dragon,* Mon-Fri at 10:30; Children's film festival, Mon-Fri at 12:30.

Cricket Theater, 162 Second Ave. (533-8010). *Twanger,* Sat & Sun at 1.

Magic Theater, Flushing Town Hall, 137-35 Northern Blvd. (961-1111), Sat & Sun at 1.

Magic Towne House, 1026 Third Ave. (752-1165). Magic shows Sat & Sun at 2.

New York Aquarium, Boardwalk at W. 8th St., Brooklyn (266-8500), Mon-Fri 10-7, Sat, Sun & Hol 10-8.

New York Experience, McGraw-Hill Bldg., Sixth Ave. bet. 48th & 49th Sts. (869-0345), Mon-Thurs 11-7, Fri & Sat 11-8, Sun 12-8.

Penny Bridge Players, Brooklyn Music School, 122 St. Felix St. (783-8293). *Beauty and the Beast,* 7/26-29 at 10:30 & 1:30; *Robin Hood,* 8/1 at 1:30, 8/2 at 10:30 & 1:30.

Perry Street Theater, 31 Perry St. (255-7190). *Punch and Judy,* 7/26 at 11, 7/27-8/2 at 1:30.

Pooh and Company Story Hour, Hoyt Street Garden, Hoyt St. at Atlantic Ave., Bklyn (638-5010), 7/31 at 3.

Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave. (475-9647). *Hansel & Gretel,* Sat at 2:30; *Cinderella,* Sun at 2:30.

Stories and Songs, NY Historical Society, CPW at 77th St. (873-3400), Tues & Thurs at 2, thru 8/18.

Storytelling, Barnes & Noble Annex, Fifth Ave. at 18th St. (777-1465), Tues & Sun at 11 & 12.

CONCERTS, OPERA, DANCE, SPORTS EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Concerts

Extended Runs

SONG AND DANCE

The multi-talented **Ben Vereen** closes out this month's calendar of events at the Westbury Music Fair. Joining him will be special guest star Nancy Wilson. The dates for the concerts are as follows: July 26 thru July 29 at 8:30, July 30 at 7 & 10:30, and July 31 at 7:30 (516-333-0533).

Custom and Culture: a series of arts events at the U.S. Custom House on Bowling Green. Art exhibits will be on display and music and dance works will take place Wednesdays and Thursdays starting at 12:30 and Sundays starting at 3. The festival will run thru 9/11 (425-4445).

Beatlemania, Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway (245-4878); Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 7 & 10, Sun at 3 & 7:30.

Tuesday, July 26

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; Alexander Schneider conducts, with Peter Serkin, piano; Ida Kavafian, violin; Fred Sherry, cello; and the Festival Orchestra; at 8.

Sea Chanteys, South St. Seaport, at 7:30.

Summer Sings, CAMI Hall; Richard Westenburg conducts Kodaly's *Missa Brevis,* Stravinsky's *Symphony of Psalms,* and Durufle's *Requiem,* at 7:30.

Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Hebrew Educational Society, 9502 Seaview Ave., Bklyn (682-6567). Julius Grossman conducts, with Lucinda Santiago, oboe. Works of Mendelssohn, Marcello, and St. Saëns, at 8.

Summer Sings, Grace Church, 802 Broadway (254-2000). Ifor Jones conducts Bach's Cantata Choruses, at 7:30.

Washington Square Music Festival, Washington Square Park (473-8321); Gerard Schwarz conducts the Festival Orchestra. Works of Mozart, Gluck, and Stravinsky, at 8.

Old Time Jazz Show, Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700), at 8.

Wednesday, July 27

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 7/26, at 8.

Harry Chapin, Wollman Theater in Central Park, at 6:30.

No Gap Generation Jazz Band, Union Square Park (460-4750), at 12:30.

Awilda Villarini-Garcia, piano, Education Building Theater, 35 W 4th St. (473-8321), at 8.

Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Seaside Park, Seabreeze Ave. at W 5th St., Bklyn (682-6567). Same program as 7/26, at 8.

Folk Music, South St. Seaport, at 7:45.

Odetta, McGraw-Hill Park, 6th Ave. between 48th & 49th Sts. (489-4306), at 4:30.

Juilliard Jazz Ensemble, Jazz Museum, at 2.

Thursday, July 28

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; with Alexander Schneider violin; Stephanie Brown, piano; Daniel Phillips, viola; Timothy Eddy, cello; Julius Levine, double bass; at 8.

J.D. Crowe & the New South, South St. Seaport, 8.

Summer Sings, CAMI Hall; Stephen Simon conducts Vivaldi's *Gloria,* Bach's *Magnificat,* and Haydn's *Harmoniemesse,* at 7:30.

Sammy Heyward, guitar, Bethune Houses Courtyard, Amsterdam Ave. at W 157th St. (360-8294), at 7.

Bad Company, Nassau Coliseum, at 8.

Friday, July 29

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; Dennis Russell Davies conducts, with Radu Lupu, piano; Paula Robison, flute; Heidi Lehwalder, harp; at 8.

The American Experience, South St. Seaport, at 7:30.

Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Kissena Park, Oak Ave. at 164th St., Queens (682-6567). Same program as 7/26, at 8.

Robert Klein/Helen Schneider, Wollman Theater in Central Park, at 6:30.

Christina Petrowska, piano, Summergarden of MOMA, at 8.

AA Express, Central Park Mall (592-6122), at 2.

Ryo Kawaski Trio, Axis in SoHo, 463 W Bdwy (228-0882), at 9 & 11:30.

Pee Wee Erwin, trumpet, Shepheards in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (421-0900), at noon.

Saturday, July 30

SOUNDS OF SUMMER

Nineteen seventy-six was a good year for **Daryl Hall and John Oates:** four gold records, two number one singles. They will be performing on Saturday, July 30 in the Wollman Theater in Central Park as part of the summer's ongoing music festival there. Concert is at 6:30 (249-8870).

Christina Petrowska, piano, Summergarden of MOMA, at 8.

Julius Hemphill & Abdul Wadud, Axis in SoHo, 463 W Bdwy (228-0882), at 9 & 11:30.

Concert of International Music & Dance, South St. Seaport, at 8.

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 7/29, at 8.

Peter Yellin Sextet, Jazz Museum, at 2.

Jane Adler, mime/**Andrew Bolotowsky,** flute, 10th floor of 78 Fifth Ave. (675-1561), at 8.

NYC Housing Authority Symphony Orchestra, Damrosch Park in Lincoln Center (360-8209), at 7:30.

Sunday, July 31

Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Rochdale Village Community Center, 169-65 137 Ave., Queens (682-6567). Same program as 7/26, at 2:30.

Naumburg Orchestra, Central Park Bandshell (360-8209), at 5.

Monday, August 1

MORE MOZART

Pianist **Misha Dichter** is a featured soloist this week at the Mostly Mozart Festival at Avery Fisher Hall. On August 1 he will perform Mozart's Piano Concerto in A with the Festival Orchestra (conducted by Sergiu Comissiona). On August 2 cellist Lynn Harrell and violist Vladimir Spivakov will join him for a chamber music recital. Both concerts at 8 (874-2424).

Summer Sings, St. Luke in the Field, 487 Hudson St.; Gwen Gould conducts works of Bach and Haydn, at 7:30.

Kiki Dee/Blue/Jimmy Buffett, Wollman Theater in Central Park, at 6:30.

Summer Sings, NYU Loeb Center, 566 LaGuardia Pl. (254-9703); G. L. Nair conducts Orff's *Carmina Burana,* at 7:30.

Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Dreiser Community Center, 177 Dreiser Loop, Co-Op City, Bronx (682-6567). Same program as 7/26, at 8.

Tuesday, August 2

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; with Misha Dichter, piano; Arnold Steinhardt, violin; and Lynn Harrell, cello; at 8.

Just a reminder that the most impressive thing about Chivas Regal is what's in the bottle, not what's on it.

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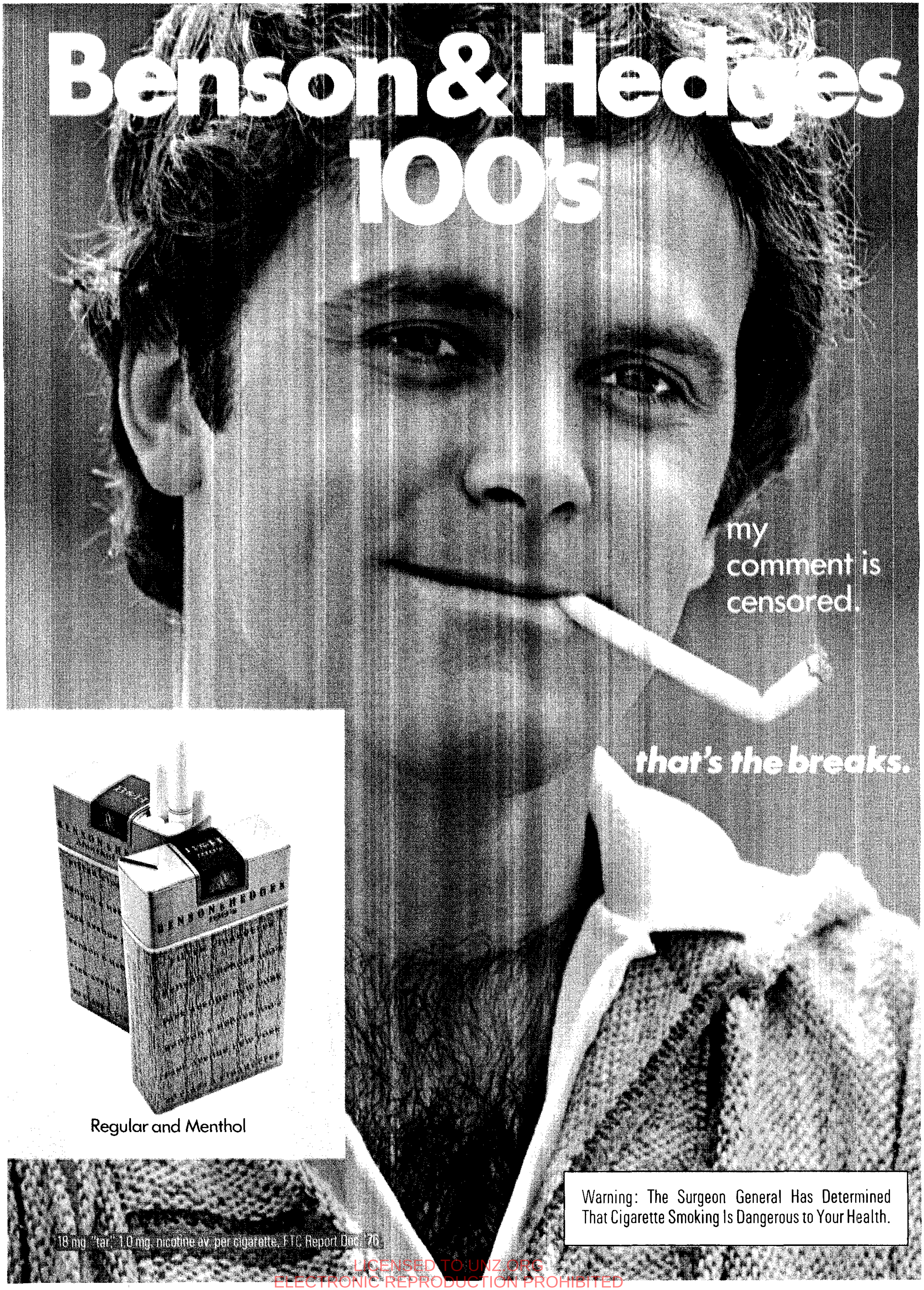
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New York Philharmonic, Sheep Meadow in Central Park; Andre Kostelanetz conducts. Works of Tchaikovsky, Ravel, and Offenbach, at 8:30.

Sea Chanteys, South St. Seaport, at 7:30.

Paddy Noonan's Grand Irish Band, Fort Tryon Park, Broadway at Dyckman St. (360-8294), at 7.

Summer Sings, CAMI Hall; George Rose conducts Handel's *Messiah,* at 7:30.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).

Brooklyn College, Whitman Hall & Gershwin Theater, Campus Rd & Hillel Pl (859-1180).

CAMI Hall, 165 W 57th (972-0113).

Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).

City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).

Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall, 1941 Broadway (362-1911). Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (874-2424). Library-Museum, 111 Amsterdam Avenue (799-2200). New York State Theater (877-4727). Juilliard Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza (799-5000).

Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).

Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).

New York Jazz Museum, 236 W 54th (765-2150).

Queens College, Colden Auditorium, L.I. Expressway & Kissena Blvd. (793-8080).

South Street Seaport, Pier 15, Fulton St. at East River (766-9042).

Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).

Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).

Wollman Theater, Central Park, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (249-8870).

Opera

Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (861-2288). *The Merry Widow,* 7/27 at 2 & 8:30, 7/28-29 at 8:30, 7/30 at at 4 & 8:30, 7/31 at 4.

Dance

OTHER

Dance Festival, CUNY Graduate Center Mall, 33 W 42nd St. (354-4467). Satoru Shimazaki & Dancers, 7/27 & 28 at 8; Jose Coronado and Dancers, 7/29-31 at 8.

Chuck Davis Dance Company, Battery Park (269-0320), 7/26 at 12:30.

Folk Dancing, Pier 15 of South Street Seaport (766-9042). Mondays at 7:30.

Mummenschanz, Bijou Theater, Bdwy at 45th St. (221-8500). Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 2 & 8, Sun at 3.

Art

Galleries are open Tues.-Sat. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6. Exceptions are noted. Asterisk denotes shows of special distinction. Art listings edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

Vicki Mackenzie-Childs–Sculptured interiors, a window view, thru 7/29. Portnoy, 56 W 57th (757-0461).

Nicholas Vasilieff (1887-1970)–Masterly concoctions of Paris styles, thru 7/29. Kennedy, 40 W 57th (541-9600).

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Diane Elson/Gerald and Mary Tozer–Watercolors/Graphics and fantasy paintings, thru 7/30. Canty, 50 E 78th (794-9855).

***Malvina Hoffman**–Retrospective of bronze dance and opera portraits, thru 8/30. Crider, 961 Mad Ave at 75th (879-4354).

***Paul Klee**(1879-1940)–Drawings and watercolors from 1930 to 1940, thru 7/30. Sabarsky, 987 Mad Ave (628-6281).

SoHo

***Timothy Hare**–Sketches and watercolors of historic and vanishing architecture of the Village, thru 9/15. 190 Bleecker (254-4695). Daily 12-9.

OTHER

Mariam Attarian–Fantasy florals and scenes in watercolor, thru 7/29. Gallery 36, 200 Park Ave (973-7000). Mon-Fri 9-5.

***Milton Avery**–Drypoints, lithos, and woodcuts from 1933 to 1955, thru 7/27. Pratt Graphics, 831 Bdwy (674-0603).

***David Levine**–Caricatures from the *New York Review* calendars from 1968 to 1977, thru 7/31. AIGA, 1059 3rd Ave (PL2-0813). Mon-Fri 9:30-4:30.

***George Rickey**–Eight stainless steel kinetic sculptures, thru 9/24. Hammarskjold Plaza Sculpture Garden, 866 2nd Ave (661-0033).

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

Arras–29 W 57th (421-1177). Tues-Fri 10-5. Gallery artists, thru 7/30.

Berman–50 W 57th (757-7630). Mon-Fri 10-5. Gallery artists, thru 7/30.

Dintenfass–50 W 57th (581-2268). Mon-Fri 10-5:30. Paintings, sculpture, and drawings by Goodman, King, Dove, others, thru 8/19.

Eric–61 E 57th (371-9270). Mon-Fri 9:30-5:30, Sat 10-5. Contemporary School of Paris, thru 9/1.

***Esman**–29 W 57th (421-9490). Younger Americans, including Fares, Levinson, P. Wilson, others, thru 7/30.

***Frumkin**–50 W 57th (757-6655). Mon-Fri 12-5. Ceramic self-portrait by Arneson, large portrait drawings by Leslie, a new work by Pearlstein, others, thru 7/30.

Genesis–41 E 57th (751-7220). Works by gallery artists, thru 9/3.

Getler/Pall–50 W 57th (581-2724). Tues-Fri 10-6./ Prints by Dine, Dubuffet, Kelly, Rauschenberg, others, thru 8/30.

Hammer–51 E 57th (PL8-0409). 19th and 20th century French masters, thru 9/8.

Heidenberg–50 W 57th (586-3808). Mon-Fri 10-5:30. Paintings and drawings by Calder, Goode, Hofmann, Noland, others; thru 7/30.

Markel–50 W 57th (744-3325). Mon-Fri 10-5, Sat 11-5. Prints from the soho cooperative A.I.R., thru 8/5.

***Pace**–32 E 57th (HA1-3292). Dubuffet, Krasner, Nevelson, Samaras, Trova, others, thru 9/16.

Phoenix–30 W 57th (245-5095). Mon-Fri 11-5:30. Works by members, thru 8/19.

René–6 W 57th (765-1330). Chryssa, Doltori, Indiana, Tanger, others, thru 8/30.

***Sachs**–29 W 57th (421-8686). Tues-Thurs 10:30-5. Baber, Boothe, Lorber, Masback, Pace, others, thru 7/30.

Spectrum–30 W 57th (246-2525). By appt. Tennis related subjects by Bellows, Dufy, Porter, Pond, others, thru 9/10.

***Truman**–38 E 57th (688-3516). Tues-Thurs 10-5. Small abstract wall constructions by Du Bois, paper boxes by Larese, dot drawings on silk by Lazar, others, thru 8/26.

***Washburn**–42 E 57th (PL3-0546). Country places by 19th century American artists including Hill, Leonori, Richards, others, thru 7/30.

***Zabriskie**–29 W 57th (832-9034). Models, photos, studies for site sculpture by Hamrol, Healy, Miss, and Tacha, thru 7/29.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

ACA–25 E 73rd (628-2440). Streetwalkers by Besser, portraits by Davenport, Black culture by Hendricks; thru 7/30.

***Acquavella**–18 E 79th (734-6300). Mon-Fri 10-5. Works by Caro, de Konning, Frankenthaler, Kline, and Louis, 8/1-9/6.

African Tribal Arts II–37 W 53rd (582-5056). Mon-Fri 10:30-5. Weapons, masks, and figures from West and Central Africa, thru 8/30.

Automation House–49 E 68th (628-1010). Acrylic on raw canvas by Rich and Tendler, realist asparagus by Somerville and gliders by Talan, thru 7/31.

Borgenicht–1018 Mad Ave (LE5-8040). Tues, Wed, Thurs 10-2. The summer collector, including works from $200 to $20,000, thru 8/30.

Canty–50 E 78th (794-9855). Real and fantastic animals by Wolff, colorful oil and acrylic still lifes and cosmic essays by Nash, thru 9/6.

***Deutsch**–43 E 80th (861-4429). A rotating show of works by Bellows, I. Getz, Hofmann, Sloan, Walkowitz, others, thru 8/30.

***Elkon**–1063 Mad Ave (LE5-3940). Mon-Fri 10-5:45. Works by Avedisian, Delap, Dzubas, Hall, Witkin, others, thru 7/30.

Flanagan–22 E 72nd (879-7392). Naïve and surrealist paintings, drawings, and sculptures, thru 9/1.

Forum–1018 Mad Ave (LE5-6080). Mon-Fri 10-5:30. Selected paintings and sculpture by Gross, Lucchesi, Soyer, and Weber, thru 7/31.

L'Ibis–667 Mad at 61st (935-0490). Dynastic art of Egypt, plus Coptic and Islamic pieces, thru 8/1.

***Nicholls**–1014 Mad Ave (472-0211). Cartoons and cover designs about the art world by Addams, Darrow, Tobey, others, thru 7/29. Mon-Fri 11-5.

***Spaced**–165 W 72nd (787-6350). Tues-Sat 12-5. The architecture of Italy and Spain in prints, drawings, and photos, thru 9/13.

Urdang–23 E 74th (BU8-7004). Tues-Fri 12-6. Geometric abstractions by Gluck, thick encaustic-like surfaces by Gold & Walkingstick, others, thru 7/30.

SoHo

***Drawing Center**–137 Greene (982-5266). Mon-Sat 11-6, Wed til 9. Photographic images by Incandela, typewritten maps of NYC by Knowles, pencil and watercolor portraits on paper by Lyytikainen, others, thru 8/27.

***Duffy-Gibbs**–157 Spring (677-5692). Tues-Fri 11:30-5:30. Black-and-white prints by Consuegra, Franklin, Reifel, others, thru 7/30.

***Hoffman**–429 W Bdwy (966-6676). Mon-Fri 10-5. Summer Invitational, including paintings by Faccinto, Hammond, Reich, others and sculpture by Kuehn, thru 9/7.

Schafer–71 Greene (354-0880). Erotica: Clothing, paintings, sculpture, thru 8/31.

Terrain–141 Greene (777-4490). Daily 1-6. Surface and depth in painting, sight and sound in poetry, weight and shape in sculpture, and rest and motion in cinema, thru 9/30.

Vorpal–465 W Bdwy (777-3939). Tues-Sat 10-6, Wed til 9, Sun 1-6. Paintings, graphics, and sculpture by Collins, Rutner, others, thru 9/4.

OTHER

***African-American Institute**–833 United Nations Plaza (949-5711). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sat 11-5. 150 photos, paintings, and objects from Cape Verde; thru 9/10.

***Center for Inter-American Relations**–680 Park Ave (249-8950). Tues-Sat 12-6. 18th-century Latin American decorative art; thru 8/7.

Co-Op City Bronx–(671-7777). Outdoor sculpture by Barrett, Castoro, FeBland, Reginato, many others, thru 8/30.

***Custom and Culture**–Bowling Green (425-4445). Wed-Sun 11-6. Sculpture, sound and light installations, plaster figures by Parker, 9' prisms by Ross, others, thru 9/11.

***Droll/Kolbert**–724 5th Ave (541-6606). Tues-Fri 11-5. Drawings, paintings, and sculpture by Bishop, Crile, Gianakos, Mangold, Steir, others, thru 9/2.

***Exhibitionist**–92 Union Hall St, Jamaica (658-4926). Tues-Sat 12-6. Post-revolutionary posters from Cuba, photos of Cuban life and slide shows, thru 8/13.

***F.I.T.**–227 W 27th (760-7642). The changing look of costume, hairstyle, posture, and makeup from 1765 to the present, thru 9/24.

***Hall of Science**–Corona Park, Flushing (699-9400). Wed-Sat 10-4, Sun 1-5. Vintage fire helmets and badges from the 1790s to the 1920s, thru 9/4. Twenty-six antique American flags, thru 8/1.

Klein–85 4th Ave (674-8657). By appt. Kenney, Krugman, Wizon, and Zempel, thru 8/30.

***McGraw-Hill**–1221 6th Ave (997-2486). Mon-Fri 9-5. Drawings and plans of theater buildings, especially those built since World War II, thru 7/30.

***New York Public Library**–Fifth Ave at 42nd (790-6551). Tues 10-9, Mon, Wed, Fri, Sat 10-6. Turn-of-the-century French prints by Bonnard, Gauguin, Rodin, Toulouse-Lautrec, others, in Print Gallery, thru 8/30.

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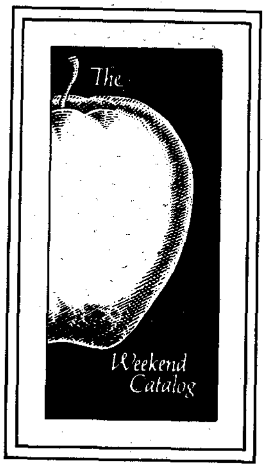

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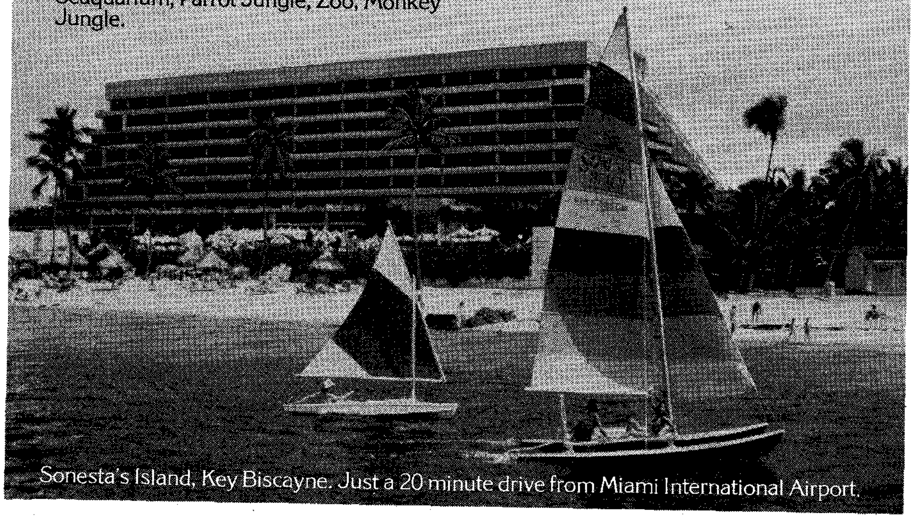
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***New York Public Library** at Lincoln Center–Amsterdam at 65th (799-9600). Mon-Sat 12-6. Asian dance images from the Spencer Collection, thru 8/27.

Noho–542 LaGuardia Pl (473-9619). Tues-Sun 1-6. Mixed-media works by members, thru 7/30.

Songwriters' Hall of Fame–One Times Square (221-1252). Mon-Sat 11-3. *Song sheets,* photos, memorabilia of America's popular songwriters.

Photography

***George Barnard/Edward Weston**–Sherman's Campaign during the Civil War/*Fifty vintage* prints from his life's work, thru 9/24. Helios, 18 E 67th (988-5593). Tues-Fri 10-6.

***Castelli**–4 E 77th (288-3202). Color photos and graphics, thru 7/30.

Louis S. Davidson–A sea cruise, thru 9/9. Camera Club of NY, 37 E 60th (838-9710). Mon-Fri 2-6.

Davis & Long–*746 Mad Ave (861-2811).* Mon-Fri 10-5. Contemporary landscapes by DeCamp, Welch, and eight others, thru 8/5.

Images–11 E 57th (838-8640). Tues-Fri 10:30-5:30. Color prints by members, thru 8/8.

***Kodak**–1133 6th Ave (262-6170). Mon 12-5, Tues-Sat 9:30-5. Shipboard life on early American sailing vessels, *thru 8/30.*

Light–724 5th Ave (582-6552). Tues-Fri 11-5. Summer group, thru 7/30.

David Lipson–Color studies, 8/1-15. Donnell Library, 20 W 53rd (790-6551).

***G.W. Mecham**–Chinese cultural life under Chiang Kai-shek, 1927-1931, thru 7/31. 4th Street, 67 E 4th *(673-1021). Sun-Thurs 2-8, Fri-Sat 3–10.*

Neikrug–224 E 68th (288-7741). Wed-Sat 1-6. "Rated X, a Group Experience," thru 7/30.

***New York Public Library**–5th at 42nd (790-6161). 19th century original sun pictures, thru 7/30.

***Prakapas**–19 E 71st (737-6066). Landscapes by Adams, Annan, Bell, Barnard, Steichen, White, others, *thru 8/13.*

Lilo Raymond–Light-filled studies of everyday objects, thru 9/2. Port Washington Library, 245 Main St, Port Washington, L.I. (516-883-4400).

***Leland Rice/Edward Weston**–Wall studies of the artist's studio in color/75 images, including shells, nudes, others, thru 8/20. Witkin, 41 E 57th (355-1461). Tues-Fri 11-6.

***Soho/Steiglitz**–34 W 13th (675-9721). Sat, Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9 pm. Nature designs by Dutkiewicz, color Xerox of Hoboken by Rolston, portraits by Stephens, others, plus the Big Apple by 60 Soho photographers, 8/2-30.

Bernard Pierre Wolff–Black men/Self-portraits by many, *thru 8/25. Midtown-Y, 344 E 14th (674-7200).* Mon-Thurs 12-8, Fri til 4.

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Wed till 9, Sun 11-5. New York City maps, past and present, mapmaking, and map-making instruments; thru 8/7. *Natural History Illustrated:* Illustrated rare manuscripts *from some of the first* major zoological treatises of the Renaissance; thru 8/31. Over 100 specimens of cones and cowrie shells; thru 8/31. **Hayden Planetarium:** *Children of the Sun:* A look at the planets. Mon-Fri at 1 & 3, Sat, Sun & Hols at 1, 2, 3 & 4; thru 9/11.

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000). *Mon-Fri 9-5, Wed till 7:30,* Sun 12-5. *Art in Process:* How art moves from idea to object; thru 8/12.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Lace: An Ornamental Art:* 120 examples of lace from the 17th to the 20th century; thru 10/31. *Two Centuries of Black American Art:* A historical survey of the black contribution to the art of America; thru 9/5.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum–Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Palaces for the People:* An exhibition highlighting 100 years of resort and motel architecture; thru 9/11. *200 Years of American Architectural Drawings;* thru 7/31. *Andrea Palladio:* Models of Palladian villas and churches; thru 9/11.

Frick Collection–1 E 70th St. (288-0700). Wed-Sat 10-6, Sun 1-6.

Guggenheim Museum–Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *Klee at the Guggenheim:*

This select survey of Klee's development contains 67 oils, watercolors, drawings and prints; thru 9/5. *Forty Modern Masters:* Arp, Cézanne, Klee, Miró, Picasso, Seurat, and many others; thru 9/11. *American Postwar Painting:* Includes Dine, Brooks, Marca-Relli, Sander, and others; thru 9/11.

Hudson River Museum–511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers. (914-963-4550). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. Prints by Noland, Oldenburg, Dine, Stella, Olitski, Lichtenstein, and others; thru 9/11.

International Center of Photography–Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5. *Symbolism of Light:* An exhibition featuring the photographs of Clarence H. White; thru 9/11.

Japan House–333 E 47th (832-1155). Daily 11-5,Fri til 7:30.

Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave. (860-1888). Sun 11-6, Mon-Thurs 12-5. *Chaim Gross:* A retrospective; thru 10/24. *Dreams, Visions, Legends:* Puppets pictures, and sculptures by school children; thru the summer.

Metropolitan Museum of Art–Fifth at 82nd (TR 9-5500). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. **Degas** is seen in over 200 works in juxtapositions that bring new insight to his polymorphous genius—bronze dancers echo dainty pastels, horses rear in every position; thru 9/4. *The Glory of Russian Costume:* Covering 200 years (1709-1909); thru 8/30. *Liberty or Death:* An exhibition in commemoration of the American bicentennial and the 500th anniversary of the Swiss struggle for independence from Burgundian domination; thru 10/15. *Childe Hassam:* A study of his most important prints and their relationship to his painting style; thru 9/11. *Blue and White:* Japanese export porcelain of the 17th century; thru 1/31. Louis XVI period-rooms, including the newly-acquired J.L. David portrait of the Lavoisiers. *Thracian Treasures From Bulgaria:* More than 500 works of art, spanning 2,000 years of Thracian culture; thru 9/4. *Maurice Prendergast's Large Boston Public Garden Sketchbook:* An exhibition of 40 full-page watercolors, almost the full contents of a folio album Prendergast used between 1895 and 1897; thru 8/21.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. *William Caxton, England's First Printer:* An exhibition of books printed over 500 years ago by William Caxton; thru 7/31. *100 Masterpieces of Manuscript Illumination;* From the library's holdings; thru 7/31.

El Museo del Barrio, 1945 Third Ave. (831-7272). Closed Sun. Call for hours.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W 53rd St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30.

Museum of the American Indian–Broadway at 155th St. (283-2420). Tues-Sun 1-5. *Traditional Pottery of Mexico:* Ancient and modern; thru 10/15.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E 53rd St. (752-7684). Tues-Sat 12-5. The first American museum dedicated to the study and preservation of the more than 50-year history of radio and television.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (977-8989). Tues-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6. *The Object As Poet:* Examining the relationship of poetry to the poetic image in objects made by artist-craftsmen; *Bruno La Verdiere:* Clay sculptures; *American Crafts for the White House;* All shows thru 9/1.

Museum of Modern Art–11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thurs 11-9. *Ambroise Vollard:* Devoted to works published by this famous Paris art dealer; thru 9/6. *Extraordinary Women:* Recently acquired drawings by Alexandra Exter, Hannah Hoch, Susan Rothenberg, Dorothea Rockburne, and others, thru 9/15. *Recent Acquisitions of Contemporary Art:* Paintings, sculpture, reliefs, and works in mixed media; thru 8/16. *Photographs by Chauncey Hare:* Pictures of public and private interiors; thru 10/23. **Matisse's** *Swimming Pool,* a walk-thru cutout in diamond-bright blues and white; thru 8/2. *Universal Pictures:* Seventy-three enlarged film stills and posters representing the history of Universal Pictures. Shown in conjunction with the current film retrospective; thru 7/31. The museum's **Summergarden** is open Fri-Sun from 6 to 10.

New-York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri, Sun 1-5; Sat 10-5. *Jenny Lind in New York:* Tickets, programs, manuscripts, portraits, and personal belongings and mementos of the great Swedish soprano; thru 11/30.

Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Antarctica:* Photographs by Eliot Porter and paintings by Daniel Lang; thru 8/21.

South Street Seaport Museum–16 Fulton St. (766-9020). Daily, 12-6.

Whitney Museum–Madison Ave at 75th (794-0663). Tues-Fri 2-9, Sat 11-6, Sun 12-6. *Thirty Years of American Art: 1945-75;* thru 10/23. *Turn-of-the-Century America:* Paintings, graphics, and photographs, 1890-1910; thru 10/2. **Whitney Museum Downtown** - 55 Water St. (483-0011). Mon-Fri 11-3. *Pop Plus:* Works from the 1950s and 1960s, including Indiana, Lichtenstein, Oldenburg, others; thru 8/15.

Sports

BASEBALL

New York Mets, Shea Stadium (672-3000); vs. San Diego Padres: 7/29 at 8:05, 7/30 at 4:05, 7/31 at 2:05; vs. Los Angeles Dodgers: 8/1-2 at 8:05, 8/3 at 2:05.

New York Yankees, Yankee Stadium (293-4300); vs. Baltimore Orioles: 7/26 & 27 at 8, 7/28 at 2.

TENNIS

New York Apples, (725-0070); vs. Phoenix Racquets, 7/29 at Forest Hills Stadium; vs. Los Angeles Strings, 7/30 at Nassau Coliseum; vs. Cleveland Nets, 8/2 at Madison Square Garden. All matches at 7:30.

SOCCER

Cosmos, Giants Stadium, Meadowlands in East Rutherford, N.J. (484-6010); vs. Washington Diplomats, 7/27 at 7:05; vs. Connecticut Bicentennials, 7/31 at 7:05.

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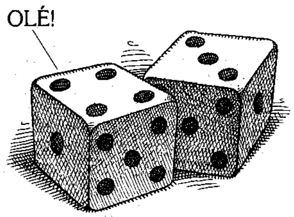

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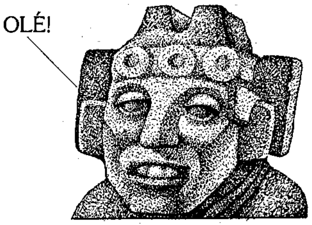

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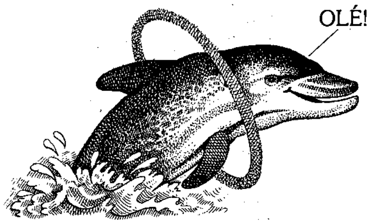

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HOW THE CITY BEAT THE BLACKOUT

Wednesday, the thirteenth. It wasn't New York City's finest hour—not by a long shot. But once the looters had no more to take, once the worst of the fires were out, once light and running water were restored, many New Yorkers had much to be proud of. We had not just survived, after all; we had prevailed. From the volunteers who directed traffic at dangerous intersections, to firemen who stood on their station-house roofs to spot fires when the alarms failed, to restaurateurs who hauled tables out onto sidewalks and turned their neighborhoods into impromptu street festivals, many New Yorkers were at their best during the crisis. And it is this spirit that we celebrate on the next eight pages: The heroes—cops who stayed calm, made their arrests, and held their fire. The powers-that-be and the Monday-morning quarterbacks who have some ideas on how New York could have turned the blackout into a triumph. Some of us were unprepared—including Con Ed's Charles Luce. Others were ready for action—including the looters. And for next time, if there is one, we offer some practical suggestions on coping. Live and learn. And flourish.

WHY THE COPS DIDN'T SHOOT

By Thomas Plate

ANGEL FRANCO/VISION/PHOTOREPORTERS

Body count: *Crushed mannequins litter a clothing store on Broadway near 99th Street.*

MARTY UMANS / PHOTOREPORTERS

Gate crashers: *Looters pry up a gate at Broadway and Ralph Avenue, Brooklyn.*

JOHN EARLE / PHOTOREPORTERS

Dazed: *The owner of Comfortable Shoes on Amsterdam puts shoes back on racks.*

> "...The relative restraint of our police during the blackout was no accident of history. It was the direct consequence of history..."

In the aftermath of the Con Ed–inspired looters' war, there was some ringing applause for the New York Police Department's response to the crisis—only two civilians killed, no police fatalities, no wider rioting, more than 3,800 arrests. But there were also quite a few Bronx cheers—most loudly from community leaders in the worst-hit areas and from some enterprising politicians who took the position that National Guard troops should have been brought in. The New York *Post,* as if disappointed at NYPD's failure to produce a more grisly body count, took to task Police Commissioner Codd's "absurd order to go slowly . . . as the mobs ran wild."

But the relative restraint of our police in this instance was—for better or for worse—no accident of history. More to the point, it was the direct consequence of history. It wasn't many years ago that severe urban riots were regularly jolting American cities; when the lightning hit cities like Los Angeles, Detroit, and Newark, the nation was electrified with fear.

In 1968 not long after the Detroit riots, the so-called National Riot Commission issued an astonishing report. It claimed that police heavy-handedness in the ghettos had made matters much worse. (Some observers argued an even more startling point: Hot-blooded and empty-headed cops were actually a major cause of the disorders, creating so-called "police riots.")

Oddly enough, the city with the largest, most Calcutta-like ghetto in the country suffered nothing so terrible as a Watts or a Detroit. Was New York just lucky? Or should we have tipped our hats in the direction of our local gendarmerie?

Maybe. For whatever its other faults, top management of the NYPD has seemed consistently on top of the ghetto-policing issue and the use of firearms. In the early seventies especially, management understood that a clear, well-thought-out policy was far preferable to a random throw of the dice every time there was trouble. By early 1972, the Firearms Discharge Review Board was set up, and it was a high-level big deal. Its job was to develop a fully explicit policy concerning the use of firearms in all situations, and that policy—Temporary Order of Procedure 237, August 18, 1972—was sent down through the ranks from the office of the chief inspector—then, interestingly, Michael Codd. The temporary order was only a two-page document, but, as things turned out, it marked a sort of watershed in the modern history of the NYPD.

More or less in the same era, other aspects of the problem were firmed up: Training was emphasized anew. Officers were given crowd-control schooling at the Police Academy; others underwent a hostage training seminar (now held at Floyd Bennett Field). And all officers were required to show up for periodic marksmanship and tactical schooling (*when* to shoot—and when *not* to—as well as *how*). In retrospect, of course, none of this seemed too much to ask, and perhaps the new regulations were not so much innovative as they represented a new intensity in the NYPD. The annual marksmanship requirement had existed for years, for instance, but it had not been uncommon for officers, especially *superior* officers, to play hooky (often by the mere expedient of pressing a friend to sign the register for them). It was a very messy, unprofessional, halfhearted, half-joking near farce.

But more than a change in atmosphere was involved: For, in effect, the department evolved a position on the use of firearms that put tougher restrictions on its officers than even the state penal law. Explains Deputy Commissioner Philip Michael: "The department's requirement is that officers exhaust all other means *before* resorting to the use of the gun. Our rule is that maximum professional judgment be used, compared to the carte blanche of the state law." For instance, under the state code it is not illegal for a police officer to fire at a fleeing vehicle whose driver is resisting arrest, but under NYPD rules and regulations, the officer may fire at a fleeing vehicle only if shots have been fired at him.

The department seems to be serious about enforcing its own restrictions. It requires that every shooting incident be automatically referred to the department's Firearms Discharge Review

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Thomas Plate writes frequently about crime and the police.

"...'Many disturbances begin with police incidents,' wrote the Kerner Commission in its report on the Watts riots of 1965..."

Board. The results of this elaborate, restrictive system, it believes, are worthwhile. Says Deputy Police Commissioner Frank McLoughlin, "To put matters quite bluntly, we're shooting less . . . and hitting more." According to figures compiled by the department, there has been a substantial decrease since 1972 in both the gross number of "firearm discharge incidents" and the gross number of "perpetrators killed" by gunshot at the hands of members of the department. In 1973, 54 "perpetrators" were killed; in 1974, 43; and in 1975, 42. Last year, the number of corpses dropped to 27. At the same time, the number of shooting incidents dropped. In 1973, there was a decrease of 29.5 percent in "firearms discharge incidents" over the previous year. In 1974, the decrease was 15.46 percent. In 1975, it was a 6.59 percent drop, and last year the decrease was 14.8 percent. If all these figures are accurate, they make an impressive case for continuing police restraint.

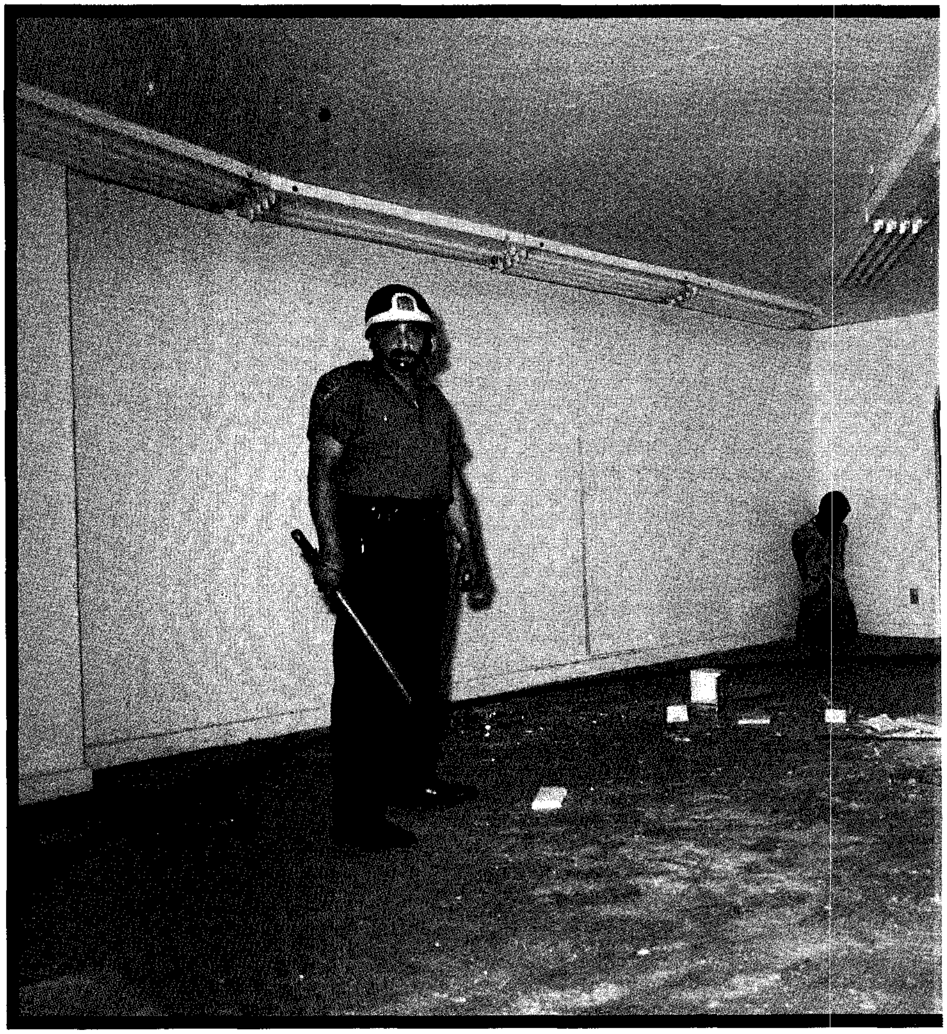
It is entirely possible that with a perhaps freer attitude toward firearms, New York's police officers could have made more of an impact than they did on the orgy of looting during the blackout. After all, other departments outside New York practically shoot first and ask questions later—this is not written in the official orders, of course, but is understood by all concerned to be standard operating procedure. Occasionally, however, a police chief will make no bones about the policy. According to reports out of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, last week, police were actually ordered to shoot looters who materialized in the wake of the flood. But in the NYPD's view, a safety-catch-off policy isn't appropriate in the density of New York's vertical ghettos.

"If we hadn't adhered to established procedures, if we had let the men shoot at looters at will," Commissioner Codd explained, "you would have had dead people littering the streets. A lot of dead people." At the same time, Codd says, the NYPD's posture in the looted streets was no pussycat's: More than 3,800 arrests were made during the Con Ed–created rioting, more than during any other civil disorder in memory in New York, and far more arrests than the rest of the criminal-justice community could absorb. And, Codd adds, the available evidence indicates that the cops were hardly sweeping up innocent "virgins": Perhaps as many as 80 percent of those arrested, according to the state's Division of Criminal Justice Services, had prior police records. So how bad a job could the cops have been doing?

But could the cops have done more by perhaps shooting more? The argument is awfully tricky. At the time the lights went out, there were only 2,500 cops on duty (the four-to-midnight platoon). It was not widely reported, but not only were the cops in those neighborhoods the real numerical minority group, they were also often utterly immobilizd by flat tires from the tin cans and broken glass strewn on the streets. If the police had opened fire under such circumstances, one wonders how many of the bodies lying in the streets would have been wearing blue.

Says Patrick V. Murphy, now president of the Police Foundation in Washington, "Shooting may seem like a simple answer, but it's not. The police are terribly outnumbered in these situations. To open fire as a way of stopping the looting is not only morally questionable, it's also tactically ineffective." Murphy makes another, more ominous point: "There are a tremendous number of handguns floating around in New York. The cops aren't the only ones armed. If the police start shooting indiscriminately, you quite possibly could trigger something like an urban shoot-out." Like a Watts.

Subsequent analysis of the 1965 Watts riot showed that law-enforcement tactics may as much as anything else have contributed to the bloodshed. One tactic seemed to have been a particular irritant to ghetto residents. The National Guard, practicing an occupation-army brand of policing, set up roadblocks all over Watts, creating little Fort Alamos. As stationary targets, they were a visible, macho challenge to rioters. Before long, they were

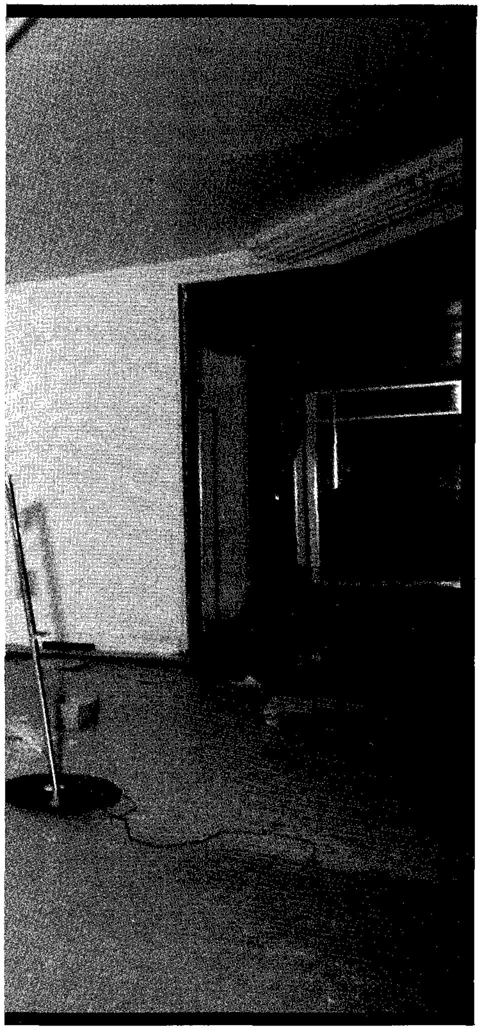


Unfurnished room: *On Thursday afternoon, a cop stands guard near a handcuffed loot* a convenient focus of the fury. The postmortem by the Kerner Commission (National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders) made exactly this point in its report:

> Many disturbances begin with police incidents. . . Some activities of even the most professional police department may heighten the tension and enhance the potential for civil disorder. . . . Characteristically, they [the ghetto youth] are not only hostile but eager to demonstrate their own masculinity and courage. Police therefore are often subject to taunts and provocations, testing their self-control. . . .

In the Con Ed–triggered looting, the NYPD seems, from all accounts, to have avoided such pitfalls. All through Bushwick, Flatbush, Harlem, and the South Bronx, the policy was to sweep, to arrest, to keep moving, to keep the street people moving. Of the two blackout-related deaths, neither was attributable to the cops. In one instance, a pharmacist shot an intruder with his own weapon in the course of an attempted robbery. In the other, a suspect held on burglary charges died of natural causes in the Brooklyn Criminal Courthouse. According to the NYPD's Public Information Division, there were only two shooting incidents by police during the entire blackout. They resulted in no injuries.

ANGEL FRANCO/VISION/PHOTOREPORTERS



a stripped-bare furniture store in Brooklyn.

Of course, what the NYPD could not accomplish—the instant cessation of all looting, the arrest of *every* wrongdoer—the National Guard, even if it could have been mobilized promptly, could not in all likelihood have effected either. "I was strongly opposed to the National Guard," admits Commissioner Codd, invoking visions of Kent State. "I made the point that the guard is not a panacea. It can do tremendous things in the wake of floods and earthquakes, and in policing a huge public event like the Indianapolis 500, but it's a vastly different thing in a close interpersonal crisis like this. The answer here was not force but finesse."

Few would quarrel with Codd's skepticism about the guard's ghetto riot-control capabilities. The guard is not designed for such sophisticated crisis management, and its members, for the most part, are utterly unfamiliar with the technique of ghetto policing. Indeed, the specter of a platoon of heavily armed guardsmen being supervised by a frightened weekend superior officer from the Finger Lakes whose familiarity with urban ghettos is restricted to vignettes from *Kojak* does not exactly reassure. It is entirely arguable, therefore, that invocation of the National Guard was no real option for decision-makers at all (and, as a practical matter, a good number of the most immediately available guardsmen were in fact the very city cops and firemen already on the streets fighting the disorder). On the contrary, at the point when it is clear to all concerned that the problem is beyond the scope of local police, the real alternative is not the guard but the army. And this was exactly what unfolded in the case, for example, of the riot in Detroit, when airborne troops were flown in from Fort Campbell, Kentucky, and Fort Bragg, North Carolina. But at this point, all is lost. All was *not* lost in the Con Ed looting. On the contrary, the situation was far from another Detroit, thanks in part to the policies and behavior of the NYPD.

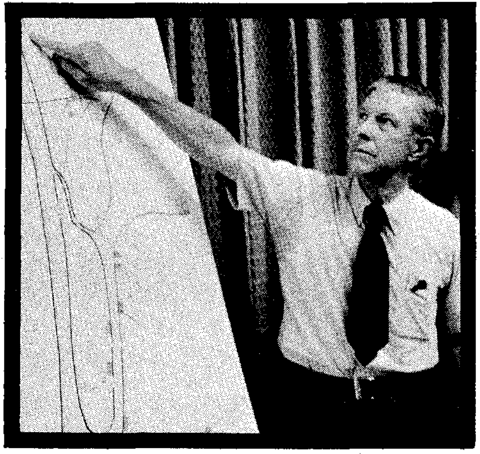
But beyond tactics lies a more profound question. Is a police department nothing more than a police *force*, an occupation army in an otherwise alien society? Or is it a police *service*, an agency of help? Under the former conception, minority residents are viewed not as citizens, proper members of society, but as the enemy—the neighborhood gooks. Under the occupation-army school of policing, the cooperation of the neighborhood gooks, in an alliance with the police against the local hard-core thugs, is regarded as nowhere near as clever as the total intimidation of everyone thrown in together in one big lump of alleged undesirables. But we tried winning through intimidation in Vietnam. Is there any reason to believe this policy could work any better in our own ghetto enclaves?

In all probability, the police department that seeks to maintain order in a democratic fashion—with full regard for bystander and looter lives as well as for the sanctity of property—can be neither an oppressive force (occupation army) nor a social-change vehicle (Latin American–army model). Patrick Murphy, New York police commissioner from 1970 to 1973, believes that it is imperative that a society not give up on its ghetto neighborhoods. "Even the neighborhood with the highest crime rate in the city," he argues, "will be composed of a very high percentage of law-abiding people. . . . It is entirely wrong to make the assumption that a block or even a whole neighborhood has all criminals. . . . Of course, there is no good quantitative study of the criminal class in poverty-stricken, high-unemployment communities. But even if the percentage of such criminals were as high as 75 percent—and I doubt it is even remotely that high—what about the other 25 percent? Can we afford to abandon them? The fact is that most people are law-abiding. You have to work with them."

In this view, a police department in the necessarily difficult circumstances of a democratic society with profound, even structural, socioeconomic injustices, should be designed neither to extinguish nor to ignite—but to maintain order and to contain disorder. And this is exactly what the NYPD did for 25 hours of blackout-inspired hell. The department did not shoot to kill; indeed, it shot in only rare instances; and by restraining itself, it may very well have helped reduce not only the ultimate toll in lives but perhaps even in the overall property destruction as well.

But even if the total policy needs to be reexamined under a harsh postmortem light—and Commissioner Codd in an interview admitted that it very well might—it is still somewhat reassuring to know that the NYPD's behavior during the blackout was far more carefully thought out than Con Ed's. The policy of restraint didn't just happen; it was no act of God. Whatever its faults and drawbacks, the policy reflected a serious effort to do the best with what resources were available, and to try to make brains prevail over brawn. ■

UPI



Yet again: *Luce's media event.*

WHERE WAS LUCE WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT?

By William Flanagan

"...'I got a call from one of our people in the city. "Chuck," she said, "we've lost Manhattan." I felt sick to my stomach'..."

"Jail Charles Luce, not poor and hungry people," a group of picketers chanted outside Consolidated Edison's generator-lit offices at Irving Place.

Inside, on the nineteenth floor, that July 14, Luce was staging a media event—television first, please, radio next, and then print people.

There were well over a hundred in the press cadre, yet not a single intelligent question was posed. Luce's remarks were crisp, apologetic. After his statement, the television and radio people lit into him, expectably nasty. The print types were mute. They are always mum at these kinds of events, saving questions for later, when the cameras and microphones are off.

Luce was a cucumber. It was as if he had expected the whole thing. And, in fact, he opened the press conference by showing a videotape of a recent television interview during which he'd said that another blackout was not impossible. (The media were covering the media covering the media.)

Ed Koch was quite obviously in attendance, and he brushed aside suggestions that he was poaching on the press coverage. "This is my district," he said. "Does anyone know when the lights are going to go back on?"

Where was Luce when the lights went out? I interviewed him the next day. He was in shirt sleeves, relaxed and sipping iced tea. He recounted.

"I had just settled in my den after a late dinner, and was thumbing through *Time*. I had WNCN on my stereo, but the signal wasn't coming in right—I thought my son had been fiddling with the receiver, and I was going to bawl him out—when suddenly the lights went out. I looked out the window, and the whole street was dark. I got a flashlight and called the Westchester control center. The whole county was down. Then I got a call from one of our people in the city. 'Chuck,' she said, 'we've lost Manhattan.' I felt sick to my stomach."

Luce asked his son to drive him into town, to the central control station. As he was leaving his Bronxville home, his wife, Helen, yelled to him: "Chuck, there's a phone call for you—it's Chuck Scarborough from NBC. He *is* a neighbor." Luce took the call.

As his son drove him downtown, Luce had a few moments to reflect. "You can't afford to feel sorry for yourself," he recalled. "But emotionally, I didn't expect what happened. The chances were so remote—I never seriously contemplated the whole system going down."

When he reached the control center, the system operator—the man at the switch—was sheepish. "He was extremely unhappy," said Luce.

Arthur Hausburg, president of Con Ed, was already at the center when chairman Luce arrived. The division of labor worked out that Luce handled the press; Hausburg tried to get the lights back on. Already the media had gathered; Luce called his first press conference at 1:30 A.M. At 4:30 A.M. Luce was invited to be on the *Today* show but declined. At 6:15 A.M., another press announcement. "I thought we'd have power back by noon," he said. "So I scheduled another press conference—for 2 P.M.—and went home to get some sleep. But I had trouble getting to sleep. I went back downtown."

Next month, Charles Luce will hit 60. He is getting a bit old for all this.

Nine years ago, I asked Luce why he took the job at Con Ed in the first place. His answer now is the same as it was then: "I was undersecretary of interior and spoke to Stew Udall when the job was offered. 'The problems of America will be the problems of the cities,' he said. 'This is an opportunity to do something about them.' You know, I could have made out a lot better financially by going back to a law practice. But I have no regrets. It's been a helluva difficult period, but we've tried to do something. The shame is that a lot of the public credit got wiped out the other night."

Luce, of course, has never been one to get a lot of credit. He has been heading Con Ed for a decade, but still cannot shake loose the reputation of being a "public power man." The press and politicians have had a field day with him—"it's the price of running an urban utility"—and not even other utility presidents are friendly.

"I was feeling pretty good about things. *Business Week* had done a complimentary story, the stock was doing all right, I had just signed an agreement to stay on as chairman until I hit 65—then all of a sudden the lights went out. Psychologically, the last few days have been rough."

We discussed the differences between blackouts—why this time was so much worse, why the city erupted instead of partied. "You know what's happened to the city in the last decade, Bill," and he elaborated off the record. Of course I know. But is it all irreversible?

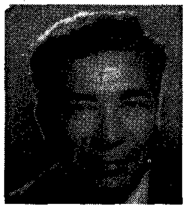
"I can't accept that New York is in an irreversible slide. I can't possibly accept that." ▬

Contributing editor Flanagan was writing for Electrical World *magazine when the last blackout occurred.*

WHO GETS THE BLAME?

Dog-day disaster, everyone blaming the other guy. How well do *you* think the city muddled through its darkest hours?

Herman Badillo
Congressman

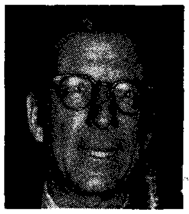


"The city should have had contingency plans which would have required that policemen immediately report to the high-crime areas of the city instead of to the precincts nearest their homes. Con Edison should have geared its computers so that power was restored to the high-crime areas first instead of to the middle-class areas. For example, in the Bronx power was restored in Riverdale, where we did not need it urgently, seven hours before it was restored in the South Bronx, where it was desperately needed."

Teddy Kollek
Mayor of Jerusalem

"You cannot be ready in a city for every emergency. In Jerusalem it snows once every so many years but we don't buy expensive machines that could just sit and rust. Just so in New York, you might invest in many extra generators and not need them for a hundred years. The lesson we learned from New York's blackout is that we are moving more and more towards violence and away from civilized behavior. I am just happy that we are living under simpler circumstances here in Jerusalem."

Roy Goodman
State senator



"The city administration once again revealed its most crucial weakness—a failure to plan and manage. The greatest tragedy of all is the obscenely inadequate response from the White House, which should know that the plight of large cities like New York is our greatest national problem."

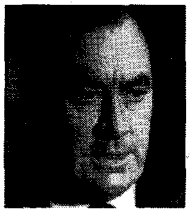
Percy Sutton
Manhattan borough president

"As soon as the power failed, key personnel in city and anti-poverty agencies throughout the five boroughs should have been mobilized, especially those persons who work with youth groups and gangs. If these individuals had reported immediately to their local precincts, their mere presence in the various localities, accompanied by armed police officers, as well as auxiliary police persons, might have played a major role in deterring violence."

Ronald Reagan
Radio commentator

"We all of us should be damned concerned about how civilization came unglued Wednesday, July 13. It was a little matter of twelve years since the first New York blackout, and nothing like this happened. It makes you wonder what we have done to this society in that short period of time. Typically in our country during a disaster, there is a different spirit; people rally around to be helpful."

Hugh Carey
Governor of New York

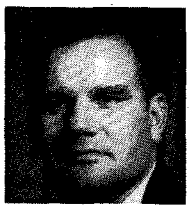


"I was witness to the spirit in the streets. Yes, there were persons who rightfully should be condemned for taking advantage of the terrible conditions. But there isn't a population anywhere in the world that could have stood the separation from families, the discomfort, the inconvenience, the endangerment to health and security that came with that darkness the way the people of New York City survived that night."

Jacques Chirac
Mayor of Paris

"The blackout could not have happened in Paris. All of France's energy is nationalized. Electricity can be brought into Paris from anywhere in France. We had a very similar circumstance, by the way, in southwestern France two weeks ago after violent flooding there. There was much looting and stealing. But our courts were primed for rapid processing in such troubles and the sentences were much more severe than in ordinary conditions. Three-year sentences were a commonplace for what would normally be a simple shoplifting offense."

Fred Schweppe
Power-systems expert, MIT



"This was a very, very unusual event. No place in the United States has a system with the capability to handle it. Con Edison has a weak system to work with but good people operating it. They have a good image among professionals. Deciding how much to spend for reliability, however, and how to keep the rates down—that's a very complicated trade-off."

Barry Farber
Radio personality

"Lawlessness, rampant, uncontrolled looting is an irredeemable disgrace. What kind of candidate cowardice paralyzes my eight liberal opponents when they are asked, 'Would you bring in the National Guard?' I have no difficulty with that question. I would call upon the guard and any other legitimate force to protect life, limb, and property."

PHOTO CREDITS: FRED W. MC DARRAH, UPI, DAN WYNN, SYGMA, ALLEN GREEN/CONTACT, WIDE WORLD

Bella Abzug
Attorney-at-law

"The city should have been mobilized. There was no emergency plan in place to provide auxiliary power, and no plan to pull out the police and fire forces we needed to protect life and property. A city as large and complex as ours cannot afford to be unprepared, and it was inexcusable that we were. We clearly did not learn the lesson of 1965. And since July 13 could recur any day, any week, it's a lesson we had better learn quickly. And leadership, it seems to me, is the key."

Fred Hofheinz
Mayor of Houston

"You can't lay at the feet of the Beame administration the problems brought by masses of people flocking to New York over the last 20 or 30 years. It's more a national than a city problem. As for the National Guard, I regard that idea with some humor. The lights went out at 9:22; the looting began at 9:32. I've yet to see the National Guard called out in ten minutes."

Jacob Javits
U.S. senator

"The looting and arson that followed the blackout were acts of violence I deplore. But the circumstances which may have led to those crimes might have been mitigated by a federal youth-unemployment program, and I regret that such a program was not law before the blackout. Presidential approval of such a program, however, seems imminent. New York City could receive $40 million to $50 million for approximately 5,000 jobs and training positions."

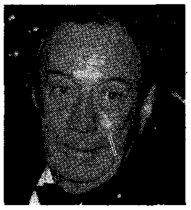
Alfred B. DelBello
County executive, Westchester County

"Westchester has undertaken a project to replace Con Edison with a publicly owned power system. New York City must follow suit and return control of electricity to the people and elected officials. The state government can help by further developing dependable and sufficient power systems."

Anthony Bouza
Deputy chief of the Transit Police

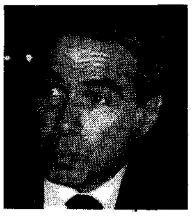
"The blackout is irrelevant to what happened in the streets except as a precipitate cause, a match. It could have been a shooting, a boy hit by a police car, or the clearing of a park. The combustible substance was already there. It relates to alcoholism, unemployment, and all of the miseries of life in the ghetto. There will be no quick solutions."

Robert Wagner Sr.
Attorney-at-law



"I was the only living mayor who had a blackout before last Wednesday. The figures showed that we suffered less crime that night than any other night in 1965. There were other differences. One, it came a little later in the year and it was not so hot. Also, that year the city of New York spent $100 million on programs for youth in deprived areas. All that is out the window now. The city, as I understand it, is only contributing $16 million a year for a program for disadvantaged youths."

Felix Rohatyn
Chairman of MAC



"We set out some months ago at MAC with a simple strategy. To save the city from bankruptcy. On July 13, you could see what would have happened if we had to decide between paying welfare and paying the police. The police and firemen did an admirable job. I was a member of an activated guard unit during the Korean conflict, by the way. If we had called up the guard into this city on Wednesday, it would be burning today."

Joel Harnett
Publisher

"Hindsight is 20-20. But we should have called out the National Guard. (There would have been no question of a call if the looting extended to middle-class neighborhoods.) Set up a mayoral command post on the streets. Established a curfew. Conferred immediately with community leaders about more aggressive control tactics including tear gas."

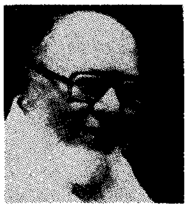
J. Bruce Llewellyn
President, Fedco Markets

"I've had eight of my sixteen stores looted, my main office and computer system burned to the ground. Over a million dollars' worth of damage. As far as I'm concerned, the root cause is lack of jobs. People should understand that a place like Bedford-Stuyvesant, with a population of 500,000, is as large as Cincinnati, the twenty-second largest city in America. You can't have unemployment rates of up to 25 and 30 percent for grown-ups in such a large area, over 50 percent for youngsters, without a constant threat that this explosion will happen again and again and again."

John Kenneth Galbraith
Author of The Age of Uncertainty

"No one in New York can possibly be in doubt as to where to place the blame. Two years ago, New Yorkers were told by the bankers and the investment bankers that the problem of their city was that it had too many policemen, too many firemen, too many other municipal employees all treated too well and that the city was spending too much on education, parks, and recreation for the poor. And it was agreed that only tough-minded—which is to say socially indifferent—bankers and businessmen could be trusted to cut back on police, fire, and other services. Now, as an unsurprising consequence, the fires are out of control."

Herman Kahn
Hudson Institute



"Immediate steps should have been taken during that time between Con Ed's awareness that a blackout was impending and its occurrence; announcements should have gone out over all radio and TV stations—even the civil-defense network—informing citizens of an impending crisis, a desperate situation, asking them to turn down lights and air conditioners and remain calm. And it should have been stated that looters would be treated with the utmost severity, as they are in any disaster in the United States and any other country elsewhere in the world, and that these strict codes would be enforced." ■

TWENTY BRIGHT IDEAS FOR THE NEXT BLACKOUT

By Elin Schoen

"...As you will see on these two pages, even if there's another blackout, New Yorkers really need not be afraid of the dark..."

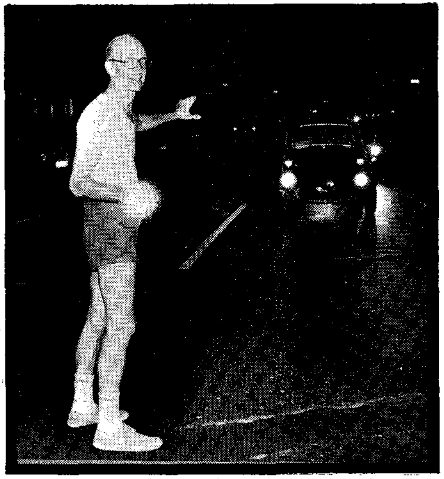
Even Charles Luce admits that it could happen again. We're hoping it doesn't, of course, but if it does, look on the bright side. Many New Yorkers found "Blackout '77" an enlightening experience. We learned, for instance, that the air is cleaner when we are powerless. There was no subway rumble. Some of us discovered the New Jersey skyline. Tom Wolfe discovered that he didn't own a transistor radio.

In short, we survived. But next time, if there is a next time, we can survive even better. As you will see on these two pages, New Yorkers really need not be afraid of the dark.

1. **Water.** Two out of three people I asked missed water more than elevators, even. And, if you don't understand why the water went off after the lights did, you are not alone. William Melnichuk, Manhattan borough engineer of the Department of Water Resources, gave me the lowdown: It seems that street pressure is only strong enough to get water up four or five stories. Most buildings taller than that have electric pumps which transport water to roof tanks whence it reaches apartments. Therefore, when the electricity conks out, the pumps stop, and when the water already in the tank is gone, that's it.

Since it takes a while for the water in the tank to go the way of the electricity that got it there, kick off the next blackout by filling bathtubs, sinks, bottles, jars, buckets, etc., with water. Stock up now on bottled water. It keeps indefinitely. If your grocer runs out, William Melnichuk highly recommends what's in the fire hydrants.

Mr. Melnichuk was very insulted when asked about water-purification tablets. "We maintain the integrity of our water," he explained. "It's fresh and pure, from upstate." It's also always available in the hydrants even when it can't reach your faucets because gravity pull alone gets it to most parts of the city. In elevated areas, such as Washington Heights and Richmond on Staten Island, electric power delivers the water, and emergency gasoline pumps take over should that power fail.


SYGMA

Direct action: *A civilian directs traffic after the streetlights failed on Wednesday night.*

2. **Canned juices.** Dr. John Marr, director of the Bureau of Preventable Diseases Control, New York City Department of Health, recommends canned juices as supplements to—or, if necessary, as a substitute for—water.

3. **Salt.** Salt tablets, according to Dr. Marr, are not advisable even in extreme heat. You can O.D. on them. He advises buying salty foods instead. Pretzels and potato chips are fine, but nuts, seeds, and soybeans are better. They contain lots of protein and are not likely to go bad during a blackout.

4. **Refrigeration.** What meats and other perishables you have in your refrigerator when it stops refrigerating will stay fresher longer if you keep the door shut, opening and closing it only when absolutely necessary. Also, put the foods close together, since they will keep one another cold (in the manner of bodies huddling together for warmth in freezing weather).

5. **Windows.** Keeping the windows open will help air circulation (even if the air outside seems to be standing still). But it also invites intruders. Detective Leon Bauer of the NYPD Crime Prevention Section suggests "various types of devices where you can open the window five inches from the bottom but still lock it." One such device is the Ideal Window Lock, which also works when the window is closed. It is for wood frames only and costs $4.98 at A-Art Discount Locksmiths (187 Second Avenue, between 11th and 12th streets).

Slightly open windows can also be locked by drilling a hole through one sash and partially through the other one and pushing a ten-penny nail through the hole. This, along with other tricks, is detailed in the booklet *Safeguard Your Home*, available from the Crime Prevention Section, NYPD (137 Centre Street, third floor, New York City 10013), which will provide a free in-person security check for any business or home in New York City.

6. **The loot-resistant lock.** According to the experts at A-Art, the reason so many stores were ravaged was the vulnerability of the padlocks on their gates. The Medeco Padlock is virtually tamper-proof. It costs $33.95.

7. **Citizens-band radio.** Detective Bauer says that the Channel 9 emergency frequency was a great help dur-

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Elin Schoen is writing a nonfiction book about Brooklyn, Illinois.

ing "Blackout '77." The Fire Department lines and 911 were swamped, but there were civilian volunteers patrolling the city in cars equipped with CB's, and other CB owners parked in front of precinct stations to receive calls. The city has several branches of React, an organization of CB owners who pitch in during emergencies. Call 683-2005. General Electric's Model 5821 CB radio has a priority switch (in other words, if you're on, say, Channel 40 and a Channel 9 call comes, the CB automatically switches to Channel 9). It costs $169.95 at Sound City (58 West 45th Street).

8. Candles. The Fire Department says that they're dangerous. Recognizing that you may choose to overlook this warning, we recommend never leaving a candle alone in a room, within reach of children, or in a position to be knocked over by a clumsy adult. Probably the safest candle, although no candle can really be called safe, is the votive type in a tall glass jar. It is also long-lasting and easy to carry in dark stairwells and on the streets. Casa Moneo (210 West 14th Street) offers votive candles in plain glass jars ($1.15) or, for 10 cents more, illustrated with saints.

9. Kerosine lanterns. The Fire Department isn't in love with these, either, but if you must have one, Hammacher Schlemmer carries a sturdy British Bull's-Eye Weather Lantern for $12.95.

10. Flashlights. Herewith (and with the Fire Department's blessing), the best in town: the Sanyo rechargeable flashlight, which you keep plugged into a wall outlet. Its batteries take over when the power fails. Then you unplug it and use it as you would a regular flashlight. It costs $13 at Rosetta Electric (73 Murray Street) and $15 at Hippodrome Hardware (70 West 45th Street).

Hammacher Schlemmer has a five-year flashlight (that's how long the batteries last) for $8.95.

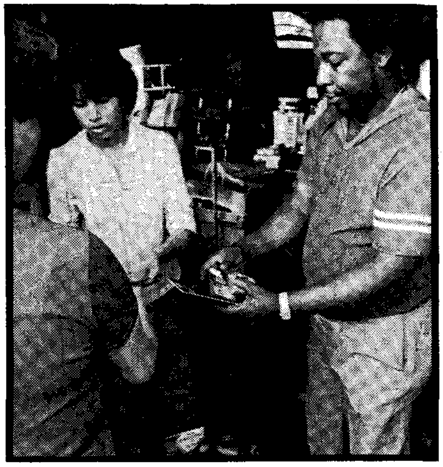
11. An emergency generator. Hospitals have them. You can too. An Onan 60,000-watt machine, which would light up stairwells, hallways, and at least one elevator in a 100-unit apartment building, would cost $14,000. A 5,000-watt generator, which could handle some lights, a refrigerator and freezer, a well or sump pump, and heat (not most air conditioning, because the starting current is too large), costs $1,700 to $2,200, depending on the model. These prices do not include installation, which has to be done by a licensed electrician. GLT Industries is the Onan distributor for the tri-state area.

12. Emergency lighting. Rosetta Electric has all kinds of battery-powered units that plug into 110-volt outlets and take over when the other lights go out. They start at $12.95 (for enough illumination to get around) and go up to $110 (what it takes to light a whole room).

13. Smoke detectors. They have to be battery-operated, naturally. Rosetta Electric sells BRK, of the ionization variety (others are photoelectric), at $26.95 each or two for $50.

14. Fire extinguishers. Captain Dom Miceli of the Fire Department says that water-type extinguishers are best for residences "where the combustibles and flammables are furniture, newspapers, and magazines—perhaps *your* magazine." You could also have a dry chemical-type extinguisher in the kitchen. Captain Miceli, incidentally, does not recommend baking soda for kitchen fires. "First of all, it takes too much time to *look* for it. It's usually on a back shelf. And if it's not properly used, it could cause a dust explosion." In January, 1976, *Consumer Reports* listed four good chemical fire extinguishers: Wards Power-Craft 8600; General TCP 2½G; Kidde Fire Away 110 (at Rosetta Electric, $17.95); and American LaFrance 2MA ($15.12 from All Fire Protection, Inc.; will be delivered by United Parcel; call 786-5030).

MARTIN ADLER LEVICK/ BLACK STAR



Light touch: *Batteries and candles sold briskly at Lamston's on Third at 22nd.*

As for water extinguishers, All Fire Protection, Inc., sells the American LaFrance PWA51 model for $42.80.

15. How to escape from an elevator. First of all, Captain Miceli told me, don't panic. Get someone on the outside to call the Fire Department, which gets people out of "even seriously stalled elevators" in 45 minutes to an hour. Remember that elevator doors are not airtight. It may get stuffy and you may get bored, but you'll never suffocate.

Meanwhile, if you're still nervous about elevators, you might warm up for a hastier exit than the Fire Department can provide by memorizing *Emergency Removal of Passengers From Elevators,* published by the Otis Elevator Company (General Service Superintendent, 750 Third Avenue, New York City 10017).

16. Batteries. Calvin Leinwand, of Rosetta Electric, offered some advice about batteries: Keep them in the refrigerator. They'll last longer. But even refrigerated, they are not immortal, so replace your supply every few months. Alkaline-type batteries are the most reliable. And nickel cadmium batteries ($3 each, for transistor radios or flashlights) are rechargeable with the recharging unit which Rosetta sells for $15 and which should be used on the batteries every three months.

17. A transistor radio. The best blackout radio is the Radio-Flashlight, which is pocket-size and available for $12.95 at Hammacher Schlemmer.

18. Toilet training. Jake Eddy, a salesman at Goldberg's Marine Distributors, Inc. (3 West 46th Street), introduced me to chemical toilets made for boats but not a bad idea, as it turns out, for Con Ed customers. The Tota 2 Portable System, comprised of an upper "freshwater flush" level to which you must add water and a lower "waste holdage" portion to which you add chemicals, costs $99.90. The Sani-Mate, a similar portable toilet, costs $73.90. The chemical solution to be used in these toilets (or, as Jake Eddy pointed out, in a bedpan-type container—but not in your regular toilet because it would ruin the plumbing) is a formaldehyde solution which costs $6 to $8 a quart.

19. Forget about epidemics. According to Dr. John Marr, of the Bureau of Preventable Diseases Control, there is virtually no likelihood of plague or cholera happening here. Toilet stoppage is "an aesthetic problem," not really a health hazard. "There were a group of us, three epidemiologists, sitting together during the blackout," Dr. Marr recalled. "We're all in infectious diseases. And we decided that there isn't anything along those lines that a blackout would cause. In fact, there would be fewer diseases like V.D., TB, measles, and rubella transmitted during a blackout than during times when electricity is on because people interact much more when electricity is on."

20. First aid. Bigelow Chemists (414 Sixth Avenue, between 8th and 9th streets) recommends the $15 Acme Auto First Aid Kit, which has everything you need to protect you from your biggest blackout risk—getting from one end of your apartment to the other while mobilizing your own emergency power.

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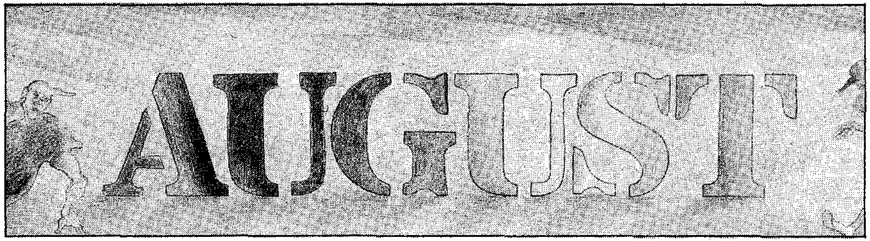

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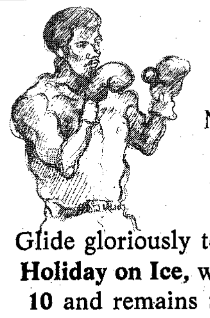

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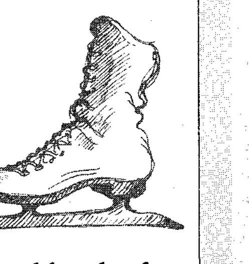

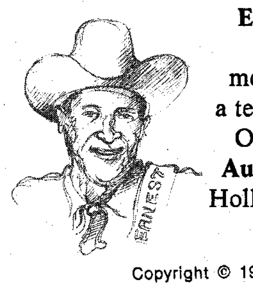

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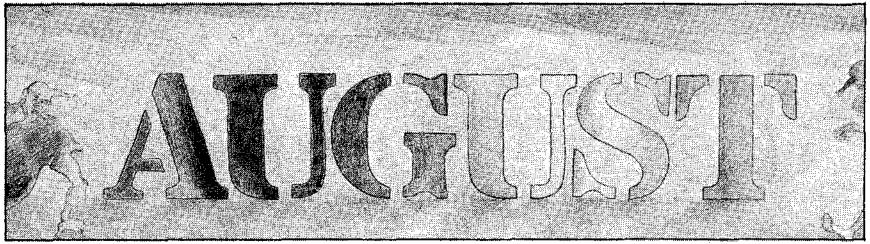

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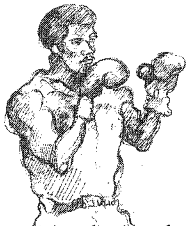

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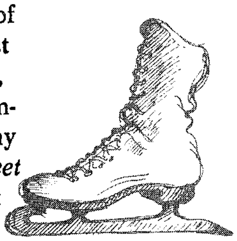

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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charts, ship models, artifacts, and figureheads showing the cultural heritage and maritime links between the United States and Cape Verde; at the **African-American Institute** (833 United Nations Plaza at 47th Street) weekdays 9 to 5 P.M., Saturdays from 11 A.M.; through September 10.

Kids today from 1 to 2 P.M.: *Notes on a Triangle; Jackson Pollock; Art of Seeing Abstraction; Dance Squared; Henri Rousseau; A Line Is a Line.* Call 879-5500, ext. 351, for information.

Mostly Mozart is winding up at Avery Fisher Hall tonight at eight.

125th Street between Adam Clayton Powell Boulevard and Lenox Avenue from noon until midnight. There will be soul food, soul music, street theater, cultural activities, entertainment for the entire family.

At the **Bronx Zoo** today and tomorrow, Winnie-the-Pooh and Tigger too visit their animal friends, and we hope you will too. There'll be puppet shows, a Pooh sing-along, and real heffalump rides (which last cost 75 cents). Admission is $1.50 for adults, 75 cents for children two through twelve, and the zoo is open from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. today (10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. tomorrow).

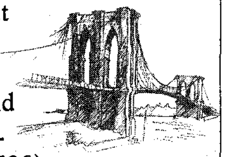
AUGUST BASEBALL HOME GAMES

COMPILED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Mets, Shea Stadium
(Ticket information: 672-3000)
Monday, 8/1, 8:05 P.M.—Los Angeles Dodgers
Tuesday, 8/2, 8:05 P.M.—Los Angeles Dodgers
Wednesday, 8/3, 2:05 P.M.—Los Angeles Dodgers
Friday, 8/5, 8:05 P.M.—San Francisco Giants
Saturday, 8/6, 8:05 P.M.—San Francisco Giants
Sunday, 8/7, 2:05 P.M.—San Francisco Giants
Monday, 8/8, 8:05 P.M.—St. Louis Cardinals
Tuesday, 8/9, 8:05 P.M.—St. Louis Cardinals
Wednesday, 8/10, 2:05 P.M.—St. Louis Cardinals
Friday, 8/19, 5:35 P.M.—Cincinnati Reds
Saturday, 8/20, 2:05 P.M.—Cincinnati Reds
Sunday, 8/21, 2:05 P.M.—Cincinnati Reds
Monday, 8/22, 8:05 P.M.—Houston Astros
Tuesday, 8/23, 2:05 P.M.—Houston Astros

Yankees, Yankee Stadium
(Ticket information: 293-4300)
Wednesday, 8/10, 8 P.M.—Oakland A's
Thursday, 8/11, 8 P.M.—Oakland A's
Friday, 8/12, 5:30 P.M.—California Angels
Saturday, 8/13, 2 P.M.—California Angels
Sunday, 8/14, 2 P.M.—California Angels
Monday, 8/15, 8 P.M.—Chicago White Sox
Tuesday, 8/16, 8 P.M.—Chicago White Sox
Wednesday, 8/24, 8 P.M.—Minnesota Twins
Thursday, 8/25, 8 P.M.—Minnesota Twins
Friday, 8/26, 8 P.M.—Texas Rangers
Saturday, 8/27, 2 P.M.—Texas Rangers
Sunday, 8/28, 2 P.M.—Texas Rangers
Tuesday, 8/30, 8 P.M.—Seattle Mariners
Wednesday, 8/31, 8 P.M.—Seattle Mariners

Phyllis Hayfield



Get to City Hall in lower Manhattan at 2 A.M. on **August 14** for the start of a five-mile **insomniac's tour** on foot over the Brooklyn Bridge, up the hill and into Prospect Park, with other insomniacs and professional guides. (UN 1-9696).

A new play, Ed Bullins's **Absurdities in Black,** with music by Mildred Kayden is showing tonight, **August 16,** at the estimable and experimental Stage 73 (321 East 73rd Street, 490-0077) and every Thursday through Sunday at 8 P.M.; $3 a ticket.

There are not only animals at the **Bronx Zoo.** Today, **August 19,** you can see skits, songfests, pantomime, and dance programs with animal themes (it's the last of a series that started last month).

A fair at **Dutchess County Fairgrounds** (Route 9, north of Rhinebeck) starts **August 23** and continues through August 28, from 10 A.M. to midnight, with all sorts of agricultural exhibits and flora and fauna.

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9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

The natural cigarette is here!

Real

Taste your first low tar cigarette with nothing artificial added.

Feel the Real taste difference.

Your cigarette enhances its flavor artificially. All major brands do. New Real does not. It doesn't need to.

We've discovered the way to keep natural taste in, artificial out. All the taste and flavor in Real is natural.

Of course Real's menthol is fresh, natural. Not synthetic. You get a rich, satisfying smoke. Taste you can feel. Full, natural taste.

So taste your first low tar natural cigarette. Taste Real...smoke natural.

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

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Illustrated by Phyllis Herfield

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THURSDAY

4 Every day at 7 A.M., the 120-foot **New Eagle,** designed for offshore fishing, leaves Pier 9 in Sheepshead Bay (East 21st Street and Emmons Avenue, Brooklyn) and returns at 4 P.M. It's $13 per adult, $11 for senior citizens, $10 for kids. (No charge, of course, for the fish you catch.) Call 934-2221 for additional information.

11 This morning, **Adventure on a Shoestring** offers a trip to the world's largest wholesale cut-flower market. For reservations, call CO 5-2663. There's a $2.50 fee.

The **Big Apple Circus** is at Battery Park City through August 14. General admission is $5 for adults, $3 for children. For times, call 586-3581.

18 Off-Off Broadway at Lincoln Square Arts Guild (150 West 68th Street): at eight tonight and through August 21, there's Noel Coward's **Blithe Spirit.** Contribution, please.

Outdoors at Lincoln Center's Damrosch Park at 8:15 tonight, there's a **Country Dance Festival,** and audience participation is invited.

25 An exhibit of crafts, photos,

FRIDAY

5 **Camp Meeting,** by Al Carmines, is a musical about a revival meeting in southeastern Illinois in 1840. It plays every Friday through Monday this month at 8 P.M. at the Greenwich Mews Theater (141 West 13th Street, SP 7-0033); $3.50.

12 **Bonnie Raitt** and **Garland Jeffreys** are at the Wollman Skating Rink Theater at 6:30 P.M. Orchestra seats are $4; the balcony, $2. (Rain date, August 14, 2 P.M.)

The **Wayne County Fair,** one mile north of Honesdale, Pennsylvania, along Route 191, brings you live music, a demolition derby, car-racing, and more (August 8 to 14).

19 A children's musical, **Little Red Riding Hood,** is playing at the Westbury Music Fair at 11 A.M. and 2 P.M. Tickets are $1.95; call (516) 333-0533.

Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, has a **Mozart, Hummel, and Haydn program** with pianist Joseph Kalichstein and trumpetist Gerard Schwarz as soloists.

26 **Metropolitan Museum** has films for the

SATURDAY

6 Waterloo Village Music Festival has **Benny Goodman** and his sextet tonight at eight. Waterloo Village is only an hour from Manhattan (call 201 347-4700 for explicit, easy-to-follow directions). Prices are $8.50, $7.50, $6.50, or you can sit on the grass for $3.50.

The **Cliff Barbaro Quintet** entertains at the Jazz Museum (236 West 54th Street) from 2 to 5 P.M. A small contribution, please.

13 There are 284 **rowboats for rent** on Central Park's lake at 72nd Street. You pay $2 an hour for a wooden or aluminum boat, and there's no additional charge for your up-to-three-member crew. The deposit is $10, and there's 8 percent tax. Hours are 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., and it's fun.

There's a **Bluegrass and Old-Time Country Music Band Contest and Crafts Fair** at the South Street Seaport (East River Drive at Fulton Street) from noon to 7 P.M. today and tomorrow. The fair, workshops, and jam sessions all request a voluntary contribution. The contests begin at 7 P.M., and admission is $3.50.

20 **Klee at the Guggenheim Museum** is drawn from the Guggenheim collection, so this is an excellent opportunity to see works by the great Swiss artist not always available to the general public. While here, visit the museum's **Forty Modern Masters,** an exhibition of choice works by leading European artists of the modern era, which marks the museum's fortieth anniversary.

Every Saturday and Sunday afternoon from two until dusk, there is free **folk dancing,** international in scope, near the Delacorte Theater in Central Park. There's free instruction for beginners from 2 to 3 P.M.

27 Today is **Harlem Day—International Carnival,** and the capital of black America will hold open house for the world along

Jazz, *Roots*, chamber music, *The Gold Rush*, "Rumpelstiltskin," the Big Apple Circus, *People Soup*, storytelling, *Magic Sneakers.*

(Continued from page 37) Society concert directed by E. Jon de Revere, at the University Theater.

Washington Square Music Festival—Concerts held in Washington Square Park on Tuesdays at 8 P.M.: 8/2, baroque and classical music, Fritz Rikko, conductor, and Naoko Tanaka, violinist; 8/9, baroque and romantic music, Herbert Grossman, conductor; 8/16, a band concert, Henry Schuman, bandmaster, Robert White, tenor and emcee. In case of rain, the concerts will be held indoors at the Washington Square Methodist Church (133 West 4th St.).

Films

Brooklyn Public Library Film Program—At the Williamsburgh Branch (240 Division Ave.), Tuesdays at 2:30 P.M.: 8/2, *On the Town;* 8/9, *Great Radio Comedians;* 8/16, *The Hellstrom Chronicle;* 8/23, *Modern Times;* 8/30, *Citizen Kane.*

New York Public Library Film Programs—At the 58th St. Branch (127 East 58th St.), 8/23 at 6:15 P.M.: *Dancing Songs, Une Vieille Boite, Guale.* At the Wakefield Branch (4100 Lowerre Place, Bronx, 652-4663): 8/8 at 6 P.M.

"Roots"—The NYPL is branching out in its showings of Alex Haley's saga. At the Countee Cullen Branch (104 West 136th St.), Wednesdays and Thursdays, 8/3, 4, 10, 11, 17, 18, at 1:30 P.M.; at the Hunt's Point Branch (877 Southern Blvd., Bronx), Tuesdays and Wednesdays: 8/2, 10:30 A.M.; 8/3, 5 P.M.; 8/9, 10:30 A.M.; 8/10, 5 P.M.; 8/16, 10:30 A.M.; 8/17, 5 P.M.; 8/23, 10:30 A.M.; 8/24, 5 P.M. It also finishes its July run at the Clason's Point Branch (1215 Morrison Ave., Bronx) on 8/3, 4 at 3:30 P.M.

Wednesday Afternoon Movies—At the New-York Historical Society (170 Central Park West at 77th St.) at 2 P.M.: 8/3, Charlie Chaplin in *The Gold Rush*; 8/10, *Hollywood: The Dream Factory;* 8/17, *From These Roots, In the Street, Echo of an Era.*

For Kids

Brooklyn Public Library Programs—A variety of activities—films, games, arts and crafts, storytelling—for all age groups. Call your branch for specifics.

Chamber Music Recital for Teenagers—In the Nathan Straus Young Adult Library at the Donnell Branch of the NYPL (20 West 53rd St.), 8/13 at 2:30 P.M.

Children's Filmstrips—For ages five through eight, in the Children's Room of the Donnell Branch of the NYPL (790-6359), Tuesdays, 1:30 P.M.: 8/2, Stories and Song; 8/9, Tall Tales and Legends; 8/16, Children of Other Lands; 8/23, African Legends and Stories; 8/30, Friends and Enemies. Groups must register in advance.

Children's Theater in Washington Square Park—At 10:30 A.M.: 8/2, the Big Apple Circus; 8/9, a marionette version of "Rumpelstiltskin"; 8/16, to be announced. In case of rain, performances will be held at NYU's Loeb Student Center (566 La Guardia Place). For information, call 473-8321.

New York Public Library Film Programs—At the Bloomingdale Branch (150 West 100th St.) on Fridays at 11 A.M.: for ages four through seven on 8/12, 19, 26; for ages seven through twelve on 8/5. At the Hamilton Grange Branch (503 West 145th St.): for younger children at 10:30 A.M. on 8/5, 12; for older children at 3:30 P.M. on 8/5, 12; for teenagers at 3:30 P.M. on 8/4, 11. At the Jefferson Market Branch (425 Ave. of the Americas at 10th St.): for all ages at 2 P.M. on Wednesdays, 8/3, 10, 17, 24, 31. At the Lincoln Center Branch (111 Amsterdam Ave. at 65th St.): for preschoolers at 2 P.M. on 8/9, 23. At the Riverside Branch (190 Amsterdam Ave. at 69th St.): for ages five through seven at 3 P.M. on 8/3, 10, 17; for ages eight through twelve at 4 P.M. on 8/4, 11, 18. At the St. George Library Center (10 Hyatt St., Staten Island): for ages six and up at 10:30 A.M. on 8/10, 24. At the Soundview Branch (660 Soundview Ave., Bronx): for preschoolers at 10 A.M. on 8/12, 19, 26; for ages eight through thirteen at 3 P.M. on 8/12, 19, 26. At the Tremont Branch (1866 Washington Ave., Bronx): for teenagers at 3 P.M. on 8/5, 12.

Story Hour—With Jehan Clements, co-sponsored by the Central Harlem Project and Special Program Office of the NYC Department of Recreation; at the 125th St. Branch of the NYPL (224 East 125th St.), 8/16 at 10:30 A.M.

Story Hours and Films—At the New-York Historical Society (170 Central Park West at 77th St.) on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 2 P.M.: 8/2, a storyteller from the NYPL; 8/4, films—*The Staunch Tin Soldier, Mr. Moto Takes a Walk;* 8/9, films—*One Kitten for Kim, My Dog Is Lost, People Soup;* 8/11, 16, story hour with Jehan Clements; 8/18, films—*Ali Baba and the 40 Thieves, Magic Sneakers.* For ages four through eight; day-care groups, children accompanied by adults welcome.

What's Up?—A program of the Brooklyn Museum (188 Eastern Pkwy., 638-5000, ext. 221), to introduce children in grades one through six to the museum's collections through drawing, looking, creative dramatics; Wednesday through Saturday 2:30 P.M. to 3:30 P.M. Registration limited; tickets at information desk at 2:15 P.M.

Talks, Tours, Exhibits

Brooklyn Botanic Garden—Guided tours of the grounds and the greenhouses, Sundays at 2 P.M. Assemble at Magnolia Plaza, in front of the Administration Building (1000 Washington Ave.); no reservations required.

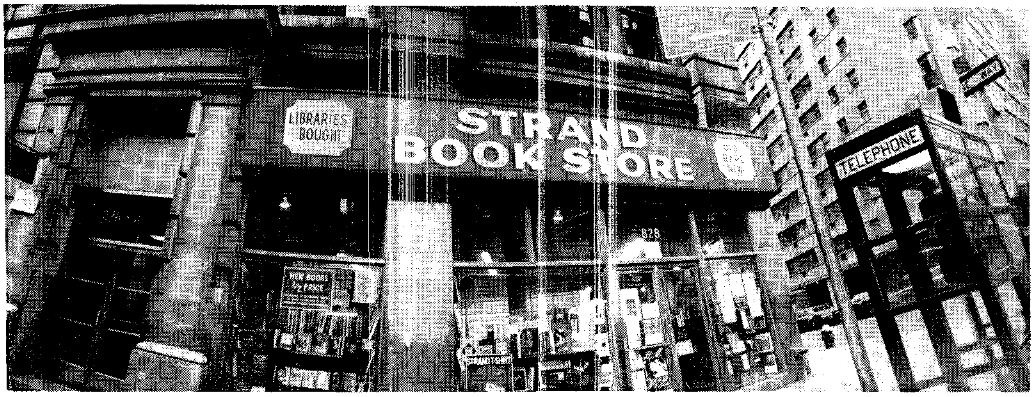
A Day for Artists—Every Wednesday during August at Manitoga Hudson River Nature Center of the Nature Conservancy, Garrison, New York. Fifteen persons will be permitted to walk through the center unguided with free access for sketching and painting. Call 914 424-3812 for reservations.

Exhibition Highlights—Starting at the second-floor information desk of the American Museum of Natural History (Central Park West at 79th St.) Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 11 A.M. and 1:30 P.M., Wednesdays at 7 P.M.

Gallery Talks—In the Blum Gallery (first floor) at the Brooklyn Museum (188 Eastern Pkwy., 638-5000, ext. 371) every Saturday and Sunday at 2 P.M.

New York Botanical Garden—Guided tours of the garden (200th St. and Southern Blvd., Bronx) every Saturday and Sunday at 1:30 P.M. and 2:30 P.M. Assemble at main gate.

New York Public Library Exhibits—At the Central Building (Fifth Ave. and 42nd St.): "Fin de Siecle Prints," third-floor print gallery, through 8/30; "Diarist in England and America," Berg Collection, third floor, through 9/15; "Maps of the American Revolution, 1777," map division, first floor, through 9/15. At the Donnell Branch (20 West 53rd St.): "A Collection of Violinists in Miniature," by Wendy Munz, 8/1–31; "Seventh Annual Summer Festival of Photography," David Lipson 8/1–15, Richard Massie 8/16–31. At the Lincoln Center Branch (111 Amsterdam Ave. at 65th St.): "Frank Loesser Remembered," Amsterdam Gallery, through 8/26; "Asian Dance Images in the Spencer Collection," Vincent Astor Gallery, through 8/27.



Eight miles of books: *In the greatest used-book store on this continent, 1.5 million books fill three floors and a full eight miles of shelf space. Prices stretch from 25 cents up to thousands of dollars.*

The Beast in The Strand Book Store

By Donald Newlove

"... A visit to the Strand can be fearful, baffling, like the sight of Dr. Jekyll sniffing the potion that delivers—*Hyde!* ..."

An addiction to books can be for life.

"It's a disease," says Fred Bass, the manager of that secondhand empire, the scene of my illness in flower, the Strand Book Store at 12th and Broadway. "I get an attack, something like a panic, of book-buying. I simply *must* keep fresh used books flowing over my shelves. And every day the clerks weed out the unsalable stuff from the shelves and bins and we throw it out. *Tons* of dead books go out nightly. And *I* bought 'em! But I just have to make room for fresh stock to keep the shelves lively."

Too lively shelves! There is only one way to beat compulsive buying in the Strand. I must know the exact book on the exact shelf before I walk in. Then hit it, pay, get out in three minutes. Otherwise, the mind suddenly bursts with a dozen titles I've forgotten, I go into an amoeboid swim through the aisles, the brain *deranges,* and I am lost. A visit to the Strand can be fearful, baffling, something like the sight of Dr. Jekyll sniffing the insidious decoction that promises Promethean release but delivers—*Hyde!*

Some years ago, not many, when I'd not yet published a book, and the paperback explosion was tilting toward madness, nothing sickened me so quickly as stepping into the Eighth Street Bookshop and seeing massed new paperback titles. A kind of psychogenic horror came over me, a foul loathsomeness. Giants—Joyce's *Ulysses,* Mann's *The Magic Mountain,* novels bursting with years of labor—were racked with pip-squeaks. The mystique of eternal life in hardcovers was shrunken to this. And the notion of producing one more novel to swell the paperback racks turned my brain to a glob. My skin crawled. Hopelessness glistened in peppy graphics on these soft-boned horrors.

Limping homeward to Castle Despair, I'd ask myself, Must my days be sold as books? Never be freed from books? A sighing unreason of books! A bondage of birthing, again and again, more wearisome print? Unmoistened with marrow, I was full of dead men's books, dried books; I walked through the valley of the shadow of books, and cried aloud at my shelf of unpublished manuscripts, *Can these books live?*

I did not know that my real obsession with books had not yet even begun, a book-buying bender that would keep me at borderline poverty to this day. Suddenly, about seven years ago, I found myself collecting secondhand books *that I absolutely needed* faster than I could read their jackets—if they had jackets. I'd moved into some kind of spiritual recovery from my life in the sixties, and now my mind had gone off like a nova. I was magnetized to vibrant writers, poets, novelists I'd once ignored, and to books about a state of being you might call "cosmic consciousness." Only later did I notice that nearly everything ever published, from the Vedic hymns to Adelle Davis, fits into "C.C."

"You're not unique," I tell Fred Bass. "I know how you feel. I've been there. Tell me, how did it start?"

Fred Bass does not sit still for this interview. As he talks, he moves, forever gripping a clipboard, an inventory, a list of requested books, crying out to one of his 65 painter-poet-writer-actor clerks, who at his bidding speed without rest. This posthaste *must be,* for Fred and his father, Ben Bass, own the greatest used-book store on the northern continent, a pulped forest of one and a half million books taking up eight miles of shelf space. There are three full floors of stock.

"You couldn't read all the titles," he says, "even if you tried. You might get through one wall of ten or twenty thousand, but customers would be ahead of you and behind you and the clerks behind them rolling up trucks of new stock. And you know what it's like in here on Friday afternoons and Saturdays. We're so deep in customers, maybe 500 at a time, that we actually lose our more select business. I mean browsers who come in with a $200 list of books they want and then can't get at the shelves because of the herd. Well, happily there's no place else to go. We've got the books."

Ben Bass, founder, looks about in awe. "I started all this 50 years ago! With a thousand books!" He waves. "It was 1928 and I was no good at anything. So I opened the Pelican Book Shop on Eighth Street and got dis-

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According to Esquire, *Donald Newlove is one of the most underrated writers in America. The Strand remainders his books.*

"...The Strand cellar is a Great Plains of books, a Thames or Mississippi of the human spirit transfigured into printer's ink..."

possessed in 1929—the Depression, y'know? Then I scraped up $600 and started the Strand. Say I was an impatient failure."

I see Maurice Sendak, the children's-book illustrator, slip like the White Rabbit through the doorway to the basement art books. At my hand lies a used copy of *Priestess of the Occult*, a life of Madame Blavatsky, out of print, six bucks. I want it! But I have only seven, and resist.

"Come on, I'll show you the rare books," Fred says. "We just added two new rooms."

A man with a white British mustache and upside-down-basket tweed hat mutters, "Where is the section for espionage?"

"It overlaps the war and crime sections," Fred says.

"Do you *read?*" I ask Fred.

"I wake up at five every morning and read for an hour. Just finished David Markson's novel *Springer's Progress.* Mysteries for roughage. Now I'm into McNeill's *Plagues and People.*" His brown eyes dart, reluctant to leave the main floor. Trimly bearded, he is a tanned, spirited bust of Shakespeare in full tide of managing the Globe Theater ("My barber is a frustrated Elizabethan scholar"), wears a diamond stickpin on a yellow shirt and blue or brown box plaid ("I dress schematically"), and half-lens glasses hang on a black cord from his neck even when he lunches out or merely walks the street.

"It's incurable!" he tells me. "The excitement of miscellaneous buying. People drive up in cars and trucks. Sometimes thousands of books come in over the counter. Maybe a very fine scholarly collection. I got a first edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* just like that. We paid in excess of $1,500 for it. You never know what you'll find in a private library. But no matter how much money or how many books we take in, we have to rush out and buy more books. It's a lotta fun—like a treasure hunt. I'm at it ten hours a day in here. It's stimulating—I wouldn't *be* in any other business." We're in the elevator to the rare books. "Of course—some days—after lunch—I get depressed. But then there's England! I'm a partner in seven remainder stores in England. I go there. I go out west. Wherever there are libraries, fresh stock—*ahhh.*"

Before we go into the rare-books room, he takes me on a tour of the backup stock waiting to go down to the main floor and basement. It is hair-raising. This floor is *huge*—it is a Great Plains of books, like Charles Foster Kane's cellar, far shelves vanishing into alcoves, waves of marked boxes bought from private collectors, a Thames or Mississippi of human spirit transfigured into printer's ink.

"I ain't fooling around here." Fred winks. "Don't forget, we have a tremendous mail-order business from independent buyers and libraries all over the world. I've forgotten what's in half these boxes we haven't unpacked yet."

The rare-books room (really three rooms) is ruled by a colossal Acme safe with its doors ajar.

"We bought it for $50 from the former tenants. It would have cost them hundreds to move it. A few weeks after we got this floor, two gunmen came in. *'Where's the stuff?'* I guess they thought we kept rare books in the safe."

I look into its depths. Only one book; I pull it closer. *Manhattan Telephone Directory 1976–77.*

"They left it?"

"Oh, we have a much more sophisticated security system for the real stuff. My God, I've got a buyer waiting for me, I'm late, I'm late." He introduces me. "See you downstairs. Every time I'm up here I see 10 million items that have to be rearranged. Well, a *million*, maybe."

Bill Stone, a lanky, intense blond, slumps over a typewriter. He prepares Strand mail-order catalogs, which have his own little tickles and fillips:

> WRIGHT, L.—Clockwork Man. Prof. illus. Not a technical history of horology but about everyday life of which the calendar and the clock have taken undue control. Packed with all manner of facts & figures, i.e. Time that Henry the VIII dined; Big Ben chimed 37 times at 1 A.M. on April Fool's Day, 1861, etc., etc.

Chris Coover runs the room, a cap sideways over his big schoolboy glasses. He shows me Boswell's *Life of Johnson* (first edition: 1791).

"These are the original boards," he says. "Only 1,750 sets were made. Nice. But I like this better." He opens a handsome blue box holding a stack of small blue magazines. "These are the original twenty parts in which Dickens serialized *Our Mutual Friend.* These are the original wrappers; $300."

"This is what I want," I say, pointing to the old Houghton Mifflin giant Andrew Wyeth book.

"That's $300."

"I'll wait."

"Well, this first edition of Pepys's *Memoirs and Correspondence* [1825] is one of twelve copies he had made up on special heavy paper for presentation to friends and patrons. It's only $600."

"It weighs it."

He shows me a two-volume facsimile of the Gutenberg Bible. "There are only 47 originals surviving and 300 facsimiles, so Gutenbergs are scarce. Every big library wants one. It's $5,000, but I don't get much out of it. Here's what I like. The nine volumes [1759–67] of *Tristram Shandy,* handled by Sterne himself. The first three volumes are signed—$1,250."

"Terrific."

"Here's a Picasso *Lysistrata* with his signature for $1,200."

"That would be nice."

I pull down the first American edition of Joyce's *Ulysses* (1934) in cream-colored cloth. "Hey! 'Ex Libris Carl Van Vechten.' I'll bet he hated to part with this."

"Fifty dollars."

"I already have one."

"How about these?" He shows me an ancient book with carved, solid-silver covers; then an illuminated incunabulum from 1473 ($2,000); and a book from 1629 with a thick red, blue, green, yellow, and white embroidered binding on red velvet with gold and silver wire and small sequins.

"Not for me."

"How about Froissart's *Chronicles* [1523–25]? Only $2,500."

But I'm looking through Jack Kerouac first editions. Suddenly, my head floats. "*Big Table,* number one [1959]! My gosh, this magazine has a short novel by Kerouac, *Old Angel Midnight,* that's never been printed in hardcovers or reprinted anywhere."

"It hasn't?"

My blood sings. Excerpts from *The Naked Lunch.* Two excerpts from Edward Dahlberg. He just died. Hm! How much?"

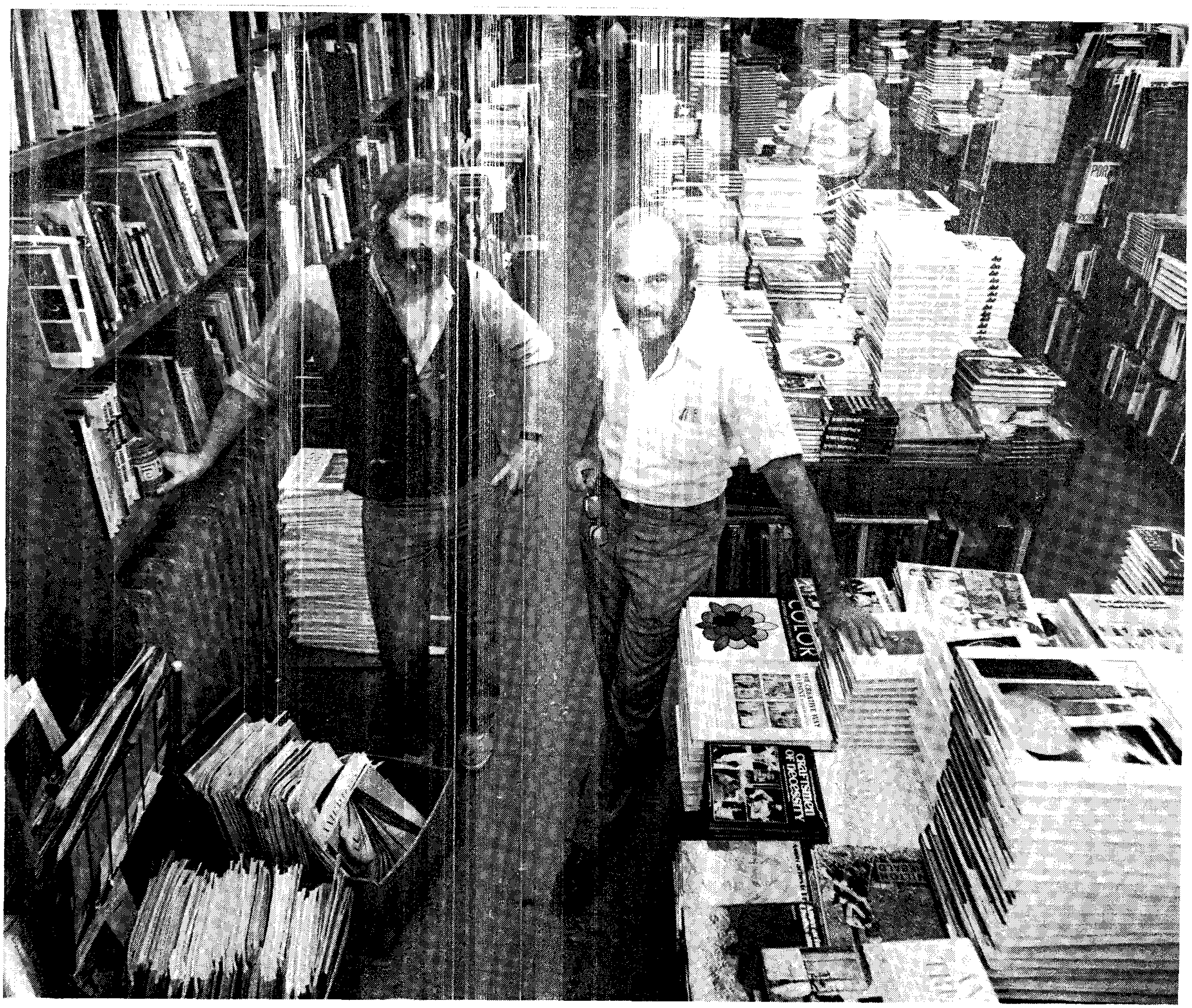
"It says . . . $6."

No, Hyde, don't. *"I'll take it!"*

And, reader, I did.

"You don't need me to show you the basement," Fred Bass says.

Indeed not. The big basement, among its many odd areas, holds the tucked-away corner where reviewers' copies are bought, and this service is handled by Burt Britton, who may know



Rulers of the realm: *Reviewers slink into the Strand to sell books to Burt Britton (left). Fred Bass, the manager, pays them off.*

more living writers than any man on earth. He recently published a book of writers' self-portraits, called *Self Portraits,* for which the publication party was held at the Strand. This party may have been the greatest gathering of writing talent ever seen in one place. Had Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, and Chekhov ever shared tea one afternoon, *that* would have been the greatest gathering. Proust and Joyce once attended a dinner together—but never hit it off. Britton's party, for sheer density of gifted writers, eclipsed all American literary social events I've ever heard of—a fine fact befitting the Strand.

And befitting Britton, whose personal book collection is not only astounding but quite likely, in its richness, worth the entire stock on the store's three floors, including the rare-book rooms. This makes Britton, as a book obsessive, the Hyde of Hydes, the Napoleon of Strand bibliomaniacs.

"It's a disease," he tells me, eyes and beard as gleaming as Rasputin's.

"I'm getting an echo."

"I recognize the fact. Do you realize that I now have to answer the phone in the bathroom? That the tub's *edge* is the only place left I have to sit? It's definitely out of hand. My only defense is that I collect only writers I love. Nobody boring, nothing critical, and I *detest* literary biography. That helps a lot in keeping the books down. Who has time for all this subsidiary print?"

"Why do you hate biographies?"

"They tell me lies! You couldn't write about your own dead grandmother with any authority—not her *mind,* man—so how you gonna write about a *genius's* mind? Lemme put it this way. Faulkner sits down and reads Blotner's biography of him, not that he *would,* mind you—to Faulkner that would be an act of self-loathing in the extreme—but just for argument, say he *does* read Blotner (although I can't even imagine it except for punishment, say in hell)—do you think he would recognize himself? *'No, no, no!'* he'd cry about every page. *'That's not me!'* I'm not saying anything about Blotner's *writing* itself, you see, just about the page's content. Its absolutely impossible for a guy 60 years later to write a page about what *you* were thinking *half a century ago! It's ridiculous!* That's why I only read the stuff itself, not the commentaries. I don't care what others think; I want what the writer thinks. For me, the rest is waste. Now, how may I serve you?"

"How do you feel when you trudge out of the Strand's lower mines with two bags of books, like haunches of beef, and ride homeward in the subway undergloom, and your wife greets you, coming down the hall with your two sacks like Willy Loman—how do you feel?"

"Wouldn't you rather know how *she* feels?" ■

Photographed by Charles Wiesehahn

The Landlubber's Guide To City Island

By Barney Cohen

"...If you're standing in Columbus Circle, you're less than 30 minutes by car from this world of shipbuilders and sailors..."

I approach the City Island Bridge by car. It is early morning. The weekend sailors, sleep still in their eyes, are tightening halyards, unfolding sails, bailing out hulls. The sun glares through the nearly opaque wall of the early-morning mist. The sailors squint. In an hour the mist will begin to lift slowly, in layers, the way the darkening patina is lifted in thin layers from an old painting. The seascape, the Throgs Neck Bridge, the islands in the Sound will become etched in increasingly clear relief until, at noon or so, the visibility will seem limitless.

I have come this way before. Past the houses crowded one on the other, their backs against the water. Past the mothers and daughters setting up for the day at the pocket-size beaches at the end of nearly every street. Past the tiny crafts shops and the huge restaurants, the antiques shops, the bars. Past the marinas and boatyards proclaiming their services on signs decrepit and weathered enough to prove the years of faithful service these yards have rendered the sailor.

On City Island Avenue, just off the bridge, three fishermen wearing hats made of beer-can labels walk languorously toward the pier at the south end, jabbering animatedly in Spanish. A man with a stubby cigar is unlocking the City Island Ice Cream Parlor. The three fishermen wave to him; he takes the cigar out of his mouth and watches them go by. He doesn't wave back. The fishermen move on. Even at their leisurely pace, they will reach the south-end pier in about fifteen minutes, having walked the entire length of the island.

A year ago, when I first crossed the rickety old bridge that links the island to mainland Bronx—some 200 yards away across the narrow end of Eastchester Bay—I couldn't believe my eyes. It was as though someone had plunked a proletarian Nantucket right down in the middle of New York City. One main drag, four side streets, a few dozen cross streets. Fifteen hundred homes, none more than 100 paces from the nearest beach or boat mooring.

Unlikely, but true: If you are standing in Columbus Circle, you are less than 30 minutes by car from this world of shipbuilders and sailors; two Transit Authority fares from an island where cans of worms go for a dollar a dozen in the vending machines. You get there by taking the IRT 2 train to Pelham Parkway, the IND A train to 207th Street, or—from the East Side—the IRT 6 train to the end of the line. All connect to the BX12 City Island bus, which will take you right down the center of the island. Travel time is an hour to an hour and a half. The route, by New York City public-transit standards, is relatively clean and generally uncrowded. Or you can drive. The City Island Bridge is only a two-minute stretch from the City Island–Orchard Beach exit of the New England Thruway. Driving time from the 79th Street entrance of the West Side Highway: nineteen minutes.

This 230-acre, whale-shaped island is a hodgepodge of houses: At the north end, and around the perimeter, $90,000 and $100,000 Victorians crowd one upon the other, nudged by an occasional 100-year-old farmhouse, small Tudor, or stucco Mediterranean. It's a tiny rimworld of porches, porticoes, turrets, and dormers, of well-maintained, tight houses facing their neighbors across the street, their backs to the water.

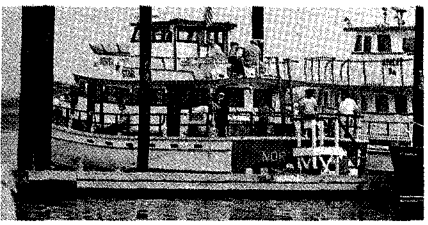
A block off the beach, Victorians give way to split-levels, attached houses, Cape Cods, and "handyman specials" that over the years have been modified and reconstructed to the point of unrecognizability. This is Nantucket with a big dash of sleaze, a weathered, lived-in, real-people look. Real *sea* people.

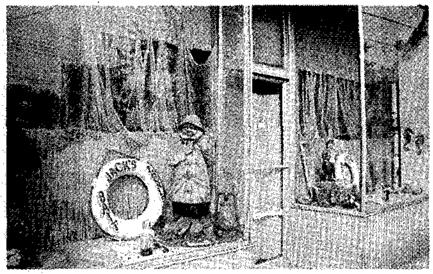
There *is* one "Luxury Hi-Rise," the Pickwick Terrace, at 30 Pilot Street, a six-story brick-front where apartment rents run from $200 for a studio to $425 for a two-bedroom and the current waiting list is a mile long. Living space is at a premium. Down in the island's heart, between the tiny crafts village in the center and the yacht clubs to the south, an enterprising homeowner refurbished an old chicken coop into a living room, kitchenette, and postage-stamp bedroom. It rented in 24 hours.

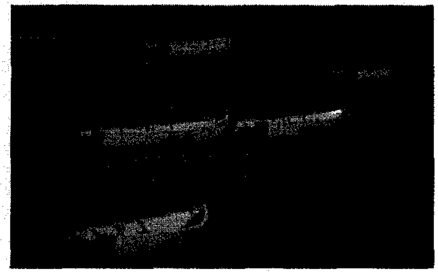
Still, chicken coops are the exception rather than the rule on City Island.

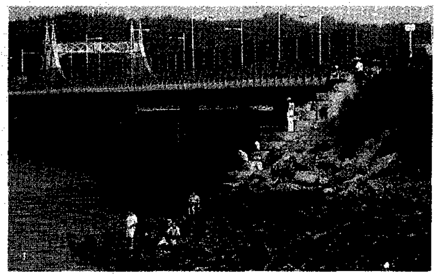
Barney Cohen is the author of Coliseum *(Dell),* Night of the Toy Dragons *(Berkley), and several screenplays.*

Photographed by Matthew Klein

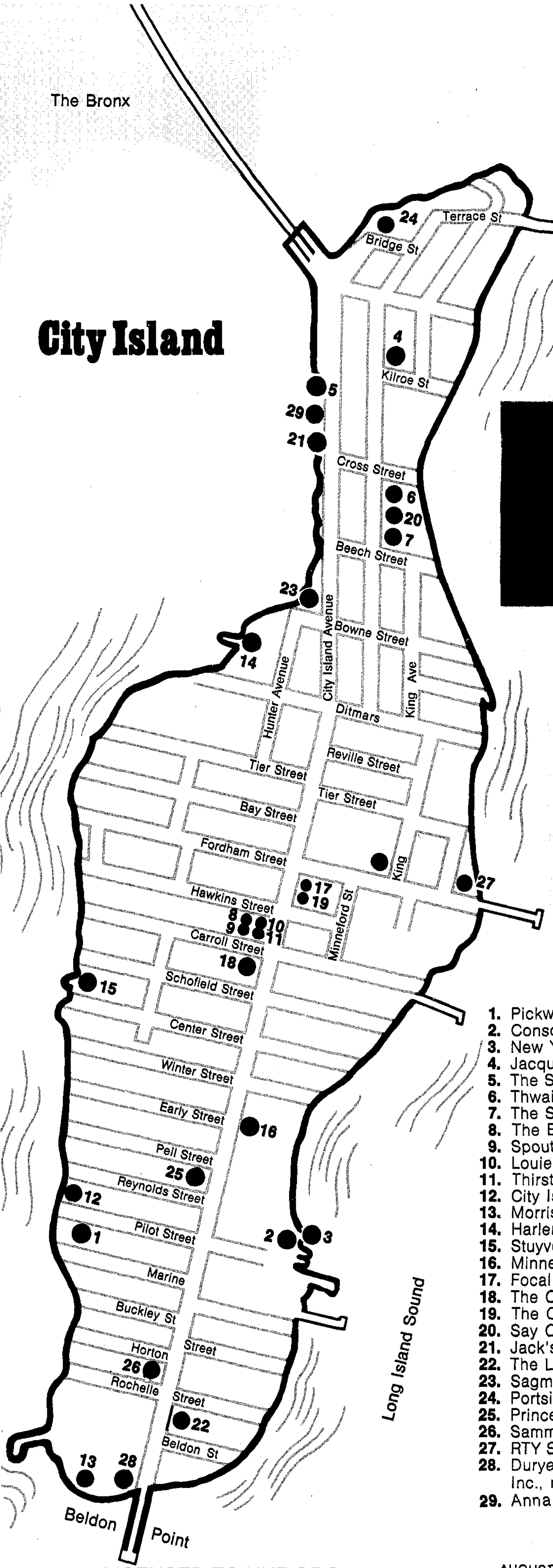


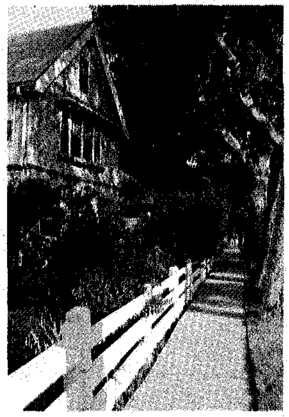






City Island


The Bronx
24
Terrace St
Bridge St
4
Kilroe St
5
29
21
Cross Street
6
20
7
Beech Street
23
City Island Avenue
Bowne Street
14
Hunter Avenue
King Ave
Ditmars
Reville Street
Tier Street
Tier Street
Bay Street
Fordham Street
King
27
17
19
Hawkins Street
8
9
10
11
Minneford St
Carroll Street
18
15
Schofield Street
Center Street
Winter Street
Early Street
16
Peil Street
25
Reynolds Street
12
Pilot Street
1
2
3
Marine
Street
Buckley St
Horton
26
Rochelle
Street
22
Beldon St
13
28
Long Island Sound
Beldon Point



1. Pickwick Terrace Apartments
2. Consolidated Yachts, Inc.
3. New York Sailing School
4. Jacqueline Kyle Kall, real estate
5. The Seashore restaurant
6. Thwaites Inn restaurant
7. The Ship's Galley restaurant
8. The Black Whale coffee shop
9. Spouters Inn restaurant
10. Louie the Clip's barber shop
11. Thirsty Boots leathercraft shop
12. City Island Yacht Club
13. Morris Yacht & Beach Club, Inc.
14. Harlem Yacht Club
15. Stuyvesant Yacht Club
16. Minneford Yacht Yard & Marina
17. Focal Point Art Gallery
18. The Club bar
19. The Captain's Den bar
20. Say Cheese restaurant
21. Jack's Bait & Tackle
22. The Lobster Box restaurant
23. Sagman's Marine, Inc., marina
24. Portside Marina
25. Princehouse Yacht Brokerage*
26. Sammy's Fish Box restaurant
27. RTY Sailboat Rentals
28. Duryea's-on-Long Island Sound, Inc., restaurant
29. Anna's Harbor restaurant

Map by Richard Jackson

The rule is minuscule houses with tiny plots, white picket fences, fire hydrants that seem to grow straight up out of the grassy embankments, and cement swans, elves, and "colored" jockeys (most of them recently painted a rough approximation of Caucasian), holding out their lanterns to the visitor. And nestled among them, here and there, wherever they fit, are the bungalows —tiny, some no bigger than your living room, squat, some winterized, some suited to summer living only.

City Island has weathered a storm or two. In the twenties and thirties, J. P. Morgan tied up his 304-foot *Corsair* off the Minneford Yacht Yard, not far from Barbara Hutton's 40-man-crew *Migrant*. By the forties and fifties, though, the yachts were gone. The island turned into a fisherman/fireman/cop/bait-shop/fast-food suburb. Then it turned again. By 1970, islanders' median family income—$12,768—was not too much below that of residents of Westchester County, the island's affluent neighbor (their median family income was $13,784). Between 1960 and 1970, islanders' median age went down 3.3 years, to 32.9. Now many of the firemen and cops have fled. In their place are the new islanders—the psychiatrists, doctors, and nurses from nearby Jacobi Medical Center, the head veterinarian at the Bronx Zoo, a baritone with the Met, a judge, a P.R. man for the New School, and assorted artists and craftsmen. The "clam-diggers" —people born on the island—will always consider them newcomers. Always.

There is a solid bedrock on City Island, a family tradition. And a stable population: Over half the island's residents have lived here more than eleven years. And they are of a type: nautical. When figures were last gathered, in 1973, 53 percent of the 889 people working on City Island worked in the boating industry. And 27 percent of the 4,500 people who lived on the island worked on the island. They are a tight group.

In the past two years, only six "off-islanders" have bought houses here. That's the local term—"off-islanders" —as in "nameless." But off-islanders are discovering the place in increasingly large numbers. There's *already* no room at Pickwick Terrace. Who knows, even the chicken coops may run out. A couple of weeks ago, I asked Jackie Kyle Kall about my own prospects for moving onto the island. Ms. Kall is a real-estate agent. ("*The* real-estate agent," she corrected me. "I handle everything that moves on this island.") She showed me a list of available island rentals—a three- or four-bedroom house, for example, will rent for up to

Boating off the Island

City Island is a working-sailor's island. The craft shops and restaurants are there for the tourists, who drive through bumper to bumper on a summer Sunday, but the rest of the island is "natural" and "real"—a mixture of houses and no-nonsense boatyards, marinas, and sailmaking and boating-supplies businesses. There is no central tourist agency.

If you want to crew a boat, head for the sailing schools and the yacht clubs. Most will let you post a notice on their bulletin boards advertising your talents and availability. The marinas, less well organized than the schools or the clubs, will also let you post, but it will do you less good.

There are dozens of sailboat races in and around City Island. They're not prestige races, but many feature the same boats and crews that enter the big races. The Eastchester Bay Racing Association holds races every Sunday night: big boats, far out, sometimes difficult to see. Watch from any east-side pier or beach. The New York Sailing School has "weeknight racing" for graduates and staff—in fact, anyone who qualifies—Wednesday nights at 6:15. The boats are small and they sail close in; they're lots of fun to watch. The best vantage point is the school's pier at the Consolidated boatyard, 157 Pilot Street.

For island happenings—picnics, crafts fairs, backyard sales—you'll find some listings in the monthly newspaper, the *Island Current.* Pick it up for 50 cents at the Ship's Galley, 522 City Island Avenue, next to Thwaites. Or call Isabelle Egdorf (885-0848), vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce —she'll know what's going on, and where.

Sailboat Rentals

RTY Sailboat Rentals, 225 Fordham Street (864-8000 or 885-0448), has a fleet of daysailers. A Rhodes 19 rents for $25 a half day or $45 a day weekdays, or $35 a half day and $60 a day weekends. For a Pearson Resolute, 22 feet long, you'll pay $10 more. There are also boats available for week-long cruises; the largest, a Hunter 30 that will comfortably sleep four, charters for $550 a week, or $350 a weekend. The sailing schools will rent sailboats to their graduates at bargain rates (27-foot Solings cost $30 weekdays, $40 weekends, at **Offshore** and **New York** sailing schools—addresses below). Non-sailing-school graduates can rent these Solings for $45 weekdays or $65 weekends at NYSS. Also try **Sagman's Marine, Inc.,** 435 City Island Avenue (TT 5-1000), which rents sailboats. And a few yacht brokerage firms that deal in used boats will charter, says Heber Princehouse of **Princehouse Yacht Sales,** 140 City Island Avenue (885-2445). Expect to pay $350 for a 30-foot sailboat for a weekend. (If you want power, the same price will fetch a 30-foot cabin cruiser with captain.) You will need to write a separate check as a security deposit.

Fishing Boats

Several fishing boats sail daily out of City Island. The **North Star** is a 65-foot Stevens twin diesel that leaves every morning from Jack's Bait & Tackle, 551 City Island Avenue (822-0945), heading for Smithtown and Oyster Bay. Joe Namath once caught a mess of bluefish on this boat. Rates for an adult are $11 for the day (the boat comes back about 4:30 P.M.); for a child, $5.50. No reservations; first come, first served.

The **Apache** leaves at 9 A.M. from Jack's Bait & Tackle (885-0843) and returns at 5:30 P.M. Rates are similar to the *North Star*'s. This 65-foot Gilligan twin diesel attracts a young crowd—mostly couples, some children. Many bring lunch, some eat hamburgers and hot dogs in the ship's galley. At night the *Apache,* which can accommodate 80, turns into a moonlight cruiser. For $500 you rent the boat, do your own cooking, and bring your own beer.

The **Ebb Tide** (933-8929) leaves at 8 A.M. from the pier in front of the Seashore restaurant, 591 City Island Avenue, to fish Long Island Sound; it returns at 4:30 or so. Rates are $11 for adults, $6 for children; first come, first served. The boat holds 85 fisherpeople.

You should also check small marinas like **Barney's,** in the north end between the Seashore and Anna's Harbor restaurants, which often have powerboats of varying size and price to charter for fishing.

$1,000 a month. "People double up," she told me. She pointed to a spot on a map where four medical residents were living, where a lawyer shared a place with a sculptor and a baritone-sax player. Then she pulled out the island's mimeographed business directory. It contained the numbers of five churches, one synagogue, 32 bars, taverns and restaurants, over 40 boating-related businesses, an Avon lady (she has recently retired to Florida—this list is two years old), a movie theater, one barbershop (no phone listing), an ice cream parlor, several fraternal organizations, a half dozen fishing charters, and, so help me, the emergency numbers of the FBI and the U.S. Secret Service.

I asked her where I could find a true clam-digger, someone who could tell me about life on the island. Well as she knows the place, she didn't know a clam-digger, but she put me onto someone who did. He told me to call Wesley Rodstrom, who owns the Consolidated Yachts yard ("That," Rodstrom says, "means I sweep up and do everything"). Born 49 years ago in a brick-front at 196 Horton Street, he went to P.S. 17 on the island, was graduated from Iona College, and spent six years in the insurance business. "Then," he says, "I got smart and bought a boatyard." He remembers a very tight-knit familiar island. "When I was a kid, when you were on a bus at night and the bus driver didn't know someone, he put him off. Now, nobody knows anybody."

But, though he was born off-island (in Boston), Al Larsen has even longer memories of the old days on City Island. I found him at Duryea's-on-Long Island Sound, a large, open-air beer-fries-and-lobster place at the south end.

Tall, angular, bony, Larsen, 76, sat at a round metal table on the patio, lighting a cigarette from another cigarette, his gaze wandering across the street and focusing on something I couldn't see. The past.

"Fifty years ago, that parking lot was just a grassy old hill with a sea wall," he told me.

Larsen spent half a century as a harbor pilot ("the sailor who goes to sea in a suit," he calls it), skippering boats through the tricky New York Harbor waters, past the submerged rocks and shifting sandbars, avoiding the latest sunken wrecks. He piloted the biggies: the *Queen of Bermuda*, the *Saratoga* (with FDR aboard). And while he wasn't working, he was living the family life. Larsen married Norma Duryea, whose family goes far enough back to have once owned most of the south end, including what is now the Lobster Box restaurant.

Sailing Schools

Stephen Colgate, who writes a monthly column for *Sail* magazine, runs the **Offshore Sailing School,** 820 Second Avenue at 44th Street (986-4570). Colgate's column concentrates on beginners, and so does his school. Offshore's 27-foot Olympic-class Solings carry four students and one instructor. These boats are fast, maneuverable, and contain enough paraphernalia to give one the feel of real sailing, and yet not enough to confuse the beginner; they are also keel-heavy, which means that they are, theoretically, impossible to capsize. After about an hour of lectures and films at Offshore's classroom in the Ratsey & Lapham, Sailmakers, building on City Island's Schofield Street, students take out the boats. The course given on three consecutive weekend days, 11 A.M. to 6 P.M, costs $149; that given on four consecutive Fridays, 9 A.M. to 1 P.M., costs $129; the Monday-through-Thursday-afternoon course, 1 P.M. to 6 P.M., costs $139. Two or more students enrolling together can deduct 5 percent from the price. There are also advanced racing classes, club charters, and Saturday and Sunday cruises.

I learned to sail at the **New York Sailing School,** which operates from the Consolidated Yachts yard, 157 Pilot Street, City Island (864-4472); the mailing address is 340 Riverside Drive, 10025. In two days I was single-handling a 27-foot Olympic-class Soling. The instructor-to-student ratio is the same as Offshore's, and most of the time is spent on the water. I took the five-consecutive-Sundays course (also available on five consecutive Saturdays), held from 9 A.M. to 1 P.M. or 1:30 to 5:30 P.M.; it cost me $149. There's a weekend-and-a-half course (Saturday 11 A.M. to 6:15 P.M.; Sunday, same hours; the next Saturday, same hours) for $149; a Monday-through-Friday course, held 11 A.M. to 5 P.M., for $159; and a special holiday-weekend course (three days) 9 A.M. to 4:30 P.M. or 11:30 A.M. to 7 P.M., for $119. (The prices drop if two or more students enroll together.) But this school really excels in the advanced courses. Linda Kunz, my instructor in the basic racing course ($139), succeeded in giving me—and all the rest of the class—a ravaging case of racing fever. There are cruising and Masters II courses, and school races every week.

The basic sailing course at **RTY Sailboat Rentals** (address opposite) takes fifteen hours (one three-hour session on each of five consecutive days, for $145). Courses are given in Rhodes 19s, four students to one instructor. If by unlikely chance you should come out of the course a landlubber, co-owner Tom Brennan vows, RTY will continue teaching you until you're a sailor. The school also gives courses—in the Bahamas—in handling large boats and charters.

Sagman's Sailing School, 435 City Island Avenue (TT 5-1000), holds beginners' and intermediate courses in nineteen-foot Rhodes daysailers, four students to one instructor, for $150 per fifteen-hour course. The courses are held over three days; so are the advanced courses, same price, held in 23-foot Solings.

Yacht Clubs

The **City Island Yacht Club,** at 63 Pilot Street (885-9827), has a tiny beach, a tiny bar, a tiny boatyard, a huge dining room, and, like nearly all yacht clubs worth their sea salt, reciprocal visiting privileges at other clubs when you cruise. There are three main types of membership: active (for boat owners), social (for boat watchers), and intermediate (for boat owners under 25 years of age).

The **Morris Yacht and Beach Club,** at 1 City Island Avenue (885-9814), is a bit more expensive, more exclusive, and more clubby. You have to be recommended by a member.

The **Harlem Yacht Club,** 417 Hunter Avenue (885-9809), has no beach. But what it does have, in addition to the bar and the restaurant and the clubroom, is something called a sponsorship program whereby a new member, especially a member new to City Island or with a new boat, gets an older member of the club as a sponsor, who shows him where to go, what to do, and how to get things done for himself. Membership categories are similar to CIYC's, and charges range from $100 a year to $400 a year.

The **Stuyvesant Yacht Club,** 10 Centre Street (885-9840), whose rates run from $150 to $600 per year, has a restaurant with twelve long family-style tables, a small bar, a clubhouse, and a "summerhouse," a sort of second clubhouse built gazebo-style on pilings out over the water. A great place to watch the boats go by. **—B.C.**

> "...This island is Nantucket with a big dash of sleaze, a weathered, lived-in, real-people look. Real *sea* people..."

"It was so slow," Larsen said.

"What? Family life?"

"Everything! You know, we didn't have plane travel back then. No SST. Yeah, you had to take the trains. Do you know how early you had to leave the island to catch a two o'clock train in Penn Station? Ten o'clock."

He lit another cigarette. "Fifty years ago, when the seawall was here, all the women would be up there doing everybody's wash, cutting flowers, making gardens, and the pilots would wait at the wall, smoking and drinking usually, and wait [to spot the ships on the horizon]." Larsen looked up at his wife, who was organizing things behind Duryea's counter. "That's real women I'm talking about. And real men. We knew the difference then," he said.

I asked him if the island has changed much. No, he said. The newcomers are not sailors like the old-timers; they see City Island as a charming, close-in suburb. "But still, it's the water that brings them. They don't swim and they don't sail, but they want to be by the water. The sea is . . ." He fumbled for a word, and I offered *fundamental.*

"That'll do," he said.

Clam-diggers take very little part in the infighting on the island between the group that wants more commercial expansion and the isolationists who, in their hearts, would like to tear the damn City Island Bridge down and go back to a slow ferry. Larsen doesn't care one way or another whether restaurant owner Bob Borchers restores the huge, onetime Hudson River Dayliner *Keansburg* into a three-tiered nightclub cum disco cum fashionable restaurant. (The isolationists care a lot.) I asked him about the "City Island renaissance" that the small crafts shops and artists' groups exult about. He snorted: "City Island is City Island. It'll get better when people get better."

He looked up at the parking lot where the seawall used to be and the stiffness left him for a moment. "We knew our place," he said. "We were against things, but we didn't burn them down. We didn't let people take care of us. When a ship came in we didn't fight for who would get the job. We had an order and we stuck by it. We did it ourselves. No bosses. No unions. No . . ." He let the thought trail off.

This is boating country. Every bit of spare land is crowded by a hull in dry dock. Moorings dot the coastal waters in a wide band around the island.

There are four yacht clubs on City Island. Henry Sayers is a life member of two of them: the City Island and the Morris clubs. He is in his sixties, very Waspy in his narrow rep tie, gray trousers, thin gray cashmere sweater. He has a soft way of talking that commands attention.

"I'm no clam-digger," he told me a bit wistfully as we sat in his office at the Minneford Yacht Yard. "I lived on the island 66 years, but I wasn't *born* on it."

"I've been around the island for a year," I said, "and I've only just met some real natives. They keep to themselves."

Sayers nodded and smiled. "If you want to find a clam-digger, just look for somebody who, whenever he opens his mouth, quavers, 'Why, when I was younger. . . .' "

Up on the office wall behind him were pictures of racing yachts—dozens of them. Minneford looks like an ordinary boatyard—like the dozens of yards that crowd hip by elbow on the

Dining and Drinking on the Island

Restaurants

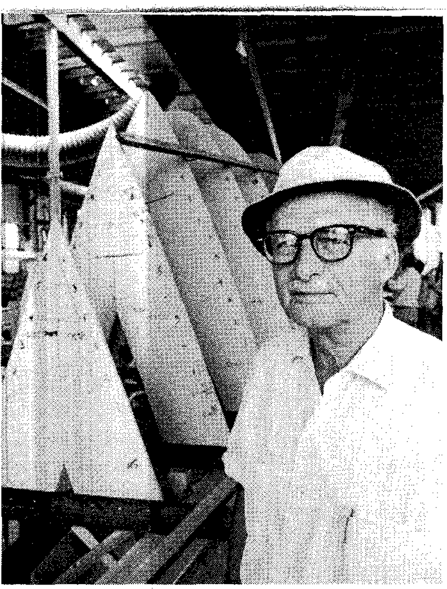
Thwaites, 536 City Island Avenue (885-1023). This rambling, warm yet spacious, century-old place on the northwestern side, across City Island Avenue from the water, is the best-known restaurant on the island. Its four rooms are cluttered with old pictures, articles about the island, nautical paintings, gadgets and gewgaws that used to be on boats. Bob Borchers, who runs the place with the swagger and arrogance of a sea captain—which he isn't—has just opened a disco room; the look is very thirties. The fare here is, of course, fish and lobster; the drinks and desserts are huge. Open Monday through Thursday noon to 10 P.M., Friday and Saturday noon to 11 P.M., Sunday 1 P.M. to 10 P.M.; Friday and Saturday, the disco goes later. Dinner entrées range from $6.25 to $12.75. American Express (AE), Carte Blanche (CB), Diners Club (DC), Master Charge (MC), and Visa (V) are honored.

Spouters Inn, 273 City Island Avenue (885-9743). This islander hangout in the crafts village is my favorite spot on City Island. The crowd is arty. The décor: flowers and stained-glass windows in the front and back rooms; there's a well-planted dining garden open in the summer. There's herb-baked chicken and fillet of flounder with wine sauce, and such, but Spouters specializes in homemade soups, pies, and cakes; there's a great hot-apple sundae and co-owner John Ross's own special apple pie. Open Tuesday through Sunday 10:30 A.M. to 10 P.M. Dinner entrées range from $3.95 to $6.25. No credit cards.

The Lobster Box, 34 City Island Avenue (885-1952). Lobster 25 ways, and good finned fare. The cavernous place near the southern tip of the island has a tiny U-shaped bar where no one does any serious drinking and a piano corner where no one does any regular playing. A mature, well-dressed crowd does its eating here. Several of the tables have wonderful views of the Sound. Open daily noon to 11 P.M. Entrées range from $6.95 to $15.50. AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Sammy's Fish Box, 41 City Island Avenue (885-0920). At this airy, spacious place off the water on the southeastern tip of the island, a family crowd comes for the Maine lobsters and big fish dinners at reasonable prices. The décor: nautical scenes rendered in stained glass. The bar was rescued from an old Great Lakes barge. Open daily 11 A.M. to 1 A.M. Entrées range from $4.95 to $9.95. AE, MC, V.

Anna's Harbor Restaurant, 565 City Island Avenue (885-1373), has a huge, awninged "marina room" right over the water on the northwestern tip of the island. There's one long, divided room—booths to the right, tables to the left; wood timbers everywhere; gas lamps; a "nautical" bar facing City Island Avenue; and very fresh fish. The Crystal Blue band plays disco music



Champion boat builder: *Henry Sayers, president of the Minneford Yacht Yard.*

island—but it isn't. Among the memorabilia on the wall are photographs of the Minneford-built twelve-meter racing yachts *Intrepid, Constellation,* and *Courageous*, each a victorious defender of the America's Cup.

"We've built every cup defender since 1964," Sayers told me quietly. (This year's contenders from Minneford are the *Enterprise,* the newest, a 67-foot aluminum sloop completed last December; the *Courageous,* a twelve-meter aluminum sloop built in 1974 and now refitted for another run at the cup; and the *Independence,* another 67-footer built last year.)

The Minneford yard opened in 1926. "It was a sawmill then," Sayers said, "but a couple of fellows working here were interested in speedboats, and they invented this system for hauling them up out of the water." He leaned back, and in his slow, offhand way, outlined in detail the workings of a complex pulley-and-track system. A system that had quietly set the boatyard business on its ear.

"So we became a boatyard," he continued. "I drove the tractor that cleared the land."

"What happened to the sawmill?"

"Closed it in '26."

The marina came later. "After the war," Henry Sayers said, "a lot of the old-timers had moved on. Some to the cemetery. The new breed had become used to automation. They didn't want to 'anchor out' and row, row back and forth. They all wanted step-ashore service. We built the marina."

"As long as we're not engulfed by the city," Sayers said, "we've got a bright future." I asked him about the new crafts village beginning to dominate the middle of the island. "I like the idea," he said. "People that work with their hands . . . build things . . . all of which can't help but be good for us."

He looked at his watch. He had to leave for a meeting with Ted Turner, the owner of the Atlanta Braves. Turner, a world-class yachtsman, skippered the *Courageous* in last week's America's Cup qualification trials.

We said good-bye. In the middle of the Minneford yard. I stopped to watch a keel being carefully transported to a large white building; inside, an aluminum leviathan was being put together. History.

In approximately the middle of the island, the houses and launderettes and bait shops give way to the little crafts village Henry Sayers spoke about: plant shops, pottery shops, leatherworkers, woodcrafters, art galleries. And among them, the ancient, telephoneless barbershop called Louis the Clip's.

Tony Calta, the Spouters Inn regular, a big and bearded man of 28, hailed me from the doorway of his leather shop, Thirsty Boots, at 269 City Island Avenue. Calta handcrafts belts, bags, hats, and whatnot from "top-rated hides." "I'll custom-make anything," he says, "and guarantee it for life." He is excited about what Al Larsen wasn't sure was really happening: the island's renaissance. The comeback. The flowering. Calta dates the renaissance from the start of the crafts-village movement in the early seventies. Bob Borchers dates it from 1957, when he restored Thwaites restaurant. "Comeback?" says Jackie Kall. "Hell, we've never been away."

Still, she'll admit there's been a

for dancing Friday and Saturday nights. Open daily 11 A.M. to 3 P.M. Dinner entrées are $5.95 to $16.95. AE.

The Seashore, 591 City Island Avenue (885-0300), is a big labyrinthine place—square rooms, long rooms, connecting rooms, and, now, a marina room—at the edge of the bay, across the street from Thwaites. The well-dressed crowd includes serious seafood eaters, but they must machete their way through the relentless décor—hanging skiffs, stuffed fish, hemp, and all that—for the good lobster and fish, the City Island drinks (piña colada and fresh fruit), and a surprising shrimp-coconut-tomato-orange-lettuce salad. There's a new outdoor room on the marina, replete with thatched huts. Open daily noon to 3 P.M. for lunch, 3 P.M. to midnight for dinner. Dinner entrées range from $7.95 to $9.95. AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Coffee and Drinks

The Club, 259 City Island Avenue (885-9836), is open Monday through Saturday 8 A.M. to about 3 A.M.; Sunday it opens at noon. A temple to "Bud," the king of beers. The décor is black vinyl and red plastic; in a side room off the bar, there's a pinball machine and a bowling game. The crowd is clam-digger and old salt. At night, a young-twenties crowd—working class—takes over. The Club used to be posh; it's a relic now. "See the bandstand over there?" owner Pat Reville says mournfully. "We used to have a dance band. This joint was packed every night. You couldn't get in here." Now you can. It's worth a visit, if only to hear Dennis Day on the jukebox.

The Black Whale, 279 City Island Avenue (885-9868), is open Thursday and Sunday 8:30 A.M. to 11:30 P.M., Friday and Saturday to 12:45 A.M. (summer schedule). A small, smoky coffeehouse with Tiffany-type lamps and a player piano and a barber pole and that sort of thing. Fair food, cappuccino, impromptu entertainment, antiques you can bargain for. The people, artsy and attractive, are in their twenties and thirties. This is the first place on the island to go looking for someone interested in Ingmar Bergman and sex (not necessarily in that order). The pretty little backyard (open when it's warm) speeds meetings along.

Say Cheese, 530 City Island Avenue (885-0745), open daily 7 P.M. to 1 A.M. The ambience is something like the Black Whale's, but this is a newer place, with a wine card and more and better things to eat. The crowd here is more polished, older; the kind of people who take Ingmar Bergman, and cheese, a little too seriously. The menu lists 45 cheeses. This is a small place, laid out on different levels, so its hard to move about and make connections.

The Captain's Den, 288 City Island Avenue (885-9804). For serious drinkers. A fifties bar, unrestored, unreconstructed, unpretentious; the real thing. An islander hangout. The patrons (in their twenties and thirties) dress as if they wish they were ten years younger, but the men are still muscled and the women look "tough." At the pool table in the back, there are usually two men playing and four women watching. **—B.C.**

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gradual return to elegance, class, money. For Borchers the renaissance is the rise of entertainment, nightlife, music, tourism. For Tony Calta it is candles and leather and wood and "good feeling." "Like Sausalito," he says. "A really *fine* place."

He sent me across the street to the Focal Point Gallery, Ron Terner, proprietor. "Ask him to show you his book," Calta said.

Terner is a year or two younger than Tony Calta, smaller, thinner, showing the strain of trying to make a go of it in a tough business in an out-of-the-way place. He has a truck and does light hauling to make the rent. It was 8:30 in the evening now, and he had just opened up his shop. His eyes were still red with sleep. On his desk were two bottles: one Windex, one Cuervo tequila. On the walls were photos (mostly by Terner) and paintings (mostly by Terner's friends) of things nautical. He handed me what I'd come for—the book of photos he'd put together in his three years on the island. It was called *City Island*. The first twenty pages or so were clam-diggers. Portraits and candids, but all of a type. *More* than of a type. Not just the uniform—the battered old cap, the Windbreaker, the beer can. These men and women were of a *face*. All inbred, duplicated and reduplicated. Broad foreheads, shallow eye sockets, pointy, jutting jaws, eyes that seemed to be looking far away. Even the long hair and zippy clothes of the kids could not hide that face.

"This island looks like Greenwich Village must've looked 30 years ago," said the artist, yawning.

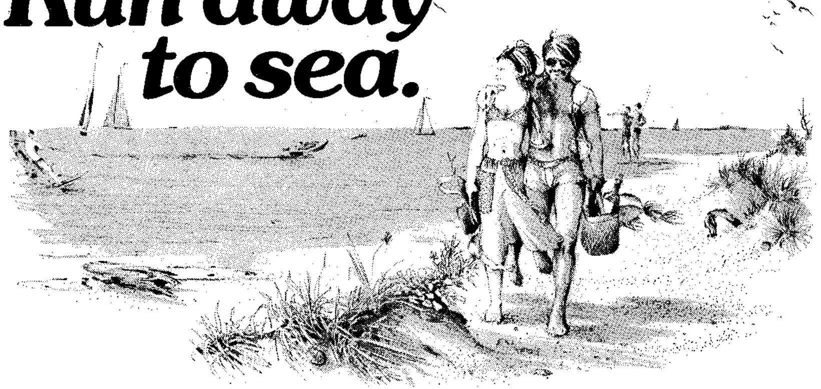
But it really isn't like Greenwich Village, then or now. Or like Sausalito. It is like City Island.

There was a salty chill in the night air. Kids were hanging out at the pizza parlor, drinking beer out of cans in paper bags. Some had the face, some didn't. They all looked menacing, but nobody bothered me.

There was laughter and loud music coming from the Captain's Den bar and grill. Cars were lining up at Thwaites and the Seashore. On the sidewalk I ran into Louis the Clip standing in front of his empty barbershop. He was old in that happy way the mind's eye conjures up for the word *grandpa*.

"You the writer?" he said as I approached. I introduced myself. He ran inside and brought out a postcard to show me. It had come to him from Greece. All the Postal Service had needed to get the card to him was the scribbled address: "Louis the Clip, City Island, USA." ■

Run away to sea.



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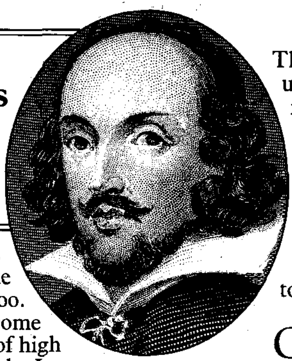

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FOR EACH MAN KILNS THE THING HE LOVES

> "...Master potters have taken root in American universities; kilns are becoming as important as shoulder pads among the Big Ten..."

Artists, craftsmen, and poets are tossed in an ingenious salad of an exhibition, enigmatically titled **The Object as Poet**, at the Museum of Contemporary Crafts (through 9/25).

Artists have been trying to keep their hems clear of craftsmen since the Renaissance, when "advanced" painters and sculptors broke with medieval traditions and guild restrictions. Artists in Florence, for example, by the year 1500 weren't interested in great-grandfather's masterwork or his tightly guarded secret recipe for furniture polish. They didn't want to toil anonymously for an honest day's pay. Proudly they signed their names on works and hoped to become famous, rich, accepted at court. Craftsmen doted on techniques; they clung to their duties and privileges in a homogeneous society. Artists were irritated by techniques; they wanted to expand—sometimes explode—them. They insisted on a professional status, equivalent to a judge's or a general's, and emphasized the intellectual basis of their methods.

For centuries, the split between the two was carefully tended. There was a bit of drifting back and forth, of course; in art, as in all human enterprises, there are no absolutes. Certain painters took a perverse delight in the charms of craftsmanship—you think of Picasso's dishes, jewels by Dali, Alberto Giacometti's chandeliers. And certain craftsmen raised the intensity of their vision to the highest levels of art—you think in particular of William Blake, whose visions did, in fact, produce "the object as poet." Or of William Morris or of Charles Rennie Mackintosh. On the whole, however, decorum was maintained. Each hoed his own row. Picasso ordered his dishes from specialist potters: He didn't dirty his hands, just as Claes Oldenburg has his titanic ideas fabricated in a plant in Connecticut and Saul Steinberg orders rugs from a cottage industry in India (both Steinberg and Oldenburg are in the Crafts Museum's show).

Recently, however, distinctions have become fuzzy. Possibly we are caught in the middle of a sociological upheaval, of a massive return to medieval concepts and states of mind, as I suggested some time ago in a text called *Vinyl Gothic.* It compared the vertical silhouette of Houston, Texas, with that of Chartres; the then flowering hippie scene with the Children's Crusades. Superstitions and crypto-mystical fads are as popular now as they were in the twelfth century. There is also a revival of faith in higher authorities, in the magic of secrets and hierarchies. And, in America, there is a nationwide, still-growing enthusiasm for handicrafts—for pottery, weaving, glassblowing, carpentry, and all the other Stone Age exercises perfected by the burghers of Carcassonne and the hunters of Lascaux.

My friend Rose Slivka, editor of *Craft Horizons* magazine—a close collateral cousin of the Museum of Contemporary Crafts—has been presiding with ill-concealed pleasure at the breakup of High Art sanctions and their infiltration with craftsman's lore and by what she calls (with a straight face) "the modern shaman." She's organized the exhibition to make the most of a cheerfully eclectic period in which everybody is aware of everything. She includes some of the master potters who have been taking root in American university art departments with astonishing efficiency (kilns are becoming as important as shoulder pads among certain members of the Big Ten). Zen Buddhism and a number of other Eastern ideas hit the campuses at about the same time as ceramics, resulting in enough lurching bottles to torment a desertful of jinns, plus libraries of twisted stash pots and shredded vases. After the ceramic renaissance came quilting, leatherwork, carpentry, and the virtuoso firing of ceramics to look exactly like quilts, leatherwork, and carpentry (in the exhibition there is a ceramic typewriter, a ceramic knapsack, a ceramic vignette of a house in Genoa, Ohio).

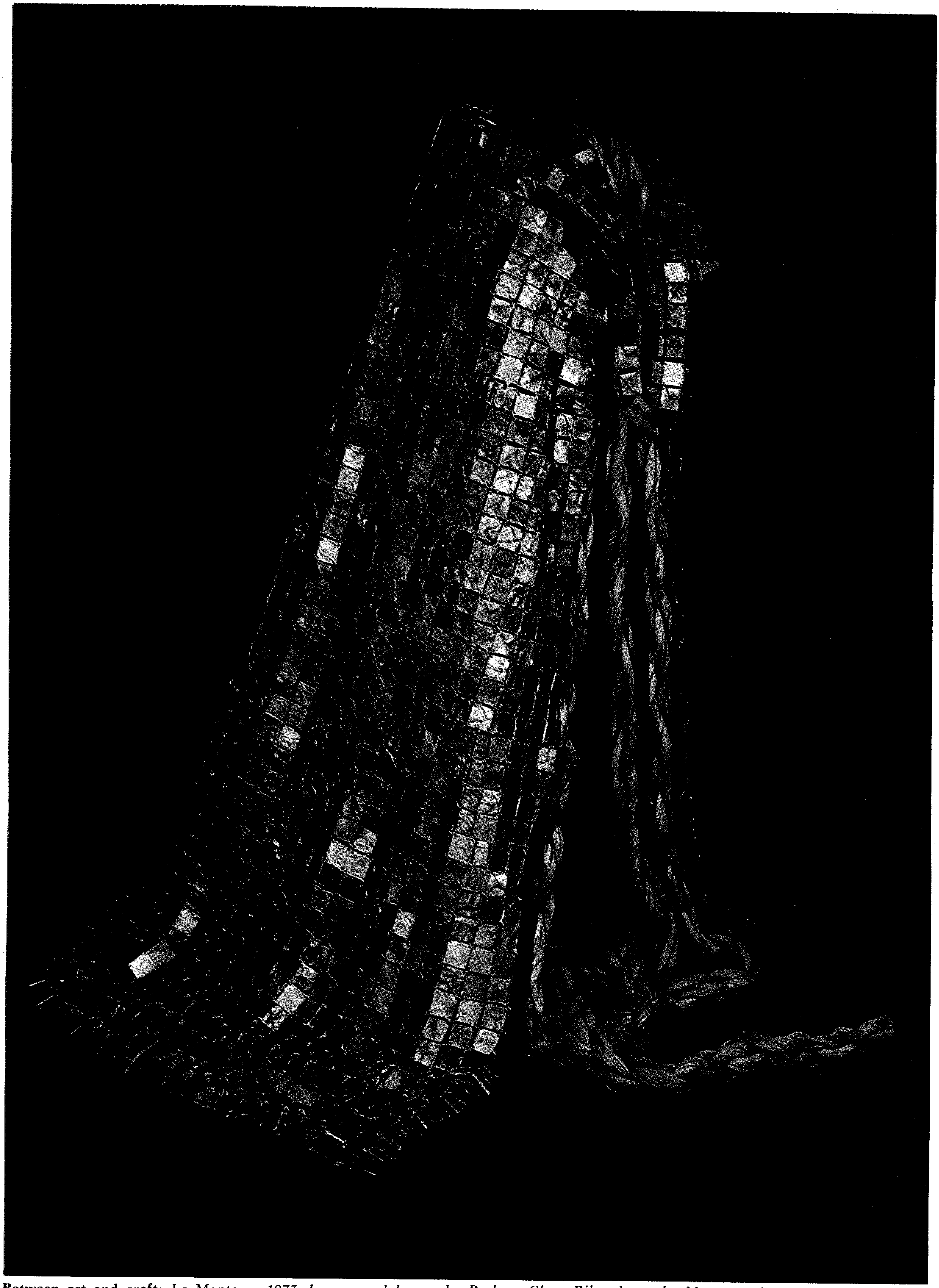
There can be no doubt about the surge of energy behind the craft revivals in America. Many of the brightest students seem to be majoring in such fields as Jain stitchery or Tantric intarsia. And if this sounds like teasing, it shouldn't be taken amiss because humor—not wit, but a sweet, self-mocking, funky jokiness—is common to much of the work. Modesty is another characteristic. The objects usually are formed to human scale and touch; often they're adjusted to nestle in your palm.

The basic formats are conventional. Many of the pieces chosen by Rose Slivka take the shape of a book (to reinforce her "Poetry" subtheme). Other common structures include quilts, toys, chairs, tools, coins, tableware, and, of course, lettering and calligraphy. Bits and snippets of personality—you might call them fragments of the soul—cover the simple armatures: childhood photos, locks of hair, beads, feathers, engravings cut out of nineteenth-century books, chunks of shingle and driftwood. Textures usually look homely, timeworn, "real" (as against "plastic"). Things aren't always so copacetic, of course; razor blades fastened to the inside of a pair of eyeglasses make a particularly nasty subjective correlative.

There are touching attempts to recapture a lost simplicity (it was first mislaid around 1500, on the streets of Florence), to return to elemental truths. The land (trees, farms), stars, and kindly beasts are frequently invoked. Sometimes a return to nature is effected in simple acts of camaraderie, such as misspellings and other ingratiating signs of unpretentiousness ("Hi, fellahs, look who's back from Gomorrah")—even though most modern craftsmen seem to have a master's degree. (When a savage as noble as Robert Arneson writes that "I can't put the word for it," you instinctively clap your hand over your wallet.)

The impression of strength, of generous vitality, is also due in part to Rose Slivka's perceptions and knowledge. Surprisingly, her choices among the Artist-artists are more conventional. She's left out a lot of younger, relevant work, such as Charles Simonds's archaeological sites, Nancy Graves's camels, Lynda Benglis's knots, Jackie Ferrara's step pyramids, to name only four. Rose Slivka stays with the

Craft Horizons/Courtesy of Smithsonian Institution



Between art and craft: Le Manteau, *1973, bronze and hemp, by Barbara Chase-Riboud; at the Museum of Contemporary Crafts.*

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"... La Verdiere writes that he wants his pieces to 'have a sense of humor'..."

more famous, with Saul Steinberg, Claes Oldenburg, and Robert Rauschenberg, to rhyme only three. They hardly need this sort of exposure. The cool, aristocratic nature of their approach—even at the tip of some high jinks—underlines their unsurprising superiority to run-of-the-mill efforts.

Still, Rose Slivka did make lots of inspired choices. It's always good to see Anne Arnold's giant animals—this one's a rabbit, majestically cuddlesome. Lucas Samaras's chair is decorated with an evil frolic of tufted crud; it makes most of the other chairs look dumb and happy. Salvatore Scarpitta's *Wood Sled and Equinox Canvas* is a provocative combination of tough material work and crisp visual fantasy. It consists of a sled, a spear, some shields, and "ice holes," all presented as sparse, raw shapes—as if formed under extreme economic and physical duress. It has something of the inner shine and confident aesthetic look of a good Rothko. There's magic in Scarpitta's invention; you can see where Rose Slivka got that treacherous word *shaman*. And there's Barbara Chase-Riboud's six-foot-high *Le Manteau*, a bronze and hemp assemblage, accompanied by her poem to the Han jade shrouds recently excavated in mainland China. Her mantle is clued to those paradisaic jumpsuits. In the poem and the sculpture, there's a poignant correspondence of verb with form, of history with drama. An American living in Paris, a black artist with her M.A. from Yale, widely traveled, to China as well as to Africa, she has invented an ancestry filled with grandiose pageants.

The demotics of craft—of old conventions—can invigorate the hieratics of High Art, even though the energy usually courses in the opposite direction, and it's the individual, with all his self-indulgent ego trips and self-deceptive id traps, who invents the shape and gives it substance.

Some of the pieces are based on poems, others were made in collaboration with poets. Much of the verse is a bit embarrassing, in the "I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree, And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made . . ." convention.

In the catalog, my friend Stanley Kunitz is credited with helping on this part of the exhibition. His wife, Elise Asher, is represented by one of her tall, glittering, Plexiglas books, upon whose pages a cherubic tangle of verses are scrawled (are they Kunitz's *Song for the Middle Years*?). Richard Howard's and Howard Moss's poems are tough and bright. The rest of the verse is pretty dim. You're reminded of Ogden Nash's line, "There's plenty of clay, but we've just run out of wattles."

Upstairs in the Museum of Contemporary Crafts is a one-man show by **Bruno La Verdiere**, former Benedictine monk, who's taught ceramics at Penn State, Scripps College, and, until last year, at Glens Falls, New York (through 9/1). He exhibits two rough, winglike slabs, a clump of seven stele, and six silk-smooth vases. The vases, half-alabastron, half-loutrophoros (long necks, extended bodies, rounded bottoms), are fitted with coffin-shaped boxes lined with red velvet. They have a kaolin svelteness to the touch—like the finest clay, loved, caressed, burnished with old-fashioned fanaticism. The seven pieces in *Graveyard* have softly gouged surfaces. Underneath the active texture is a strong, arms-akimbo presence. The slabs stretch to landscape or skyscape formats with gently folded edges and a sense of vertical axes (spine? solstice?). The precious air of arch and arty, which kills so much contemporary craftsmanship at birth (it is, after all, more rootless, more socially estranged, than even the highest High Art), is neutralized by La Verdiere's ability to emphasize an eccentric curve or droll bulge. He writes that he wants his pieces to "have a sense of humor." It's a commendable aim in this time of demented seriousness.

Also at the museum are some craftsmen's table settings that were used by Mrs. Jimmy Carter during a **White House dinner** for the wives of some United States senators (through 9/1). I realize that it would be easy to sneer at this kind of enterprise; it would be the *easy* thing to do, to borrow a locution from President Nixon. It would be *easy* to indicate something of its sentimentality and *bien pensant* hypocrisy, its exploitative, elitist assumptions. It would be *easy* to find parallels with Marie Antoinette on her milking stool at the Petit Trianon, or with ex-Queen Fredericka of Greece's more recent revivals of peasant rug-making and doily-tatting. This writer never has been one to take the *easy* way. I rather like the plates, glasses, napkin rings, and basketry centerpieces. ■

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BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern

Lick of the Crop

The way he carries on, you'd think Robert Sjogren invented ice cream. You can't simply walk up to Robert's French Ice Cream stand, at the Southampton Golf Range, and plunk down 50 cents for a chocolate cone. First you have to taste the homemade peach and fruity cantaloupe. Robert insists. And he sells beautiful, tangy yogurt—fresh fruit flavors and even chocolate. But you don't get to buy the yogurt until you taste his fresh blueberry and rum raisin. All the fruits come from local markets. The mix, from a Long Island City dairy, is 14 percent butterfat. And though I've never cared much for banana ice cream, his cryogenic transfiguration of banana is irresistible. There are no tables, just 24 flavors, a tacky little clapboard stand, and a guest book full of slurp and gush, including Paul Newman's "It's the best there is." Sjogren is a food-world veteran, "but in a restaurant, you have to worry. The chef gets drunk. The bartender steals. Ice cream is different. Here, I'm happy. All my customers are happy." His favorite flavor? Budweiser. **—Gael Greene**

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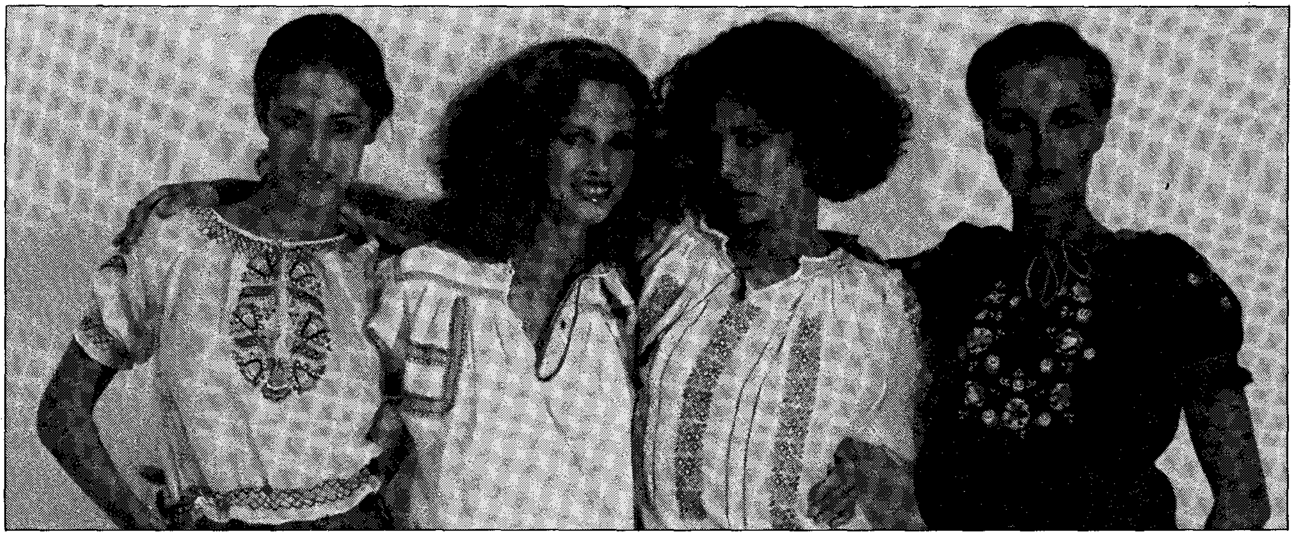
PIERRE HOULES



Bucolic Plague

Why overpay for fake-peasant when the real thing, ever so beautifully hand-embroidered, is so much prettier—not to mention cheaper? Examples, some one of a kind, left to right: Hungarian peasant ($91) at Paracelso; Mexican peasant ($50), state of Chiapas, at Knobkerry; Rumanian peasant ($75) at Surma; Hong Kong peasant ($19) at the Chinese Emporium. **—Priscilla Tucker**

PARACELSO/*432 West Broadway* KNOBKERRY/*158 Spring Street* SURMA/*11 East Seventh Street*
THE CHINESE EMPORIUM/*154 West 57th Street*

JAY GOOD

Seize the Day

Four hours before the blackout, we found the Solar Connection. Ha-ha. This shop—an aperitif, actually, for the owners' real business, which is installing solar-energy units—sells weather instruments, water-saving devices, books on alternate energy, and such sun strokes as a sun-print kit (picture-taking without a camera, $2.50), a sun shower with hose ($9.95), a solar hot-dog cooker ($8.95), and, of course, a solar cigarette lighter ($1.98).

THE SOLAR CONNECTION/*New Fulton Market/Fulton and Front streets*
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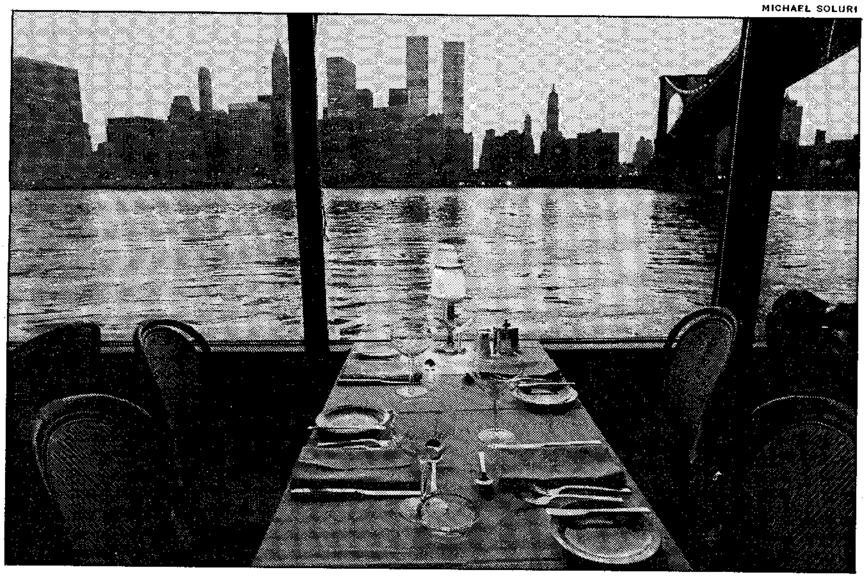
MICHAEL SOLURI



Here's Looking at You

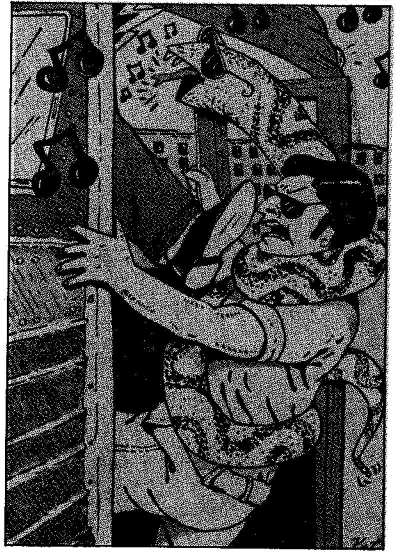
The River Café (above)—so new that the sign isn't up yet, so new that owner Michael O'Keeffe begged us not to write about it, so new that the insolent maître d' hasn't yet been replaced—is perched on the Brooklyn bank of the East River, directly under that end of the Brooklyn Bridge, and is a site so dazzling that one habitué calls it "a Hollywood wet dream." Eventually, O'Keeffe promises, the café will be open 24 hours and will provide a regularly scheduled launch to and from Wall Street. For now, there are dinners inside, accompanied by a tinkly pianist, and such casual fare as smoked trout, salads, clams, oysters, and desserts served on the terrace—with that view, that breathtaking and glittery view of Manhattan! It was quite the place to be the night the lights went out. We were there.

THE RIVER CAFE/*1 Water Street, Brooklyn/522-5200*

Worst Bet

Bad enough that we have no one to protect us from radio-packing punks who puncture our privacy with their cruelly inflicted rock concerts aboard most of the city's buses. But one recent Sunday, on the Green Bus Line traveling from Riis Park to Flatbush, was it not within the driver's authority to refuse passage to the creep with a large brown-and-black snake wrapped around his neck?

KAREN KATZ



Elephantasy

"'Long live Queen Celeste! Long live King Babar!' cry all the elephants without a moment's hesitation. And thus it was that Babar became King." Jean De Brunhoff's royal couple and dear Arthur (all cousins, it turns out) are now available in two sizes ($10 and $15) for cuddling. Where's the Old Lady?

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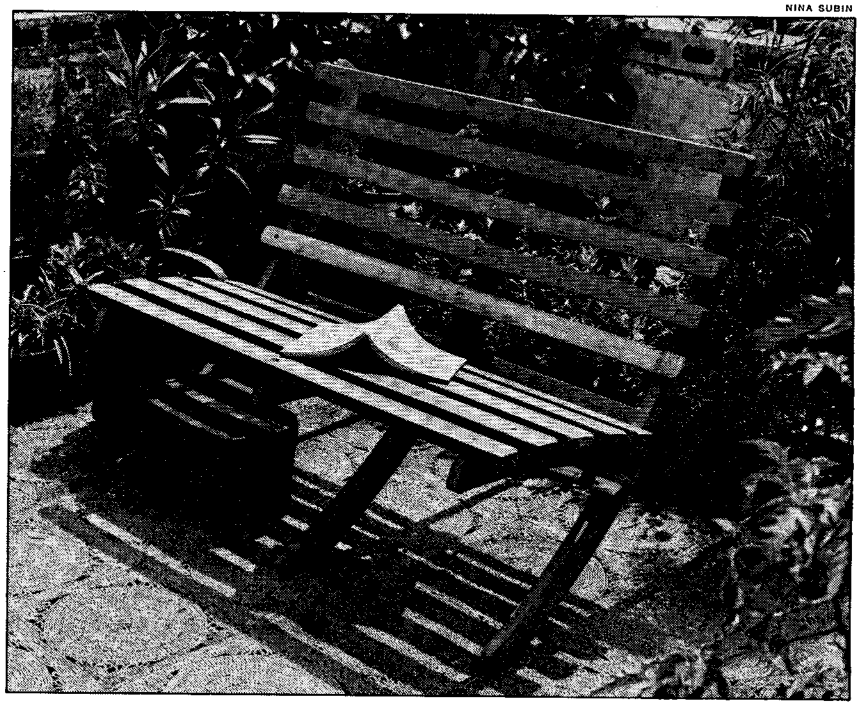

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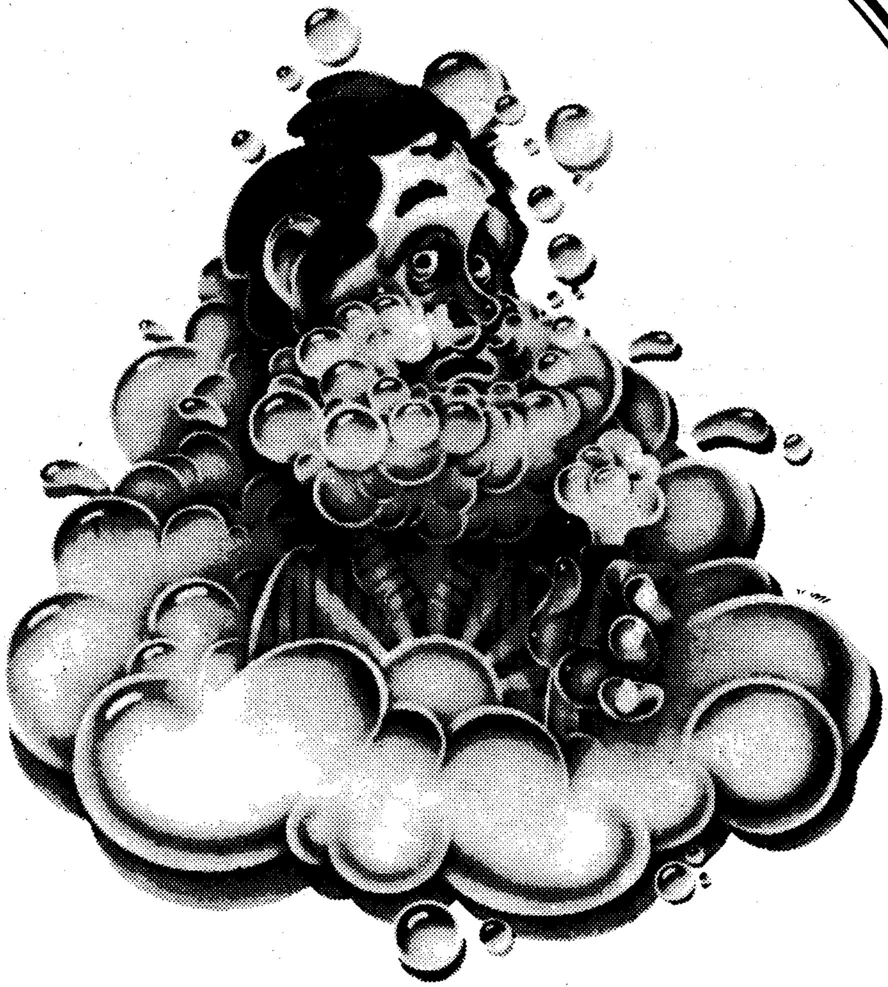

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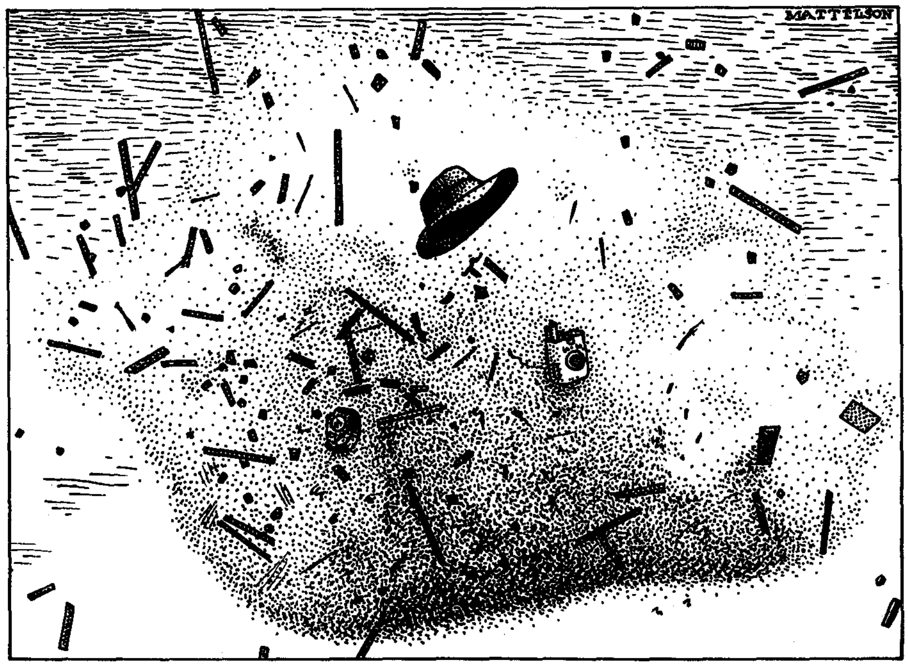
ROUGH RIDING

> "... In *Sorcerer* Friedkin spent $21 million to perpetrate a film that could be usefully studied on how not to make movies ..."



It requires enormous arrogance to remake a classic film like Henri-Georges Clouzot's *The Wages of Fear* (1953), which in its own melodramatic way was quite brilliant, as a specimen of gross and unintelligent commercialism, and then dedicate it to the memory of Clouzot. But that is precisely what William Friedkin has done, and, by way of further dishonesty, he entitled the mess **Sorcerer**, after the name painted on a truck, so that the gullible folk who fell for *The Exorcist* should fall farther yet into believing this to be a sequel to that egregious piece of goods.

A genuine tribute to Clouzot would be the rerelease of his film in the uncut version, never shown commercially in this country. Based on a novel by Georges Arnaud, this was, first of all, an impassioned indictment of strangulating poverty in a Latin American country fostered by the collusion of United States oil interests and domestic dictatorship. Out of this arose the story of four desperate men who undertake to convey a hypersensitive shipment of nitroglycerin in two battered trucks across impossible terrain in return for enough money to get them out of that country. The film was a banner achievement in atmosphere and suspense, and, in the light of subsequent history—in Chile, for instance—would have added meaning for this time.

Friedkin, however, spent $21 million to perpetrate a film that could be usefully studied in courses on how not to make movies. First (with his screenwriter, Walon Green) he gives us four vacuous episodes about the backgrounds of the quartet of future explosive-conveyers. The episodes are paragons of pointlessly spent money and film time, dragging in expensive foreign locales and irrelevant violence, and look rather like Friedkin's attempt to prove his ability to make capsule versions of *Black Sunday, The Godfather, The Other Side of Midnight*, and even, heaven help us, *The Next Man*. They are boring and confusing in themselves, and merely subtract from the whole. By establishing all four principals as swindlers or murderers, they effectively kill off sympathy for them, so that when the great ordeal comes, we do not care whether anyone lives or dies.

The banana-republic atmosphere in Friedkin's film is conventionalized and depoliticized to the utmost. Though a despotic *presidente* and some discreetly ruthless American businessmen are still there, the emphasis is on general squalor (sets that seem to be made of papaya-mâché), melodramatic confrontations between police and populace, and our four principals weaving in and out of hovels and flophouses, brushing against sinister fellow outcasts, and exchanging snippets of murky dialogue or long, supposedly significant, glances across seedy distances.

When the main plot finally does get under way, the emphasis is still not on the effect of stress upon character, but on stress upon stress upon stress. Unlike in Clouzot's film, the men remain ciphers, and have hardships piled on them so thick and fast that the result borders on the ludicrous. Thus a suspension bridge is crumbling away under a truck, the rope that helps pull the vehicle across is rapidly fraying, the trestle to which the rope is tied is getting uprooted, and torrents of rain and great gusts of wind are further sabotaging human endeavor. There are no moments of relaxation, let alone of feeling. Even the acting is rendered uninteresting by the dimensionless roles. The cinematography by John M. Stephens and Dick Bush looks retrograde, with blues and greens running amok. The music by Tangerine Dream is undistinguished except in the Paris sequence, when it switches, without credit, to Ravel's Introduction and Allegro. This could be the doing of Mrs. Friedkin, in public life Jeanne Moreau, who may be trying to civilize her husband's sound tracks. Still, piracy is a rather odd species of civilization.

In *The Story Behind the Exorcist*, Travers and Reiff quote Friedkin: "I have a theory of criticism: If a film is liked by the critics and the audience, it's probably a great film. If a film is liked by the audience, but not by the critics, it's still probably a great film. If a film is liked only by the critics, it is a piece of s[- -]t!" I regret not being able to give you an exact evaluation of *Sorcerer* because Friedkin's otherwise comprehensive schema fails to provide the *mot juste* for a film disliked equally by audience and critics.

Illustrated by Marvin Mattelson

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"... In *Rose Garden* there is the flawless performance of Kathleen Quinlan ..."

I Never Promised You a Rose Garden is a sincere and, at times, affecting movie version of the popular novel about sixteen-year-old Deborah Blake, schizoid and suicidal, who spends three anguished years in a psychiatric hospital and is in the end apparently cured through the ministrations of Dr. Fried, a wise and humane woman psychiatrist. I haven't read the book; the movie strikes me as decently struggling to be honest, but remaining less than compelling artistically and much less than convincing clinically. The problem with movies about psychotherapy (as I have often said and will, alas, be obliged to repeat once or twice yearly) is that they are doomed to foreshorten and overdramatize a process that is slow, tedious, and wholly unspectacular, thus giving an impression as delightfully misleading as those nature documentaries in which the life cycle of a plant or insect is reproduced in seconds. A psychiatric cure in a movie always looks like black magic or outright mendacity. Deborah's trouble, moreover, seems to be so deep-seated, possibly more psychotic than neurotic, that the simplistic and accelerated solution looks even less persuasive. This is particularly regrettable because Anthony Page has directed individual scenes scrupulously and forcefully.

Furthermore, like other such films, *Rose Garden*, its generally intelligent screenplay by Gavin Lambert and Lewis John Carlino notwithstanding, fails to make Deborah's fantasy world seductive enough for us to sympathize with her delusions. These hippiefied cavemen are sentimental clichés, not even up to the romance of prehistory as purveyed, for example, by the novels of J.-H. Rosny. Moreover, there seems to be no way of preventing the antics of the insane from striking a fatuous audience as riotously funny, which makes one feel embarrassment on top of depression.

Still, even if we do not get a sense of three endless years in an asylum, we experience clearly enough patches of exasperation and terror. There are moments of self-destruction with burning cigarettes and jagged bits of tin, of brutalization by fellow inmates or sadistic guards, of spiritual humiliation by uncomprehending parents or therapists that are portrayed with aching accuracy not devoid of artistry. The camera captures certain spasms and outcries with a matter-of-factness that is more effective than any attempt to emotionalize or editorialize. Basically, though, one feels in the presence of dedicated artisans rather than of inspired artists. If a single sequence from, say, Bergman's *Persona* or *The Passion of Anna* were edited into this film, the entire venture would be shown up for the brave journeyman work it is.

Yet, I suppose, we must be grateful even for this much from an American movie, even one with a British director and one British scenarist. And there is the flawless performance of Kathleen Quinlan as Deborah. Miss Quinlan has been good as a precocious tomboy in *American Graffiti* and overeager jailbait in *Lifeguard*, but I was unprepared for the staggering, unaffected integrity of this performance. There must be two tremendous temptations, especially for a young actress, in a role such as this: to act the sweet, lovable, lost soul, or, simply, to overact. Miss Quinlan will have none of this: She is pitiful, ugly, even horrible, by turns, as called for, always in a manner that I must describe, for lack of better words, as crisp and efficient, and never suggests (as so many actresses would) an uncontrollable personal dementia of her own, only the sensitive and sensible enactment of it.

A very solid performance comes from Bibi Andersson too, as expected, though she is hardly the visual and vocal type for Dr. Fried, a kindly Jewish psychiatrist. In fact, Miss Andersson has yet to feel more at ease with acting in English; otherwise, however, she performs with admirable honesty—almost nobility—in her avoidance of both mannerism and any strategy of ingratiation. It is not her fault if the role is, in the last analysis (so to speak), a trifle unrealized and tepid.

The numerous supporting roles are imaginatively cast and soundly performed (although Ben Piazza and Lorraine Gary, as Deborah's parents, form a rather unlikely couple), and there is honorably professional camera work from Bruce Logan and music by Paul Chihara, names new to me. If you can see this film for its incidental virtues and ignore its overarching inadequacy, it will prove modestly rewarding.

With **The Island of Dr. Moreau,** American International Pictures has made one of its periodic bids for a prestige film, though quality as AIP conceives of it may differ from your conception. We have here one of H. G. Wells's obscurer opuscula that has served the movies before: A deranged scientist on a remote island converts animals into men and vice versa, which in the Wells novel is doubtless an earnest plea against science without morality, but in this screenplay by John Herman Shaner and Al Ramrus serves chiefly as an excuse for the makeup department to titillate us with a variety of mildly gruesome "humanimals," and for the animal trainers to stage some successful fight scenes with real animals.

Burt Lancaster is no doubt supposed to lend class to the part of the medical meddler in natural law; instead, he lends only his modest talents, which, however, are more than enough for the occasion. Michael York, as the castaway engineer whose righteous indignation becomes Moreau's nemesis, is remarkably authentic considering the circumstances, and his partial reversion to animality under the influence of the doctor's injections is positively touching. Nigel Davenport contributes a pungent bit as the doctor's ultimately recalcitrant henchman, and Barbara Carrera, as a reformed Panamanian whore now platonically shedding rays of angelic beauty on the Moreau ménage, looks lovely and acts befuddled, as anyone might in such a part. The humanoids, led by a transmogrified Richard Basehart, are rather likably innocuous compared to what one sees in Times Square after dark.

Gerry Fisher's cinematography is almost too delicate for its subject; Laurence Rosenthal tries hard to make his music sound serious, but manages only to give us warmed-over Jerry Goldsmith; and Don Taylor has directed with all the aplomb of B-picture-making striving for a B+. Most amusing is the treatment of nudity: It seems to me that the film reveals about half an inch more of Miss Carrera downward, and several inches more upward, than has previously been smuggled into a PG rating. Nice going, boys.

About **Orca**, in which a killer whale relentlessly tracks down the slayer of his mate on sea and, so help me, on land, I can only say that, for nasty snickers, this movie is as good a dog as any in these dog days. There is some fine underwater work under second-unit directors Folco Quilici and Ron Taylor, and good photography by Ted Moore and J. Barry Herron. Also spectacular costumes for Charlotte Rampling to marine-biologize in in the polar regions. Among the screenplay's lush absurdities, my favorite is Rampling's invitation to a ghoulish-looking Richard Harris, as the ice closes in on them: "Come, let me warm you." Personally, I'd prefer an iceberg. ■

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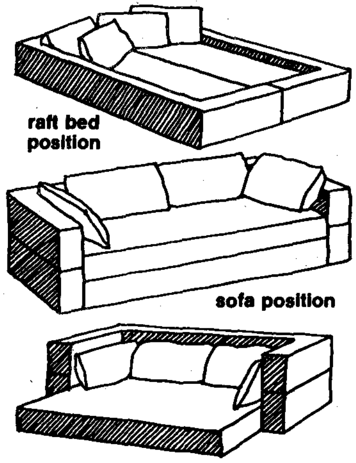

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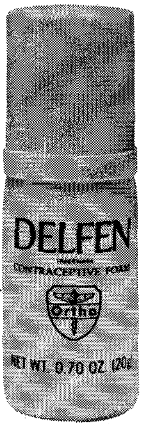
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Remember, no method of birth control can absolutely guarantee against pregnancy. For maximum protection, all methods—including these—must be used according to directions.

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SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

African textiles—These and other crafts are being sold by Scott Sanders, out of his loft/home. He has been selling them to top department stores, where they carry much higher price tags. If you climb the two long, steep flights you will find at the top: bright cotton appliqué pillows from Benin—designs of lions, peacocks, buffalo, fish—with covers that zip off, $30–$45; baby-lamb's wool Fulani blankets from Mali, in earth tones, $95–$125; cotton appliqué hangings in a variety of designs and shapes, $15–$150, depending on size; Mali woven cotton hangings from Niger, $75–$600; a 3-by-5-ft. mudprint cloth from Mali, $40; four pieces of royal Benin furniture, each carved from a single piece of ironwood: two chairs, $600 and $375; two footstools, $125 and $175; also carved calabashes, handwoven Guatemalan ponchos, printed and tie-dyed fabrics, and more. Cash-and-carry only; all sales final. *Call 925-0901 for appointment, or 924-5451 (answering service).*

The whole cloth—Over 80,000 yards of fabric for apparel and home decoration are to be cleared away in three days' time in a vast warehouse sale. There are excellent prices for some very recognizable brand names. Examples: Bloomcraft, Cohama, Waverly, Jay Yang, among others, in decorator fabrics, some Scotchgard- or Zepel-treated, in 48-in. and 54-in. widths, range from 49 cents to $1.99 a yd.; brocade upholstery fabric, was $9.98–$30 a yd., now $2.99–$9.99; cut velvets, were up to $24, now $5.99–$9.99; plain velvets, now $4.99; Indian crewel fabric, regularly $20, now $9.99; antique satin in 60 colors, was $3.98, now $1.29; sheers and casements are now 19 cents to $1.69. Apparel goods: washable wool, was $10.99 a yd., now $5.99; "super suede" in 20 colors, was $9.99, now $5.99; various challis in many prints, were $2.49, now $1.99; 56-in. wool coatings, were $24, now $5.99. Some seconds, marked and priced accordingly. Master Charge and Visa accepted; no checks; all sales final. *The Fabric Emporium, Inc. (warehouse), 720 Morris Turnpike, Short Hills, N.J. (201 467-0244); from Lincoln Tunnel: south on Jersey Turnpike to Exit 14; then go west ten miles on Route 24 to Exit 49 (Millburn). Sun., 7/24, noon–6 p.m.; Mon., Tues., 7/25, 7/26, 10 a.m.–9 p.m.*

Chic sheikh—Sylvaine for Men is closing down in August for a two-week summer vacation and is having a one-week clearance sale of snazzy French summerwear. Go early, because none of the goodies are in very large supply, but all are worth trying on. Renoma 100-percent-cotton suits in navy and beige, were $145, now $85; Renoma 100-percent-cotton seersucker suits, were $175, now $100; Renoma white single-breasted jackets, 50-50 cotton-poly, were $115, now $75; unlined double-breasted jackets, were $95, now $55; 100-percent-cotton pants in sizes 26–38, were $45, now $30; lightweight French jeans, most in white, were $35–$40, now $18–$20; khaki cotton safari jackets, were $35, now $20; Italian cotton short-sleeved shirts, now $9–$25; also belts, swimsuits, etc. No alterations. Checks with driver's license only; American Express, Diners Club, Master Charge, Visa accepted for purchases over $50; all sales final. *Sylvaine for Men, Inc., 130¼ East 65th St. (628-1520); Mon.–Wed., 7/25–7/27, 11 a.m.–7 p.m.; Thurs., Fri., 7/28, 7/29, noon–8 p.m.*

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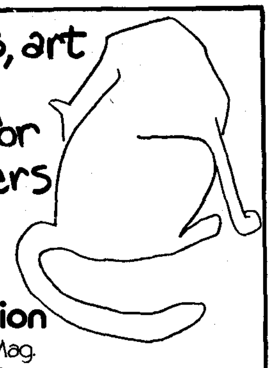
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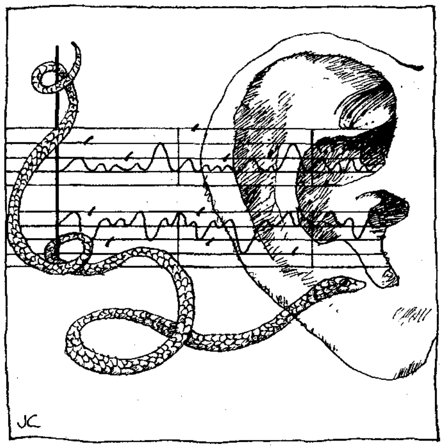
SOUND SCHOLARSHIP

". . . Millions of dollars go into ways to drive us a little crazier, by developing new noises and making us like them . . ."

Not exactly the lightest reading for the summer, but some of the most provocative, comes in a book called **The Tuning of the World** (Alfred A. Knopf, $12.95). Its author, Professor R. Murray Schafer, has been for some years one of Canada's most interesting progressive composers. If you remember Montreal's Expo 67, where many of the most interesting exhibits were experiments in combining optical effects and electronic music, you may recall that Dr. Schafer was the composer of much of that music. He is also involved in exploration into the nature of sound, and his book is the result of researches by him and his colleagues at Simon Fraser University in British Columbia.

The book is about sound and its effects—both insidious and salutary—upon us. It is full of historical data, with reports on how much quieter life was before the Industrial Revolution, how the threshold of "silence" has been raised drastically in recent years, and how millions of dollars go into developing new ways to drive us all a little crazier, by presenting us with new sounds to live with and making us think that we like them. (Engineers often install in buildings a constant whooshing sound, technically known as "white *noise*," which is fed through loudspeakers as a means of masking other sounds—footsteps, pages turning in a library, or the racket from heating and cooling apparatuses.) Dr. Schafer also has information about the more pleasant sounds we live with, such as birdcalls and the hissing of snakes. In case you've been wondering, know that the great titmouse comes into our lives with an oration that begins, "ze-too, ze-too, p'tsee-ee, tsoo-ee, tsoo-ee ching-see," and winds up with a hearty "biple-be-wit-se-diddle."

Although Dr. Schafer is a composer, his book stops short of any investigation between the relationship of "noise" and music over the years. That, too, is an interesting topic, not only in itself but also in the light it casts upon the changing definition of "noise" throughout history. The chuffing and roaring of steam locomotives, for example, must have been regarded



a century ago as unbearable by anyone living near railroad tracks; today, with steam locomotives gone, that noise belongs in the realm of romantic nostalgia. The same holds true in music. Attempts to broaden the orchestral palette by adding new instruments or new ways of using them have, since the time of Mozart, met with opposition from the anti-noise faction. Mozart's use of clarinet was regarded askance in Vienna because it was merely a band instrument at the time; some otherwise forgotten French academic refused to consider Franck's D minor Symphony a work fit for the concert hall because it used an English horn; the orchestral escapades in Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring* provoked music's most famous mob action. In all cases, the line was publicly drawn between "noise" and "music"; while we can smile indulgently at these past battles the struggles go on.

As composers, Schafer and his colleagues in the electronic field have done enormous work in breaking down the line between "noise" and "music" or, if you will, between happenstance and art. Thus, while his book is an important and, at times, disturbing study of the barrage of sound that engulfs daily existence, I wonder whether we might not be approaching a time when noise, as noise, disappears from our vocabulary and everything becomes music.

It won't happen quite that way, of course. Although electronic composers have, by now, conclusively proven that the raw material for a musical design can come from any conceivable source, from a string quartet to a bank of oscillators, the role of the composer remains unchanged. To make noise into music requires the manipulation of some kind of artistic force. Maybe the manipulation is relatively gentle; John Cage has written a piece that merely stipulates that the sound of traffic, recorded at given sound level and duration, at places of the "performer's" choosing, constitutes the composition. Rudimentary design though this piece may be, it has the ingredients for a musical composition in that a composer has set certain preconditions. It also represents one composer's reaction to the fact that noise, now, is as much a given as are bird songs or drum-beating.

A few years ago I visited the music department of the University of California at San Diego and watched the way the music appreciation course was run. Instead of the basic course, in which the kids first learn what a whole note is and then memorize the dates of all the great composers along with their most famous themes, the students were first taught the rudiments of handling portable tape recorders and a few techniques in tape editing and dealing with simple electronic gear. Then they were set loose to create their own compositions out of whatever noises appealed to them: waves on the beach, rain on a tin roof, etc. By electronic means they changed, refined, intensified, and otherwise arranged their taped raw material into something with musical structure —i.e., with a sense of beginning, development, climax, and a logical ending. By doing so, they learned certain principles about how music, *any* music, has been fashioned from the beginning of time. They also were trained to break down any prejudice as to what might or might not pass for music.

Perhaps the answer to the real problems raised in Murray Schafer's book lies in what was happening at San Diego. Maybe the only way to deal with today's noise is to bottle it up in a tape recorder and release it as music. The only other sensible alternative, I'm afraid, is to buy a hearing aid with a good on/off switch. ■

Illustrated by Joe Ciardello

TRAVEL SERVICES

This is a biweekly Section for Travel Agents & Tour Operators, limited to Display Ads only. Display Ads are sold by the inch. The rates for this Section are as follows: 1 time ad—$134 per inch; 2 consecutive ads—$117 per inch each; 3 consecutive ads—$109 per inch each; 4 consecutive ads or 13 during the year—$100 per inch each. Long term rates also available. Larger sizes available in increments of ¼ inch. Extra $5 for NYM Box Number. Complete rates available upon request. Closing is every other Monday at 1 p.m., for following Monday's issue.

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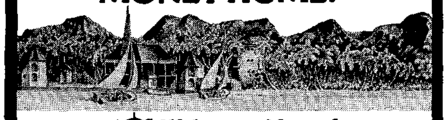

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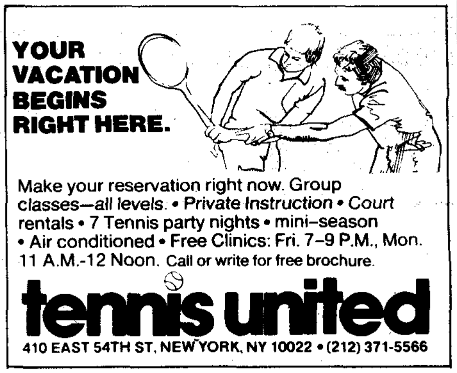

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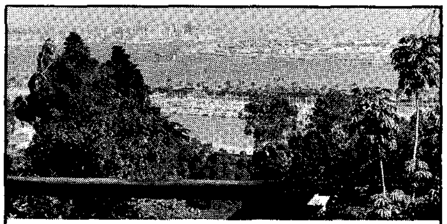

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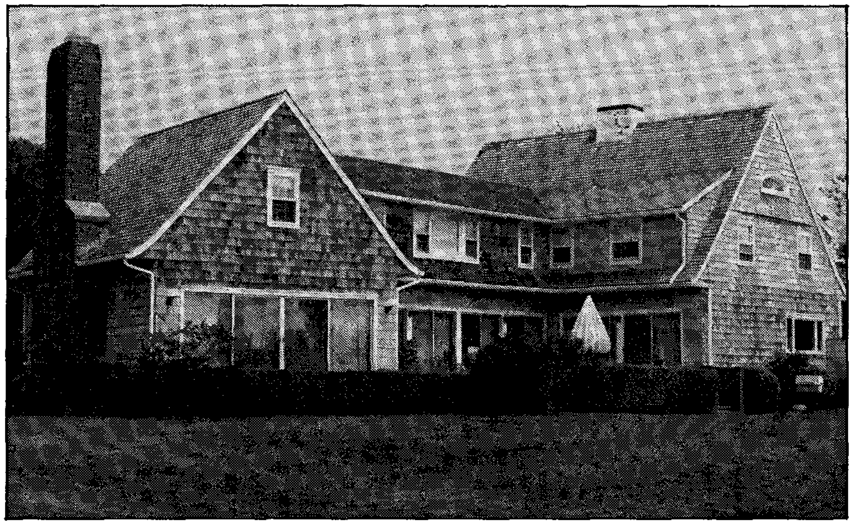

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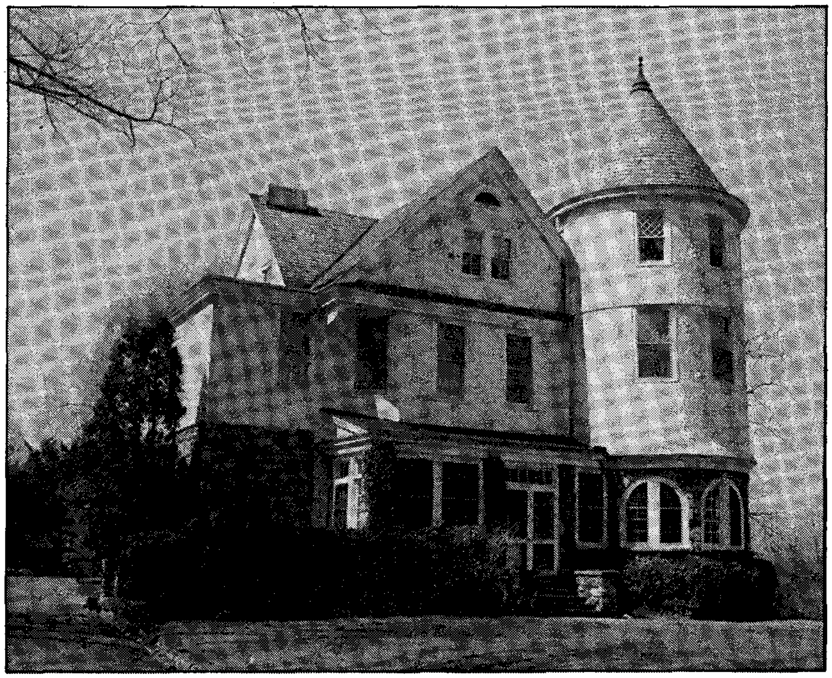

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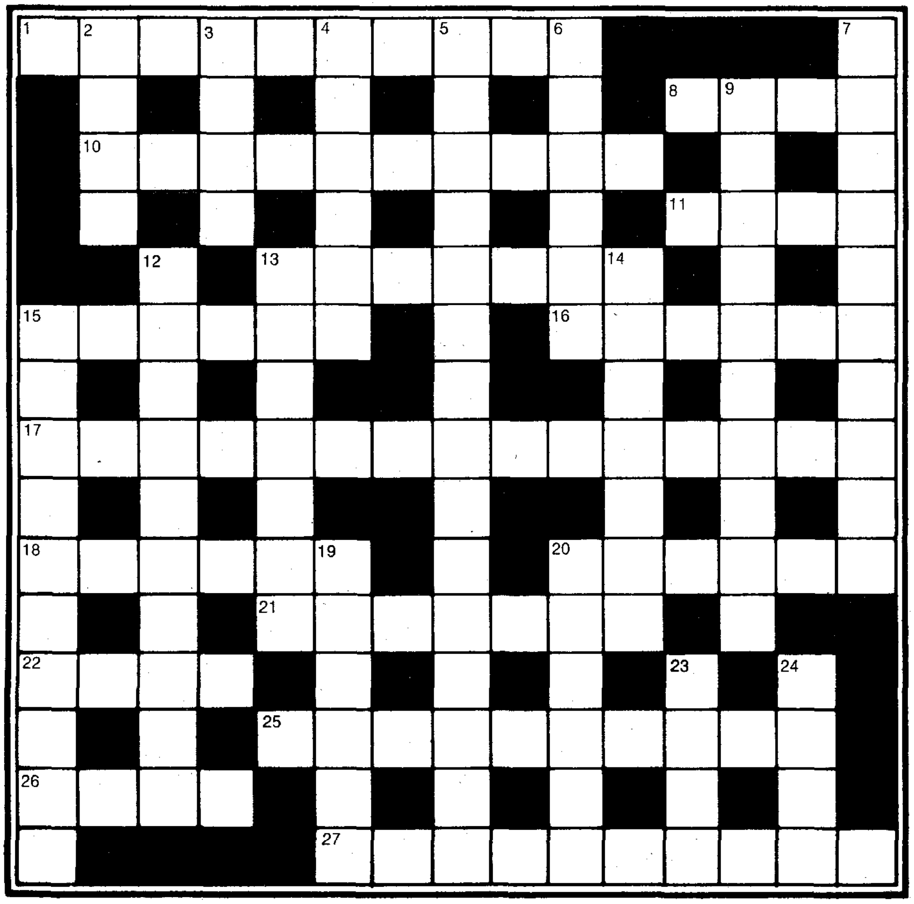

Solution to last issue's puzzle:

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Clues

ACROSS

1 Drink father mixes in places where drink is sold. (3, 7)

8 Blame for a lack of distinction. (4)

10 Comic characters seen as a rascal in short trousers. (10)

11 River which is not to flow east. (4)

13 If the meeting lost heart, rows of 15 would be reversed. (7)

15 See 13. (6)

16 Plump, red and German. (6)

17 Never retire with loss of form after Olympic success, since one is trained for the game. (6, 9)

18 Sweet needed to make the best of feeling ill. (6)

20 Part of church which is exceptionally without a saint. (6)

21 Had a go amateurishly when the expert was wounded. (7)

22 A hundred and this amount would be inexpensive. (4)

25 Goods remaining motionless. (10)

26 Dance which is the reverse of a lecherous gesture. (4)

27 The chief culprit would be the bellman if he lost the metal. (10)

DOWN

2 Politicians come after one, the devils. (4)

3 Vessels found when the game is up. (4)

4 Deserts for growing things! (6)

5 Take the decisive step, for this is the snag in two objects of worship. (5, 3, 7)

6 No rise can be arranged for the one at the top. (6)

7 China has put some money on race. (5, 5)

9 Kind of X which is about lover's undoing. (6, 4)

12 Menu which makes one offer a change to the beak. (4, 2, 4)

13 About the turn of the month the descendants backed out. (7)

14 Remarked that it was not like a birthday cake. (7)

15 This thing turns out to be about right as a garment. (10)

19 Eastern flower or season. (6)

20 Craft which suffers a reverse in these hapless events. (6)

23 Place where mail is distributed. (4)

24 To squander is obscene. (4)

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